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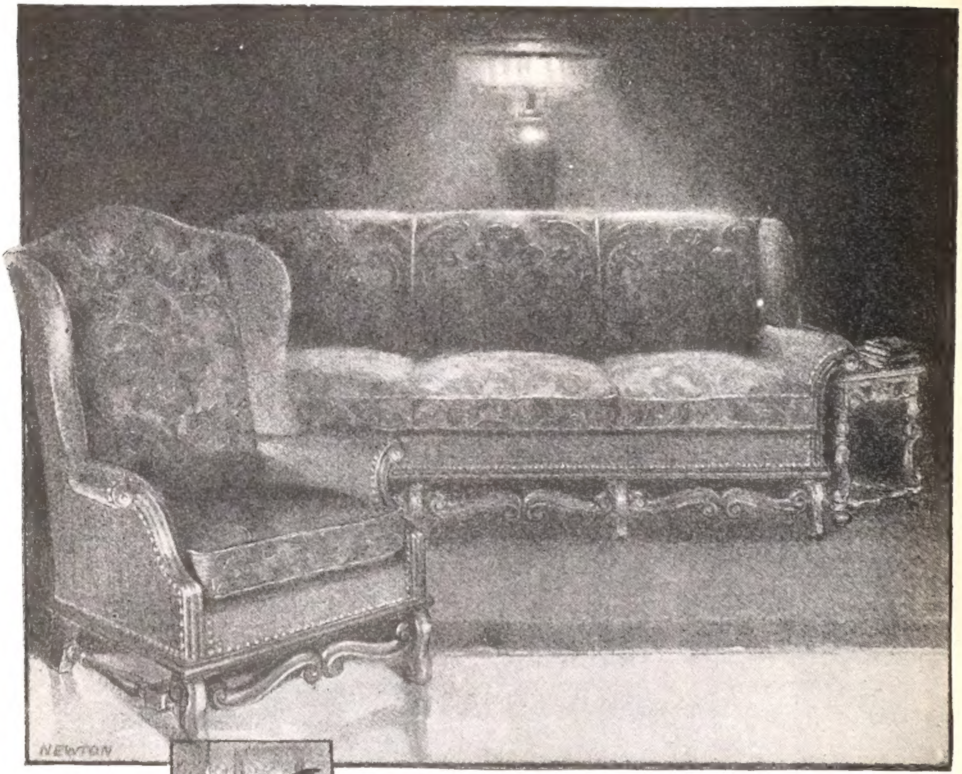

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VOLUME I
Number 1

JANUARY
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

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Other Italian cities had similar rosters: in 1796, when Massena was marching on Verona, the exiled French King, Louis XVIII, who had taken refuge there, was ordered to leave by the frightened authorities—whereupon he sent for the city's Golden Book that he might erase his name from its list.

When Napoleon's armies conquered Italy, the Venetian Libro D'Oro and all the others were destroyed by his orders.

The names in this *Golden Book Magazine*, which starts with the present issue, will represent aristocrats of letters, an aristocracy not of birth, but of performance. They will be drawn from the whole range of world literature, from its beginnings down to yesterday—for the prompt and hearty co-operation of the most famous living writers, and the great publishers, has already extended the range of the magazine to cover practically everything which has demonstrated its enduring quality.

◆

As final selection was being made from his writings, the word came that Anatole France, ripe with years and honors and experiences, had passed on to his next adventure. That is better news for archangels than for men—one can imagine M. Thibaut only as taking a place, by divine right, with the choicest spirits of those amid whom he finds himself. I am sure those hierarchs will find him a joyful addition to their company: and possibly his sensitive soul now understands more completely some of those human actions which were wont to call forth his most deadly thrusts of irony.

If ever a supremely audacious choice of a pen name was justified by what the pen thereafter produced, it was surely in the case of Anatole Jacques Thibaut, self-named Anatole France.

He came as near to living completely as a man often does in modern civilization. He was the fine flower of that brilliant, fearlessly logical, witty, perspectived French genius, in the direct line of Voltaire, La Fontaine, la Rochefoucauld, Rabelais, and Montaigne—which represents possibly the most characteristic permanent Gallic contribution to the world's enduring literature.

"The Comedy of The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife," printed here, is an excellent example of France's ability to take a subject which one of our newspaper humorists might well make into a cheap "comic," and weave it magically into a piece of literature.

◆

It would seem as if the charge of being somewhat parochial in our attitude toward contemporary novelists might be substantiated by our ignoring of such a man as Verner von Heidenstam. "French Mons," which opens this magazine, is evidence enough that American readers have been missing something very well worth while.

And the facts are that Verner von Heidenstam has for thirty years been considered one of Sweden's greatest living men of letters (though he is not so much as mentioned in our most complete collection of world's literature, revised only three or four years ago); that in 1916 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature; and finally that these stories of Charles XII and his followers have a power, an insight, a flashing picturesqueness against a background of deep human significance, which mark the author as a world-writer.

◆

It is difficult at times to avoid the conclusion that the Authorities who form literary judgments for most of us, through their dicta in manuals and cyclopaedias, have been reading what some other Authority said about certain writers, rather than the works of those writers.

Take the case of Émile Gaboriau, who died in 1873, at the age of forty, after producing eighteen books (three of them two-volume, sequel novels) in thirteen years. If noticed at all, he is usually dismissed in a couple of lines as a writer of popular detective stories.

And yet I cannot conceive how any open-minded critic could read even the dozen volumes of Gaboriau available in English translation, and dismiss him quite so cavalierly.

Everyone agrees that he re-created the detective man-hunter (originated in modern times by Poe) as a fiction figure, and developed his Lecoq, his Père Tabaret, his Goudar with an ingenuity and a fundamental human appeal which have prevented his tales from aging a day in more than half a century. "That is something," as Hans Andersen remarks.

But one can go much further than this: there are a dozen figures in his closely-packed and swiftly-moving novels (especially Mascarin, Dr. Hortebise, Chupin, and so on) which a Balzac or a Hugo might have been proud of creating. They are masterly portraits of absorbingly interesting human beings—whose literary excellence has apparently been obscured by the very success of the author in producing a moving, tense, entertaining tale.

◆

Stevenson dictated a few sheets of memoranda for his tale of "Prince Otto" while seriously ill in California in 1879. But he did not begin work on it in earnest until 1883, while living in the little châlet, La Solitude, at Hyères, on the Southern coast of France.

"The labor that went into the making of the book was greater than he ever expended over any other novel, either before or after," declares Mrs. Stevenson, who characterizes it as "the last effort of his earlier manner." Prince Otto of the tale has a somewhat special interest from the fact that his creator first modelled him on the character of his cousin, Robert Alan Stevenson, and then insensibly drew him from what he conceived his own inner nature.

The romance furnishes in every chapter its own reason for reprinting it here. But if any other argument were needed, it might be found in the fact that of a dozen reasonably well-read people, several of them professed lovers of Stevenson, who were asked the specific question—not one had read it.

◆

There has been endless discussion of Dumas and his "factory," his disagreements with the successive workers who dug out material from history for him, or often wrote the tale in almost completed form. Still it makes little difference how much help he had: if ever a man put his own stamp on whatever his pen touched, it was surely this superbly vigorous West India French Creole. There is hardly such a thing as a "complete" set of Dumas; the books credited to him run up to more than two hundred entries (650 volumes in French) in the official list; and a large number of these are certainly inferior in quality. But at his best, in at least a dozen or a score of long works, he remains the supreme master of the tale of swift-moving adventure, always convincing the reader by his sheer vital energy, unmatched by any other writer in his gift of making natural conversation tell the story. He wrote practically no short stories, as such; but the tale of "Solange," given here, is complete in itself, and exhibits much of his power for impressive story-telling.

◆

A re-reading, after years, of Count Lyof Tolstoy's works powerfully confirms the feeling that he was not only Russia's greatest novelist, but among the world's greatest. "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection,"—these and many other novels and stories from his tremendous output are still today pulsing dramas of the human spirit, compelling absorbed attention by their reality and flood of vital energy. The little tale published here is a satire based on an anecdote related as an actual occurrence by de Maupassant in "Afloat."

◆

When Owen Wister published his "Red Men and White" in 1896, "Western" tales were still a casual feature in most American magazines. Since then they have become a complete career and reason for existence for many, and a large factor in the fiction offerings of nearly all. It is safe to say, however, that in all this flood of writing about cowboys, Indians, gamblers, prospectors, ranchmen and so on, nothing has yet appeared which

(*Continued on page 8*)

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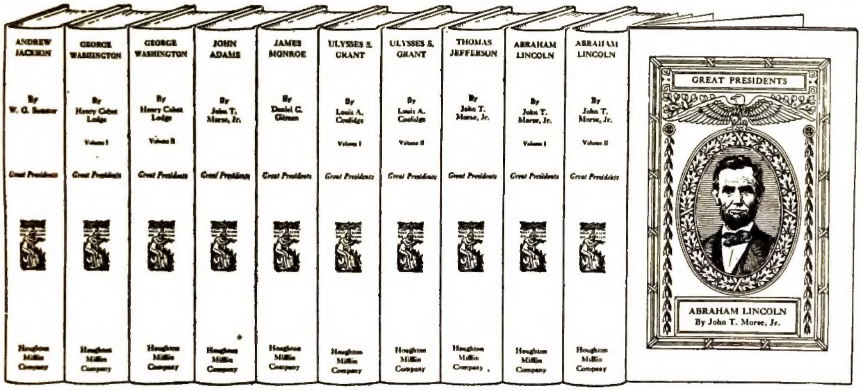
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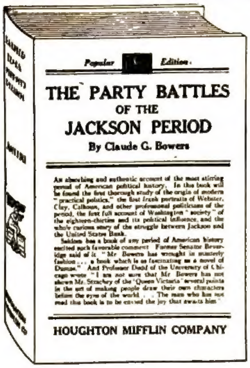
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(*Continued from page 6*)

surpasses Mr. Wister's books. The tales in "Red Men and White" are just as fresh and delightful as when they first appeared, springing from a rare understanding of character and sense of humor.

It is particularly interesting, too, to re-read Bret Harte alongside of Wister. Harte was almost the first fiction writer to open up this vein, and in the sixties he was presenting to Eastern readers a world of people and incidents completely new to them. Some of his best work still holds one, because of its lasting human appeal; but one reader who at sixteen was a most devout worshipper of Jack Hamlin and John Oakhurst must confess that these heroes have at times a stagey air beside their fiction successors. However, when he got down to the deep springs of human nature, he sometimes touched chords to which men vibrate as surely in 1925 as in 1865; and "Brown of Calaveras" seems such a story.

◆

Richard Harding Davis is perhaps best known as a correspondent with an eye for the picturesque and as the author of a very popular, somewhat tailor-made, romantic novel of a South American revolution. Some of his earlier short stories, however, show real craftsmanship, the achievement of an end with the utmost simplicity of method, which is a mark of mastery. "A Walk Up the Avenue," which we reprint, is sentimental, but it is real sentiment in spite of its touch of social superiority; and it has charm.

◆

"The Flying Dutchman" is Heine's re-telling of the ancient legend which he had first heard from an old grand-aunt ("when I closed my eyes I could see her before me, as she twitched her lips and told me the legend"). It has a special interest outside of its characteristic picturesqueness and its touches of diablerie: for it gave Wagner the first germ of the idea for his initial opera of that name. Heine was a unique combination of German romantic sensibility, Oriental sensuousness, and that mordant quality of clear-eyed logic which we associate with some of the greatest Frenchmen. His "Book of Songs" gave him a place next to Goethe as a lyric poet; and his "Pictures of Travel" remain to-day as perhaps the most delightful reflections aroused by different scenes in a brilliant cultured mind. He completed almost no fiction; the present tale is a chapter out of his "Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski."

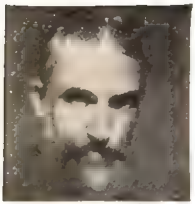
◆

To read Montaigne's essays is to form a friendship. So wise, so ripe, so full of wit was this fine old Michel Yquem, Sieur de Montaigne, that the three French volumes, which represent the harvest of his mind during twelve quiet years at his chateau in Périgord, create an illusion of his delightful personality on every page. He was a man who had come to moderation and prudence after full experience of youthful wildness; who had distilled wisdom from his own and other people's follies; who had traced to their sources the springs of human love and fear and cowardice and vanity and friendship and all the other dominating emotions. And all this knowledge of life he pours out in his easy, pithy, pregnant essays, arousing now a smile, now a personal deep reflection.

◆

Doubtless if any group of critics or writers were called on to select one man as a supreme exponent of the modern art of the short story there would almost certainly be a choice of Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant. After years of practice writing, under Flaubert's guidance, and the destruction of countless manuscripts, he published "Ball of Tallow" in 1880—and was immediately recognized as a master. He was then thirty years old; thirteen years later a mental malady closed his writing career. But in those thirteen years he produced two long novels, and half a dozen short ones; several plays and many poems; two books of reflective travel sketches;—and more than three hundred short stories, at least half a dozen of which must rank with the very finest achievements in this field. For he had solved what he himself declared the basic secret of the art: to contemplate some ordinary person or object long enough, and sympathetically enough, to get on the inside of it, and to find and relate something significant which other people had missed.

(*Continued on page 10*)



G. Bernard Shaw

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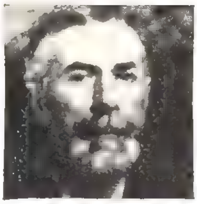

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* * *

Pedro de Alarcón (1833–'91) was one of the most distinguished Spanish authors of the later nineteenth century. He wrote many political and literary articles and a vivid history of the Moroccan Campaign; his "Poet's Christmas" ran through a hundred editions; and his story "The Three-Cornered Hat" is considered one of the truly notable works of modern Spanish literature.

* * *

Long before George du Maurier reached the universal reading public with his "Trilby," he was known as the caricaturist *par excellence* of the foibles of English society. He joined *Punch* in 1864, when he was thirty. Though he had lost the sight of one eye while a student, there were few humors of the English aristocrats which he did not see and transcribe in his entertaining drawings and conversation-titles during the succeeding quarter of a century. The clothes the ladies wear in his two volumes of "Society Pictures" (1880) look antiquated enough: but the mental habiliments are those of all times. An archæologist of some thousands of years hence could reconstruct the entire civilization of England of that period from du Maurier's drawings.

In a different country, and a social circle still further apart from that of du Maurier, our own A. B. Frost did an equally notable and enduring thing: for about thirty years he turned out one series of illustrations after another, in which the humor of real everyday life and character was more subtly depicted than in the work of any illustrator I can think of. Every sportsman has met Frost's red-faced and outraged farmers, has found himself in the exciting or ludicrous situations the artist presents so unerringly. To know and understand the real Americans of half a century ago it is only necessary to look over Frost's illustrations of Stockton, Octave Thanet and H. C. Bunner. What seems to be less well remembered nowadays is that he gave us "comic serials" funnier than anything to be found in the modern newspaper, which lays so much stress on such features. For satisfying, laugh-compelling humor, it would be hard to match such stories without words as his "Bull Calf," or "The Maiden Lady and the Serpent."

H. W. L.

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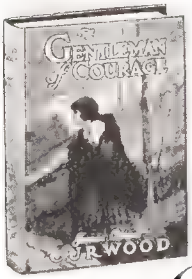

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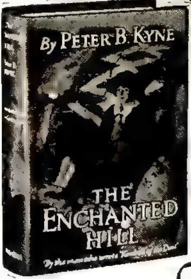

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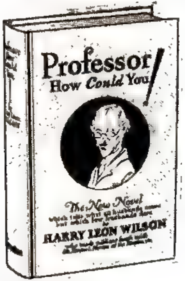

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A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

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For twenty years *The Review of Reviews Corporation* has maintained an investment service in *The American Review of Reviews*, and it now welcomes the opportunity to offer this same service to the readers of its new publication, *The Golden Book*. This department is conducted by a man with wide financial experience. He assists many Review of Reviews' readers each year in the investment of thousands of dollars, and we trust that readers of The Golden Book will avail themselves of this opportunity in the same way. Sample questions and answers taken from the Review of Reviews and illustrating the type of service given follow.

Good Discount Bonds I would like to know whether or not there are bonds of fairly good rating that are selling below par to yield about 6 per cent. Is it not your opinion that bonds of this type would be more attractive than present offerings that can be called at a few points above par?

Your plan of buying low interest rate bonds selling below par rather than high interest rate bonds that can be called at a few points above their offering price, seems to us the proper course to follow, and in following out this plan we suggest that you might consider such issues as:

St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 4s due 1950
Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4½s due 1933
Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s due 1946
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Refunding 4s due 1934
American Smelting & Refining 5s due 1947
Pacific Gas & Electric Refunding 5s due 1942
Utah Power and Light 1st 5s due 1944

From Short to Long Term Investment I am holding among other bonds the following: Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing 5½s, due April 15, 1925; Aluminum Company of America 7s, due November 1, 1925; Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s, due July 1, 1925; Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Division 3½s, due July 1, 1925. It has been suggested that in view of the current prices and near maturities these be exchanged for the following: United Fuel Gas 6s, 1936; California Petroleum 6½s, 1933; South Porto Rico Sugar 7s, 1941; Goodyear Tire & Rubber 8s, 1941. I should appreciate your opinion as to whether it is desirable to make an exchange at this time, and if so, whether the bonds proposed are suitable for a person not as yet dependent upon the income.

It seems to us that it would be a good plan to sell your bonds maturing next year and invest the proceeds in long-term securities. Of the issues that have been suggested to you, United Fuel Gas Company 1st mortgage 6s due 1936, the California Petroleum Corporation 6½s due 1933 and the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company 1st mortgage 8s due 1941 seem to us as safe as the bonds which you have been holding. The South Porto Rico Sugar Company 7s due 1941 we would not give as high a rating to, although we have little doubt but that they will prove to be safe investments. In the case of the United Fuel Gas Company 6s and the South Porto Rico Sugar 7s, it might be well for you to take into account the fact that the first of these two bonds can be redeemed at 105 at any time and the latter at that price subsequent to 1930.

From Bonds to Stock? I am a person of moderate means and have $2000 in Penna. R. R. 6½ per cent. 15-year bonds. Would you advise selling them at the present price or do you think they might go higher? If I sold them do you think American Woolen preferred a reasonably safe investment? Could you suggest something else?

Your Pennsylvania Railroad bonds are a much safer investment than American Woolen preferred stock would be and we see no reason why you should sell them at the present time unless you wish to put the money in a longer term investment of as high grade. The Pennsylvania Railroad bond selling around 110 and due in 12 years gives a yield of about 5.35 per cent. As they approach maturity they will come down somewhat in price without a change in their yield basis. If you wish to take your profit on them, you could invest in some other good railroad or public utility bond such as those you will see suggested in the Questions and Answers page of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS each month, and secure a somewhat higher yield than these bonds now give at their present price.

Japanese 6½ per cent. Bonds Will you kindly tell me why th $150,000,000 Imperial Japanese Government bonds 6½s, 1954, are holdin even below their floating price while all other foreign bonds ar going up? Are there any elements of weakness as a financia investment in this Japanese loan, or do you consider it perfectl sound?

The earthquake disaster in Japan and also the Japanes Exclusion Act in this country have undoubtedly had an effec in depressing the Japanese Government bonds in this marke The credit of Japan, however, remains good and we believ its 6½ per cent. bonds brought out here are a safe investmen

(*Continued on page 16*)

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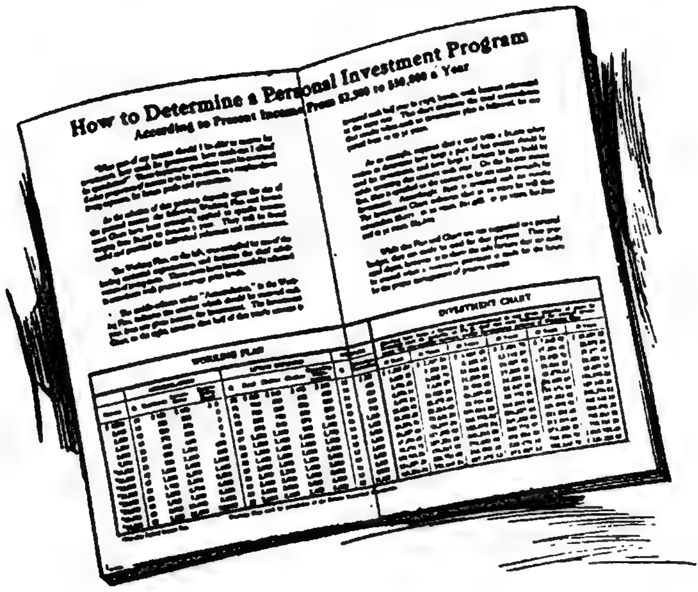
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(*Continued from page 14*)

Investing a School Teacher's Savings I have about $2500 to invest, and wish to place it where I can secure a rate of interest somewhat higher than that paid by the government, but with a very high degree of safety. A teacher's savings accumulate but slowly and a loss seems serious. All that I own is in bonds and divided in about the following proportions:

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The remainder in 1st mortgage real estate mostly city buildings—a few on farms. All bonds are in denominations of $100 or $500. Will you kindly advise me where to place my funds and in what denominations?

Your present investments seem to us good ones. For the investment of the $2500 which you now have available, we think it might be well for you to increase the diversification of your entire investment fund by putting it in 5—$500 bonds, or 3—$500 bonds, and 1—$1000 bond selected from the industrial, public utility and railroad fields. Such issues as the following we are glad to recommend for your consideration:

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Niagara Falls Power Co. 1st mortgage 5s due 1932
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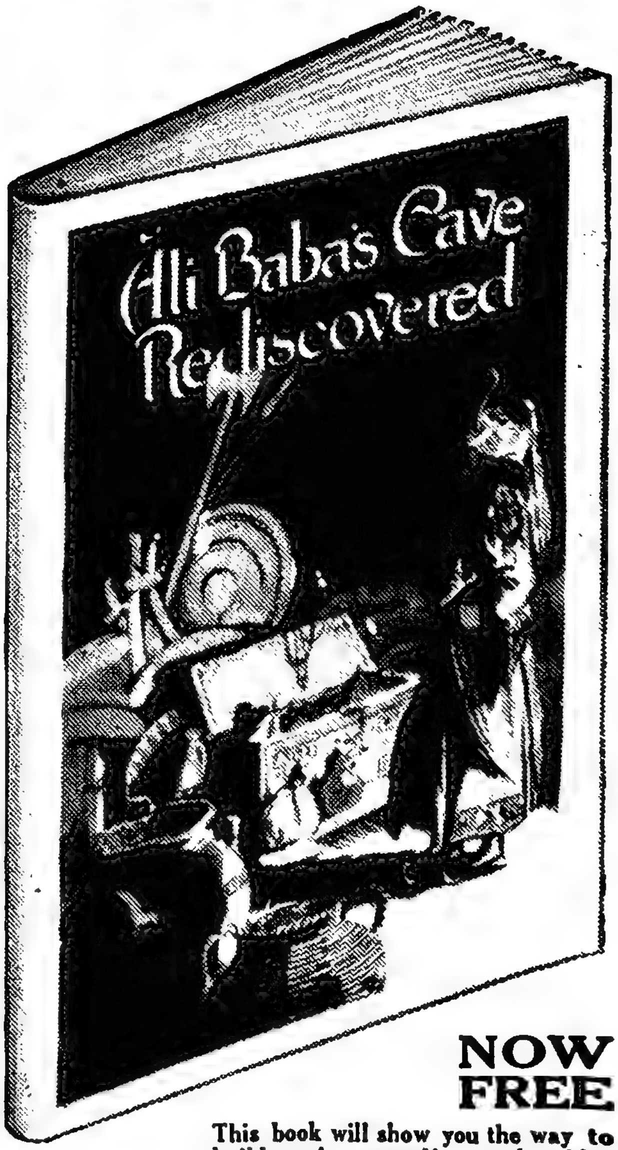

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Stewart Edward White.

Your new project does appeal strongly to me as a reader. Like many others I realize that there are many stories I ought to have read but did not, and I am glad to know that they are to be made available through your publication. Perhaps it will save me from spending my time on so much current fiction that is only mediocre. *G. B. Hotchkiss.*

If all advertising managers are like me you ought to have a favorable audience ready made, for I shall be grateful for the opportunity to receive monthly, in the form of The Golden Book, a collection of the best there is in literature. You are doing a brave thing, and I hope sincerely that it meets with the success the venture deserves.
R. P. Ashley.

I have your letter of the 18th and want to tell you that I think you have a corking idea in the new magazine—The Golden Book. There are so many magazines on the newsstands now that it would seem impossible to think of a new one that ought to be published, but you have done it. So many of the great writers of the past have written stories that are a thousand miles ahead of most of the current fiction.
Howard P Ruggles.

Fiction undoubtedly appeals to everyone to-day; and the character of the fiction you are planning to give will be more welcome, I am sure, by a mass of readers who are somewhat fed up on the present sensational story. *J. C Bull.*

It sounds to me as though this projected magazine would be exactly the sort of magazine which I should be very glad to read regularly. The world is so full of dirty politics, tinpan economics, and literary (?) claptrap, that it surely ought to be that a small percentage of magazine readers would appreciate any golden book. *Harold F. Barber.*

My first impression bade me to say that it is too good to be true!—I like the contents and the form both very much. I don't quite see how you can be so generous as to quantity for the price you are charging. *J. C. Dana.*

This magazine should be a success; it should attract a wonderful lot of enthusiastic readers, and you should plant good seed in many minds for continued good reading.
W. C D'Arcy.

Now about your magazine—I think it holds out splendid promise to many thousands of people who value their time so highly that they do not feel justified in wasting it on ephemeral literature. *F. B. McLeary.*

As you know, in our business the announcement of the publication of a new magazine is scarcely epoch making. But in The Golden Book I see possibilities for a great development. For your appeal you have all the entertainment that is found in such magazines as ——— and also in that other class which might be represented by ———. In addition to that you have the cultural appeal.
C. W. Jackson.

Just as the public have proven conclusively that they appreciate better motion pictures and will pay accordingly to see them, I believe you will find that where they have the opportunity of discriminating, a large percentage of them will do so and that The Golden Book edited along the lines you outline will find a ready sale and meet with an increasing demand and growth. All success to you in your new venture!
Howard S. Greene.

On receipt of the first announcement of the plans on the contents of your Golden Book, it seemed like a breath of fresh air, and it also seemed as if it were the only really worth while literary magazine to be offered to the public in years.
W. F. Brainard.

At least I for one endorse every word you have said and believe there are enough right thinking Americans to make your magazine a real success. Surely sometime we will see a general revolt against literary trash. Please put me down as a subscriber and send me bill for first year.
Albert E. Hayes

Your Golden Book appears to be a project for popularizing the best. It is therefore quite in line with my own doctrine.
Stuart P. Sherman.

I feel that this publication will meet with the hearty approval of readers of fiction of real literary merit.
A. Bishopric, Jr.

I say let it come, it will find a large place.
J. A. Richards.

I personally feel that such a book is going to find a welcome response from a great many people *Geo. W. Cushing.*

This is one of those things which makes me wonder that it has not been done before. I certainly think you have a great opportunity and that the American public will give it a warm welcome if it isn't labeled "High Brow," and I am sure that you won't overlook the commercial side.
S. L. Meulendyke.

I feel confident that you have most accurately sensed an unmistakable trend. Just as there is a demand for "Better Homes" throughout the nation, there is a demand for "Better Literature" to go into those homes. The wiser parents—and the number of them is increasing every year—are beginning to realize the tremendous suggestive power of bad literature and bad moving pictures. And they are thinking of this tremendous suggestive power in terms of probable unsalutary influence in their own families and homes. *W. J. Conniff.*

In glancing over the list of authors whose various writings you intend to feature, I certainly have to admit that a great many of them are unknown to me, except as merely a name, and I believe that the same holds true in a very large percentage of the American readers of magazines. This new publication of yours certainly should, and I firmly believe will turn out a pronounced success.
F. Russell Crawford.

I once wrote a book with that title on the subject of saving money. I hope you will succeed in saving character. I think it is a psychological truth that the way to get rid of a bad idea is to put a good one in its place. There seems to be no possibility of having a constitutional amendment against the rotten publications that are now flooding the country. Accordingly I commend your judgment, courage and determination in the attempt to offer something different.
Geo. E. Lees.

Backed by your splendid organization, a magazine whose make-up is of a character set forth in your communication certainly should receive a welcome reception—especially when so much of the present fiction reeks with saxophone, hair-brain and questionable episodes.
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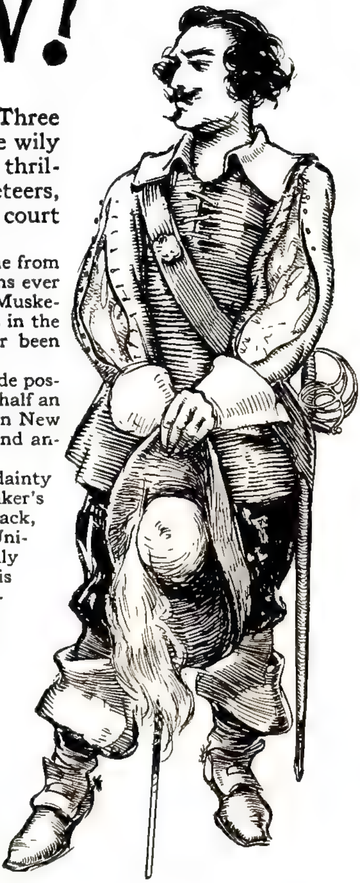

Do you know that famous Gascon soldier, hero of Dumas' Three Musketeers? The great Captain of Louis XIV, who foiled the wily Richelieu and saved Anne of Austria? Do you remember the thrilling fight between the Cardinal's Guards and the King's Musketeers, the secret trip to Buckingham Castle and the countless court intrigues?

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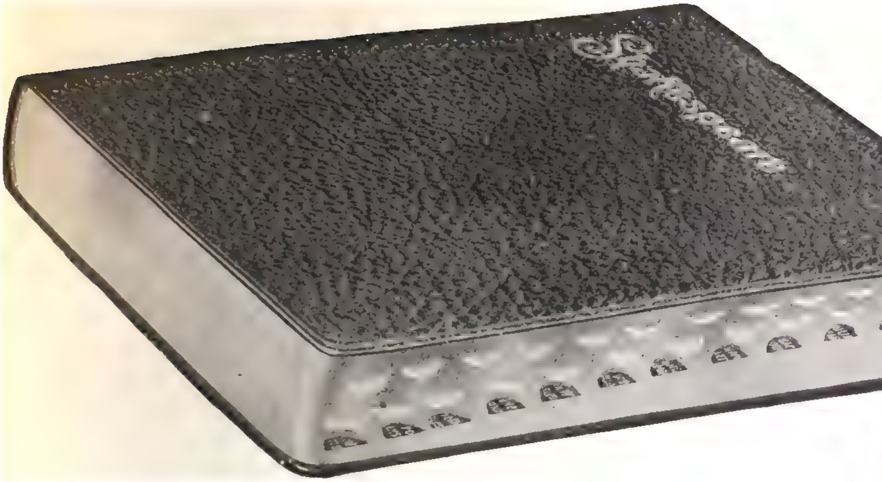

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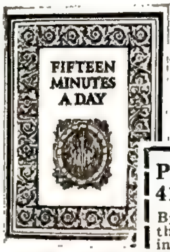

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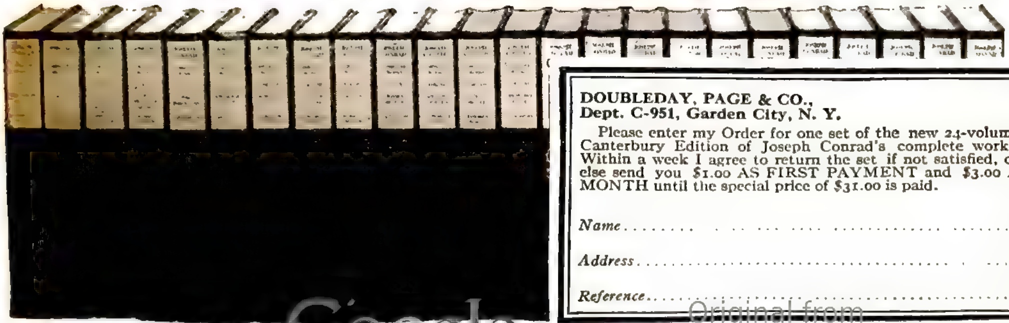

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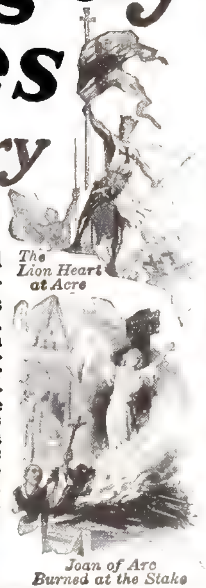

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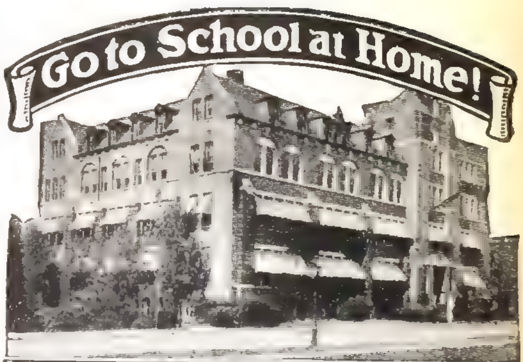

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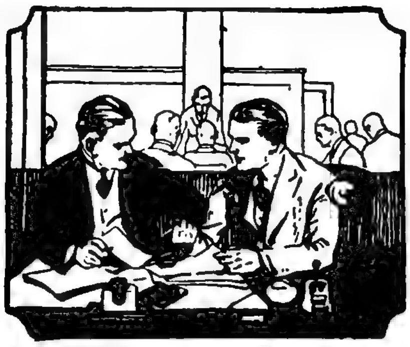

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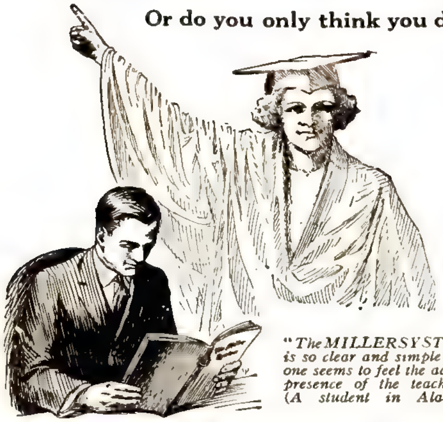

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Do You Know When to Use—

sits or sets, laying or lying, farther or further, drank or drunk, who or whom, I or me, lunch or luncheon, affect or effect, council, counsel or consul, practical or practicable, admittance or admission, shall or will?

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See page 14

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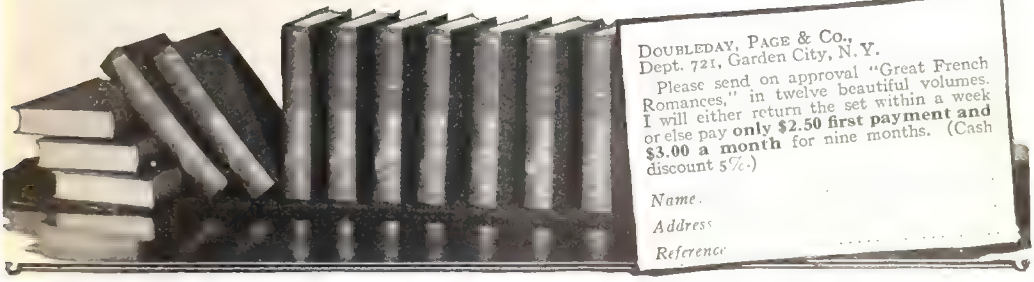

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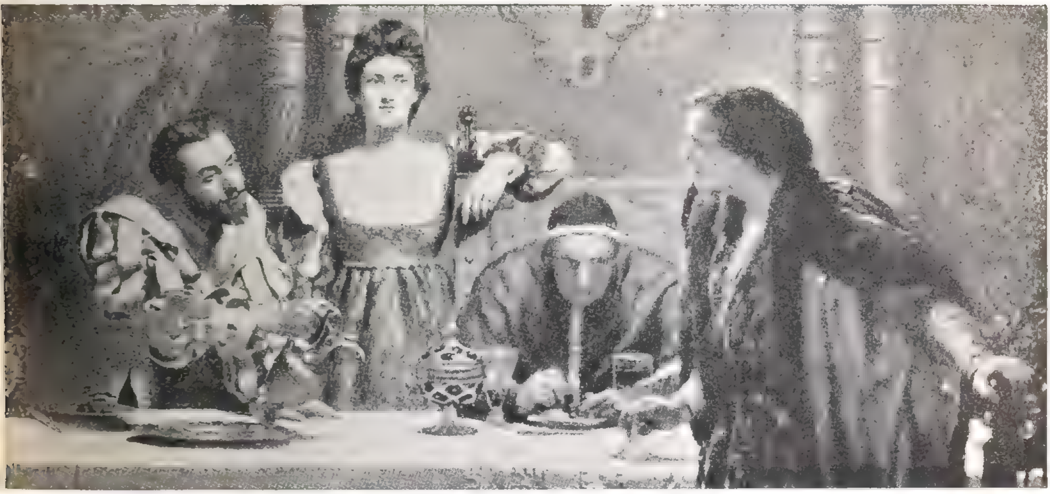
A Glass of Wine with the Borgias



The youth hesitates. Will he obey the look of command in the eyes of Lucrezia—the magnet that has drawn him to this supper in the pontifical apartment? Will he accept the wine offered by Cæsar Borgia? Or will he be warned before it is too late by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant? To comply or refuse is equally hazardous. If he decline the poisoned draught, will he escape the hired assassin lurking in the shadows of the palace? How many gallant lives thus darkly passed out of sight, sacrificed to the ambition of that terrible triumvirate, is told, as only the great Alexandre Dumas could, in the STRANGEST AND MOST CURIOUS SET OF BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED!

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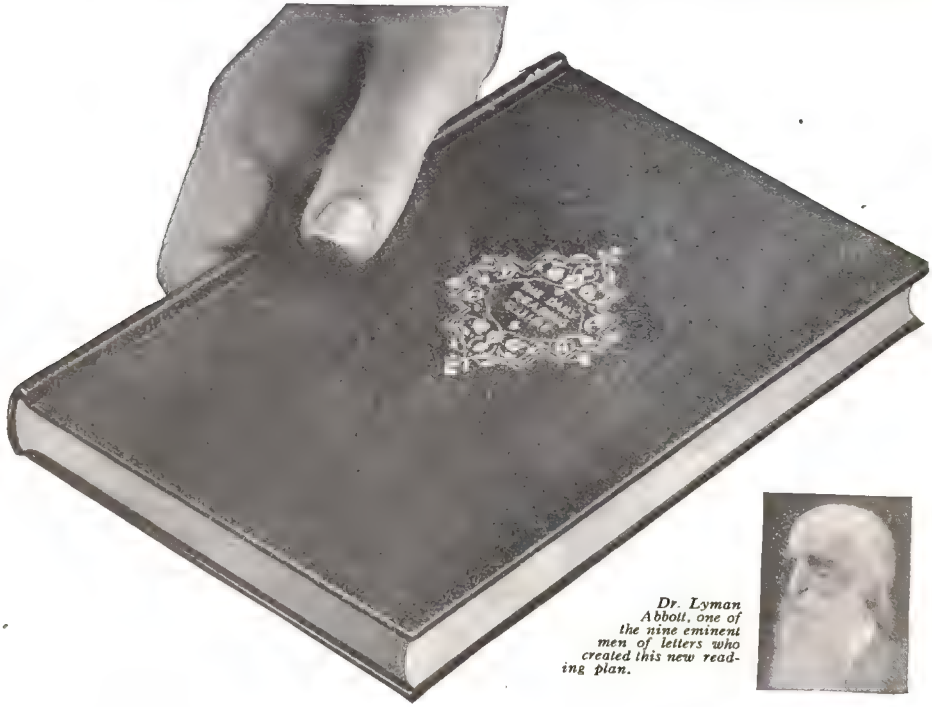

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Happiness

As Viewed by Some Poets, Essayists, Novelists, Philosophers, and—a French Duchesse

THE JEWEL

HAPPINESS is a woman's jewel.
Gods remorseless, fates unsparing,
Scanty bread—aye, that's the cruel,
Bracing life for men!—VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

I have enjoyed earthly happiness,
I have lived and loved.—SCHILLER.

Probably the happiest period in life most frequently is in middle age, when the eager passions of youth are cooled, and the infirmities of age not yet begun; as we see that the shadows which are at morning and evening so large almost entirely disappear at midday.
—THOMAS ARNOLD.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.—ALEXANDER POPE.

The thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man: [illegible] *naturally aim at happiness, and can not bear to have it confined to our present being.*
—JOHN DRYDEN.

If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise or rich or great,
But never can be blest.—ROBERT BURNS.

There are two ways of being happy; we may either diminish our wants, or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.—THOMAS HOOD.

We are never so happy, nor so unhappy, as we suppose ourselves to be.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions.—LORD BYRON.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.
—MONTESQUIEU.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall!—WILLIAM COWPER.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

No rules can make amiability; our minds and apprehensions make that; and so is our felicity.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.
—DUCHESSE DE PRASLIN.

They are happy whose natures sort with their vocations.—LORD BACON.

To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Booklover's Calendar.

THE month of Janus, two-faced guardian of heaven's door, looking back to the past and forward to the future; as Matutinus, opener of the day. Saxon, *Wolf-month;* American Indian, *Snow-moon;* Jewish, January 1 is the 5th day of *Tebet*—from the Assyrian: Month of Violent Rain. Mahommedan (the only lunar calendar), *Jumada II*, December 28 to January 26, then *Rajab* follows—the "honored" month, when war was not permitted: the Prophet said this month was like a snowy white fountain flowing from heaven itself, and he who fasts then will drink of the waters of life.

In Catholic Europe, Pope Gregory's calendar reform, and change to January 1 as the beginning of the year, came into operation in 1582; but until 1752 New Year's Day in England was March 25.

1 *New Year's Day. Festival of Circumcisio Domini.*

No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

CHARLES LAMB.

2 Salute the year,—the first-foot's entering step,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the *Good new year*
Pronounced with honest warmth.

GRAHAM.

3 Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to solitude retires.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

4 The curiones of Janus have in truth perceived clear omens: thou art the beneficent creator, good Janus.

SALIAN HYMN.

5 *Handsel Monday—first Monday of the year—the chief holiday for Scotch farm laborers. Twelfth Day Eve in England.*

Janiveer,
Freeze the pot upon the fier.

OLD ENGLISH SAYING.

6 *Epiphany, or Twelfth Day; still "Old Christmas" among the island folk of the Carolina coast. The manifestation of Jesus to the Three Magi: Festival of the Three Kings; beginning of Carnival in Venice, Naples, Rome. Hebrew Feast of Tebet.*

This is the sacred month of January—sacred because of the ceremonies. January is the beginning of the year, because the purple-clad chiefs date their office from that month.

CARMINA TRIA DE MENSIBUS.

7 On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

LONGFELLOW.

January.

8 Behold, winter is here! Nature's beauty is changed and dimmed by the veil of night. . . . I will move up to my dear fireplace, and will share with it, as before, my melancholy. PRINCE DOLGORUKI.

9 *The Janus festival of Agonia.*

We must go out to re-ally ourselves with nature every day. We must take root, send out some little fibre at least, even every winter day. THOREAU.

10 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot. SHAKESPEARE.

11 *First English lottery, 1569, at West door of Paul's Cathedral.*

It is when the trees are leafless . . . that the secret of the forest is most likely to be surprised. Mystery is always there. FIONA MACLEOD.

12 This month drink you no wine commixt with dregs
Eate capons, and fat hens with dumpling legs.
VOX GRACULI.

13 *New Year's Day. Old Style. Plough Monday—one week after Twelfth Day.*

We will suppose it to be after Christmas, or about Plough Day, at what time men either begin to fallow, or to break up pease earth, which is to lie to bait, according to the custom of the country. GERVASE MARKHAM.

14 *Feast of the Ass.*

The English populace were violently inflamed against the statesmen who carried through the change of calendar; a favorite cry in the streets and on the hustings was, "Who stole the eleven days? Give us back our eleven days!"

15 Winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures and sets them adrift. Like poverty, it makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. JOHN BURROUGHS.

16 There is something better than music in the wide, conserved silence; and it disposes the traveller to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight. STEVENSON.

17 *Auld Handsel Monday (Old Style, 12 days later than new) in Scotland.*

One William Hunter was cured in the year 1738 of an inveterate rheumatism by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. Confined to bed a year and a half on Handsel Monday some of his neighbors came to make merry with him. In the end he became much intoxicated. The consequence was that he had the use of his limbs next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than twenty years after this, and never had the smallest return of his complaint. SINCLAIR.

18 Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight. EMERSON.

19 Oh wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?
SHELLEY.

20 *St. Agnes Eve.*

Upon St. Agnes Night, you take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a pater noster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry. AUBREY.

21 There must come a full pause to weave perfection into music. TAGORE.

22 *Getting Up in January.*

I cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer) . . . hastily think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! . . . Add to this benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice. LEIGH HUNT.

23 Froze January, leader of the year,
Minced pies in van, and calf's head in the rear.
CHURCHILL.

24 If one would know what snow is, I should advise him not to hunt up what the poets have said about it, but to look at the sweet miracle itself. LOWELL.

25 *St. Paul's Day. Robert Burns born 1759.*

The storm king put the brook to bed, and threw a great mantle of snow over him. EUGENE FIELD.

26 O unseen hurrying rack! O wailing wind!
What rest and where go ye this night to find?
WILLIAM HARRIS.

27 *Robert Burton, of Anatomy of Melancholy, Buried 1639.*

The people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings. DICKENS.

28 *Pall Mall, London, First Lighted with Gas, 1807.*

Beyond the firwood light was visible the dawn's. Half way down the ravines it resembled the light cast off a torrent of water. It lay on the grass like a sheet of unreflecting steel, and was a face without a smile above. MEREDITH.

29 *Swedenborg Born 1688-9.*

A lone winter evening when the frost has wrought a silence. KEATS.

30 *Execution of Charles I, 1649. For many years the annual festival of the Calves' Head Club, in honor of Cromwell.*

Nothing was to be heard throughout the length and breadth of the silent winter-bound city save the vague nameless rustle of falling snow—a sensation rather than a sound. DE MAUPASSANT.

31 The snow had followed the winds from the polar basin as the white pillar of a cloud, and individual flakes could not be seen. The blast smelt of icebergs, arctic seas, whales and white bears, carrying the snow so that it licked the land but did not lie on it. HARDY.

A Man's a Man for a' That

By ROBERT BURNS

Robt Burns

IS THERE for honest Poverty
  That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
  Wha' struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that an' a' that,
  His ribband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
  He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
  Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  (As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
  Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
  It's comin yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

The Golden Book

VOLUME I JANUARY, 1925 NUMBER 1

French Mons

A Tale of the Charles Men

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Verner von Heidenstam

A HIDE-COVERED field wagon had stuck in one of the swamps of Poland, and the horse had already been unhitched. On the wagon stood a young man who had just come to the army to work his way up. His comrades called him French Mons, because as tutor he had followed some distinguished lords to France, and had there filled his chest with all sorts of odd things. Captain Olof Oxehufvud and several subalterns and soldiers waited alongside in the mud, and the snowstorm struck them in the face.

"The wagon and chest must be left behind," said Oxehufvud.

French Mons opened the chest, and pulled out as much as he could carry.

"What a pied dressing-gown with all that needlework and tassels!" exclaimed Oxehufvud and the subalterns. "What miserable little slippers! And false calves! And a bonnet!"

"That's a *cadeau* from ma—"

"Kick it into the slush!"

"—From mama."

"Look at the little peruke!"

"And the medium peruke!"

"And the great spliced peruke!"

Oxehufvud could now control himself no longer, but took him by the leg.

"Kick the damned stuff into the slush, I say!"

The delicate blonde countenance of French Mons flamed up, and he struck his hand on his sword.

"Master Captain, such an import—"

"Such an important person as you can freely hold up the march, you think?"

"No. Such a victorious army, I would say, surely need not go in shabby clothes, with dressing-gowns from the time of King Orre."

"Stuff and nonsense! Little schoolmaster! Consummate ass!"

"The captain treats me like a menial, yet I have had education, have travelled in France, yes, have stood eye to eye with Vauban himself."

"Well, what did Vauban say?"

"What did he say?"

"Just so."

"'Get out!' he said, for it was at his own gate, and I was in his way."

"Lord! Lord! Get down from the wagon and be quick about it! Come here, two of you fellows, and take this beggar in lady's chair style!"

French Mons rolled up the slippers and wigs in the dotted dressing-gown and took it on his back, while he held a lorgnette before his eye.

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When he had been carried to the bank, Oxehufvud stood in front of him, tall and slim, with brilliant red cheeks and small dark moustaches.

"Hark now, monsieur, what do you want in the field? Do you want to work up?"

"Though not of noble rank, I aspire to it. Who knows if perhaps even I may not sit some time with a certificate of nobility in my pocket?"

"You may ennoble yourself in fools' hell! In this army no one says a word about nobility, but every one must work his way up the best he may."

Oxehufvud had now abused him so long as leader that his comradely heart began to thaw, and he added grumblingly in a somewhat milder tone, "Behave yourself gallantly, and you may get your officer's commission to start with! We have already broken so many Swedish dandies of your sort and made men of them. There by that little wood you see a large house with a white stairway. Since we are in all no more than five-and-twenty men, I can't afford to leave you a single soldier. Reconnoitre and spy diligently on the enemy, so that no one falls on us from the rear!"

Oxehufvud marched off with his little band, and French Mons went up to the house with his bundle on his back.

No human being was visible, and he stationed himself irresolutely in the lee of the wall. He was cold and wet through, but above all he was troubled by the dirt and mud on his boots. Would he not be able to keep equally good watch from one of the windows? A well-made bed with a silken coverlet and a foot-muff was exactly what he longed for.

Transversely under the house went a dark carriage-door, and thither with great caution he slunk along the wall. When he had dried his moist lorgnette, he leaned forward and looked in with stealthy alertness.

There was a stamping and clattering, and he distinguished two gleaming eyes. With throbbing heart he took a step back and drew his sword. A black horse rushed out and ran back and forth in the courtyard, while it threw the snow high in the air with its hind feet.

"I won't catch that black fellow," thought French Mons. "If a soldier sits on such a wild horse, the dead owner will rise from the swamp, jump up behind, and pull him from the saddle. They tell of such things in the evening by the camp-fire."

He threatened the horse with his sword, and went in, pushing the door open on the other side so that the light would be better. He saw now that the door to the house was walled up.

Snorting and stamping, the horse came back, but French Mons chased him out again. Then he went out and called up to a window. A gray-haired serving-woman stuck out her head.

"Does a friend of King Stanislaus or of the Saxon drunkard dwell here?" he asked.

"Here dwells an old recluse, who is no one's enemy and no one's friend."

"Good. Then he cannot deny shelter to a frozen Swedish soldier."

The serving-woman vanished and finally returned after a time with a ladder, on which he climbed in.

The room was large, and the ugly but clean wooden chairs stood in a stiff row along the bare walls. When he chanced to push back one of the chairs with his scabbard, the serving-woman hastened at once to move it back to its proper place. Two girls dressed in blue, with pale faces and curled hair, came and went without saying a word. As soon as one got a few steps behind, she ran anxiously forward to the other's side. They rubbed against each other and groped with their long fingers, and though it was still daylight, they carried two lighted lamps.

When the serving-woman had rubbed the mud from his boots and sufficiently dried the wet places that the soles had made on the floor, she quietly and carefully opened the door to the next room.

"Don't walk too roughly!" she whispered.

There stood a man of middle age in a dressing-gown and with the most impudent and pointed nose, but no one had ever worn a more elegantly curled peruke, and on his white fingers gleamed rings with jewels.

French Mons set down his bundle, and eyed him with his lorgnette. Much pleased with his venerable exterior, he thereupon made a wide gesture with his arms, and bowed to the floor.

"My intentions are courteous," he said, "and humbly I beg the favor of knowing with what nobleman I have the good fortune to speak."

"Sit down, my good sir. I am nothing but a forgotten old recluse, but since you are a man of quality, I shall at once explain various things that may seem remarkable."

The two gentlemen sat down stiff and straight with hands on their knees.

"Formerly I was a merry companion, and my coat of brocade was the talk of all Warsaw, but on my thirtieth birthday, when I sat drinking with my comrades, I lifted my glass and spoke somewhat in this fashion: My friends, with every year your eyes become harder and your hearts more shrunken. One believes in King Stanislaus of the white cheeks, and the other in King August with the big belly. Afterwards you forge your plots accordingly, and seek for appointments and rewards. I will not go to the grave with the horrible recollection that each of my brothers was at the last a Cain. I set friendship much higher than love, because it is a bond exclusively between souls, and therefore today I say unto you farewell, while we are still young. Of me you shall never hear anything further, but such as I now see you, you shall still go about me in my room before my eyes and keep me company, when I sit alone and old. When the serving-woman outside the door hears that I prattle half aloud, she will say: 'Now the old man is talking with the friends of his youth.'"

"And after you had so bade them farewell?"

"Then I went home and had the door walled up. My servants have to get themselves out and in as best they may."

"With a host of such delicate sensibilities a guest will surely get on well."

"Get on well? What are you thinking of? My twin daughters who walk about the room here with their lamps are insane. Their mother was an abducted nun. No, a guest would not get on in the least."

"You mean, perhaps, that my coming disturbs."

"Ah well, I won't exactly say that. But there are ghosts here."

His nostrils rose at the corners, and he got up and rubbed his hands in satisfaction.

"I consider it my duty as host to tell the truth as well first as last. There is a dead lackey who goes about again, and whose name is Jonathan. He stands in window-recesses and behind doors in brown livery with black braid. His servant zeal so sticks to the poor fellow even after death that he watches over and serves guests when they least expect it. Fortunately guests are rare here. Tell me, are you a count?"

"I? No."

"Are you a baron?"

"No, I'm not a baron yet."

"Are you not at least a plain nobleman?"

"Is it my lord's intention to insult?"

French Mons flushed with embarrassment. "The certificate has been my dearest dream," he thought, "and would to God I carried it already in my coat pocket. Then no one any longer should cry, 'Little schoolmaster!' Then it should be: 'I saw the marks of nobility on that man long before he got his certificate.'"

"How can such a simple question wound you?" exclaimed the recluse, with yet more enjoyment.

"Of course I am noble. My family is extremely old."

"That would be another thing. That's very good. Though Jonathan had a Christian burial and all that, he is such an out-and-out aristocratic lackey that he starts all sorts of malicious tricks as soon as he has before him a parvenu or a plebeian."

French Mons stroked his small moustache with the nail of his little finger and swung his lorgnette uncomfortably.

"Is my lord a connoisseur of Syracusan wine?" he asked.

"No."

"I too think much more of a glass of Frontignac. My favorite dish is ragout with mushrooms, though I shall never speak ill of a *haché* of lamb with thyme. Much in this part of the world depends on the sauce. Oh, I do not long to be back home with oatmeal and pitchy darkness."

"Pitch darkness? Are you thinking of the summer nights?"

"They are bright."

"And winter evenings are bright, too, for then you have snow. If you are afraid of pitch darkness, never travel southward again! Have you in your land any great artists and scholars?"

"We have not and never shall have."

"You do not over-value your countrymen."

"I have seen a little of the great world, my lord. I have travelled in France a good two months, my lord. I have even been a whole evening with *roi Soleil*."

"You? Have you been with Louis XIV?"

"That I have—at the theater—though I only got a wretched standing-place in the parterre. Since Augustus there has not lived so majestic a sovereign. Only look at his style of bowing!"

"The king of Sweden is a man, too."

"That he is, for he makes us noticed in foreign countries, but how poor for all that!"

"Mighty poor in Warsaw lately. When Stanislaus stepped into the church for coronation with his spouse, who is always frightened and tremulous, he not only got as a present from the Swedes the newly wrought crown, sceptre, apple, sword, ermine, belt, and shoes, but also a banner, tapestries on the church walls, the plates on the table, coronation money to be scattered about, and soldiers who kept guard and fired the jubilation salute—and at the last he thanked His Excellency Piper and kissed his hand.—Are you poor yourself?"

"Poor? I?"

French Mons thought of the two wretched Charles-pieces that were sewed under the lining of his coat, and were all he possessed, but he rapped his lorgnette on the table and hastened to say: "My expenses are enormous—and play amuses me—I never go without ten louis d'or in my purse."

"Will you lend me five louis d'or?"

French Mons looked up at the ceiling.

"Just to-day, unluckily, I forgot my purse in a coat on my tent-post. But I shall deem myself happy to have the trifle sent you at the first opportunity. My lord, do not regard us awkward Swedes as any *grands seigneurs.* However high I mount, still Mons always peeps out between the seams."

"You were mightily awkward lately at our Polish election, when Arvid Horn sat with his note-book and registered all who voted against the Swedish orders, and when our land-marshal broke his staff in despair.—But now consider my house as your own. The tobacco pipe lies by the flask of scented water, the scented water on the powder-box, the powder-box on the tobacco keg, the tobacco keg on the commode. That you must hunt out as time goes on."

With these words he took up a leather-bound book and sat down to read.

"I beg you to trouble yourself no further," answered French Mons, looking at him sidelong through his lorgnette with wakening mistrust. Within his soul he thought: "Just wait till I'm sitting with my certificate in my big state carriage! Then it will be: 'That gentleman is our newly made knight, Magnus Gabriel.'"

The two girls every now and then pattered past through the room, and threw the light of their lamps upon him, and every time he rose and bowed. As the recluse meanwhile continued to read and gradually appeared to forget his presence entirely, he finally took his bundle and went back into the outer room.

"It's getting dark," he said to the serving-woman, "and I am too tired to keep company longer."

"We have arranged the gentleman's bed here to the left in the great hall. That is the only room that has a fire."

The hall was whitewashed and long, with inhospitable rows of chairs and a couple of rough folding-tables. Just by the door stood a bed with curtains of Holland linen. The old woman lighted the four candles in the sconces and left him alone.

Chilled, he looked about him and laid his sword on the table. Then he unpacked his bundle. Three of the candles he blew out, and on them hung the little peruke and the medium peruke and the spliced peruke, but with the fourth he threw the light under the bed and in the window recesses and then set it back in the socket

"Impudent pack!" he muttered. "I'd rather have stood outside in the snow, but since I'm now inside here, it's a matter of keeping awake, peeping about, and going often to the window to listen and spy."

He tried to lock the door from inside, but it was without both bolt and key. After he had worked in vain for a long time to get off his wet boots, whose musty smell annoyed him, he put on his dressing-gown and lay down in his boots on the bed.

At times he heard a muffled stamping and snorting from the wild horses in the carriage entrance under the floor of the hall, but after a while it grew more quiet, and he began to think that the candle did not light sufficiently, because all the corners and recesses were dark. He raised his lorgnette, sharpened his gaze, and turned his eyes on all sides, but otherwise lay quite motionless.

Then he saw by the door-jamb close behind the curtain at the head of his bed a tall, thin lackey in a brown coat with black braid.

A cramp-like dread caught him by the throat, he grew dizzy, but he thought: "It is only the good God who wishes to try me because I am dreaming of distinctions and certificates."

Softly and almost imperceptibly he caught hold of both sides of the bed so as to control his shuddering body, and then he stuck his right leg out between the curtains.

"Jonathan," said he, "pull off my boot!"

The lackey grinned so that his dark mouth twisted itself up to his ears, but he did not move from his place.

French Mons chattered his teeth, but he did not draw back his leg.

"Jonathan, is this the way you serve folk of the nobility?"

The lackey grinned still worse, and made a disdainful gesture of refusal with his hand.

French Mons now understood that the lackey had seen through his deception and treated him as a parvenu and a plebeian, and his terror grew so great that he panted and moaned softly, but his leg he held continually outstretched.

"Pull off my boot, Jonathan!"

His voice was now barely a whisper.

The lackey rubbed his hands on his hips and grinned, but remained standing by the door-jamb.

At that moment the horse down below in the carriage entrance neighed long and piercingly, and far off in the snowstorm many horses answered.

French Mons threw himself from the bed.

"I'm neglecting my duty," he cried. "That's the enemy!"

He sprang forward to the table to grasp his sword, but the lackey walked beside him with long steps and stared him in the eyes.

Then he again grew paralyzed and stood still. Meanwhile the lackey took the sword with one hand, stretched out the other over the candlestick, and with two fingers lifted the great spliced wig on high and then drew it as an extinguisher over the burning candle.

"Good God in heaven!" stammered French Mons. "I have seldom gone into Thy house and have rather pampered myself and played with all sorts of vanity, but help for this one time so that I do not neglect my duty and become a disgrace! Then Thou may'st punish me eternally."

Neighings were heard ever nearer and nearer, and the wild horse rushed stamping and snorting from its retreat.

Then French Mons bent down with his clenched hands over his head, and threw himself in the dark upon the lackey.

"You spawn of Beelzebub!" he shouted.

He pulled the sword to him and struck on all sides in the dark, and chairs fell to the floor. He could nowhere lay hold on Jonathan, but at last he struck his hands against the wall, and the door opened. The two sisters with their lamps and their pale, wide-eyed countenances entered in only their chemises, without the wit to feel any embarrassment about it. They only rubbed against each other and stared at the stranger who had waked them with his racket. On this occasion he did not give himself time to bow, but shoved up the window and hopped to the ground. In his dressing-gown, with sword in hand, he ran along the house and heard behind him a harsh voice from the window, but he did not know whether it was that of the recluse or of Jonathan, or whether they were both one and the same.

"I said that you were a fool," cried the voice, "a great fool, a fool without peer, and I wanted to be even with you. But if the horsemen get to see you, and there is a hand-to-hand fight, my house, my home, my nook will be an ash-heap before the cock crows."

Without looking back, French Mons sprang in among the trees, thinking all the while: "Now's the chance for an officer's commission! And then the certificate, the certificate!"

The moonlight shone through the snowstorm, and he saw Polacks with waving plumes flit by like shadows. When they came too near, he threw himself down beside a heap of twigs or set himself behind a tree trunk.

At last he discovered an old snow-covered barricade. Behind the logs a soldier rose and asked in a whisper: "Who goes there?"

"God with us! Good comrade!" answered French Mons, and climbed into the triangle. "The enemy is upon us!"

"I have long thought I heard hoofs," said Oxehufvud softly. "Perhaps it would be wisest to run down and occupy the house."

"Captain, do not command me to show the way! I was received there as a guest; I am a chevalier and would rather be shot."

"And how were you treated there?"

"Like an excellency."

"We shall see. It seems to be too late now. Take aim! Fire!"

A swarm of Polacks galloped forward and struck with their spears across the logs, but the first volley threw them from the saddle.

"Oohaho! oohaho!" rang through the wood. Riding shadows and long lines of men on foot gathered as far as the eye could see. In the half light they resembled the dark bushes that swayed in the wind.

"I fancy we're going to have a pretty party with the enemy," said Oxehufvud. "We are five-and-twenty men, and around us stand fully three battalions."

"Now we are only twenty-four," answered French Mons as he took the musket from a fallen soldier.

"Now we are only nineteen," said Oxehufvud after a time.

Shot rained over the triangle and killed man after man. As soon as the riders shrank back, the Swedes stopped shooting, but when the silence once more enticed the Polacks and inspired them with the belief that there was no longer any man living behind the barricade, they were met at once by shot and swords and stones and boughs of trees. So the raging strife continued hour after hour.

Oxehufvud stole along the stockade and counted half aloud: "Eight, ten, thirteen—we're not many now. A sorry number."

He, too, had taken a musket, and on his knees was picking up the ammunition from the cartridge-box of one of the fallen.

"Comrade," said he, and without rising he drew French Mons to him in his dressing-gown. "I gave it to you rough, comrade, at noon on the swamp."

"Now we are only seven," answered French Mons, loading and firing. "But soon we shall have held out three hours."

"Comrade, you are not the first who has shown me that the Swedes should not always laugh at their dandies. You see, comrade, it happens sometimes in this world that he who begins with a great peruke may end with a great deed."

"Now we are only two."

"Hardly two, for I have got mine already," answered Oxehufvud, and sank back against the logs. "Hardly two."

French Mons now stood alone among the dead. He tore up his dressing-gown and twisted some rags about his left arm, which was bleeding violently. His waistcoat, too, he cast away, and the lorgnette he stuffed into the leg of his boot. Then he lay down among the others as far in among the branches and twigs as he could creep.

The next time the Polacks galloped forward, all was still.

They vaulted over the logs with a wild cry and began to plunder, but when they saw him, bloody and half undressed, they let him lie, and at daybreak they went away.

"Now," thought French Mons, "now I have my officer's commission. The certificate comes later."

He crept out between the logs, and up by the house in the snow he happened upon the peruke, which had been thrown after him from the window.

"The wretch!" he whispered. "That's my thanks for saving his nest."

All day he went through the woods with his peruke under his arm, and only late in the evening was he challenged by the outposts of the Swedish camp.

Tents and cabins of brush were set up in the woods without any sheltering entrenchments. On wagons or before their huts the women sat on a separate lane and cradled their children on their knees or whispered gently and quietly with their soldiers. Round the fires the clay pipes puffed in scarred hands. There Cornet Brokenhjelm and the dauntless Lieutenant Pistol related their adventures. Lieutenant Orbom let his neighbour feel with his fingers the shot from Klissov which still remained behind his right ear after having gone in under his left eye and through his head. Per Adlerfelt, the dancing-master, lamented that the enemy always, as at Duna, shot so low that at last they would mar his handsome legs. There the lively Dumky jested, still wearing on his arm the garter which as a page he had got from a Silesian duchess. Svante Horn, who was being bandaged by his faithful servant, Lidbom, muttered that he could never charge without immediately getting a Cossack spear or sword in his body. Before him stood the genial gray-haired surgeon, Teuffenweisser, who continually put on and took off his spectacles, and always required a dram before he attended rich patients. All conversed of the fortune of war, which allowed one man to grow gray under hardships and honours, but let another fall by the first shot in the spring of his days. No drinking-songs rang out, but the king had kettledrums and oboes play merrily all night. It was a camp where that soft noise was like the murmur of a clear forest brook under leafage dewy with June.

Against the wish of the king, his body-guards had wound his tent with hay and on that had laid sod, so that it was like a charcoal-kiln. It stood, not in the middle of the camp, but on the outermost edge and almost in darkness. Within, by the tent-pole, they had built a fireplace of stones and had brought there time and again a red-hot cannon-ball. There was a wash-basin of pure silver, and on the table, beside the Life of Alexander the Great and the gold-bound Bible, stood a little silver-plated image of the dog Pompey, which had died. But the light blue silken brocade on the chair and field-bed was already worn and spotted. In the middle of the tent crouched the dogs, Turk and Snuffler, but the king lay among the fir-twigs on the ground. The small beer was done, and the lackey Hultman had had nothing but a glass of melted snow and two slack-baked biscuits to offer him for supper. After that he had spread his cape over him and put on his embroidered nightcap. There now, at the midday height of his victories, slept the king of the Swedes, and his narrow head was turned toward the languishing gleam of the last glowing cannonball. It was long now since he had read the evening prayer which he had formerly stammered out in his room while the wind raged in the lindens of Karlberg Park. His god had gradually darkened into the thunderous god of the Old Testament, to the avenging Lord of Sabaoth, whose commands he heard in his soul without needing to pray for them; and it was Thor and the Asar who drove around this camp in the rumbling of the nocturnal storm, and who with their trumpets hailed their youngest-born on earth.

Then the dogs began to whimper and growl, and the half-grown Max of Wurtemberg, the Little Prince, came, overjoyed and beaming, to the opening of the tent.

"Your Majesty," he cried, with his ringing boyish voice, "awake, awake! Five and-twenty Smalanders have been out and played with the enemy."

Behind him stood French Mons, propped against the gallant Captain Schmiedeberg, who himself still went on a crutch after an engagement over the baggage, where he with twelve men had fought against three hundred Polacks.

French Mons had never carried his head more proudly and contentedly, though he reeled with weariness; but when he heard that he was standing before the king's tent, he stopped short in anxiety. He stooped and tremblingly wiped the bloodstains from his hands. His hat, the medium peruke, and the little peruke he threw upon the ground, and without considering the regulations, put on the great spliced peruke. When he got himself in order, he extended his arms along his sides and told his story stammeringly with chattering teeth.

The king, who continued to sit on the fir-twigs, then slowly repeated it, investigating every word so as not to miss a single detail of the adventure. He rejoiced as a child would at a wonderful saga. Finally he gave him his hand.

"Oxehufvud spoke rightly," he said. "The gentlemen have had a pretty party with the enemy. It has been quiet enough here in camp, and I should myself have gladly been along. Since the Polish recluse begged in jest the loan of five louis d'or, I will leave him ten, and the gentleman shall go back and throw them in to him through the window."

French Mons went backward through the tent door, and Schmiedeberg caught him around the waist and conducted him into a ring of inquisitive, expectant comrades. There were ensigns and lieutenants and captains, who were his equals in age, but who had already risen higher in rank than he.

"French Mons," they murmured, "now no one any longer dares laugh at your lorgnettes and your wigs. But how did it go with your commission and certificate? The certificate!"

"Quiet, quiet!" said Schmiedeberg. "There are other rewards for the poor fellow. If His Royal Majesty might prevail, he would give no rewards, but would wish that each and all should fight and fall for honour alone."

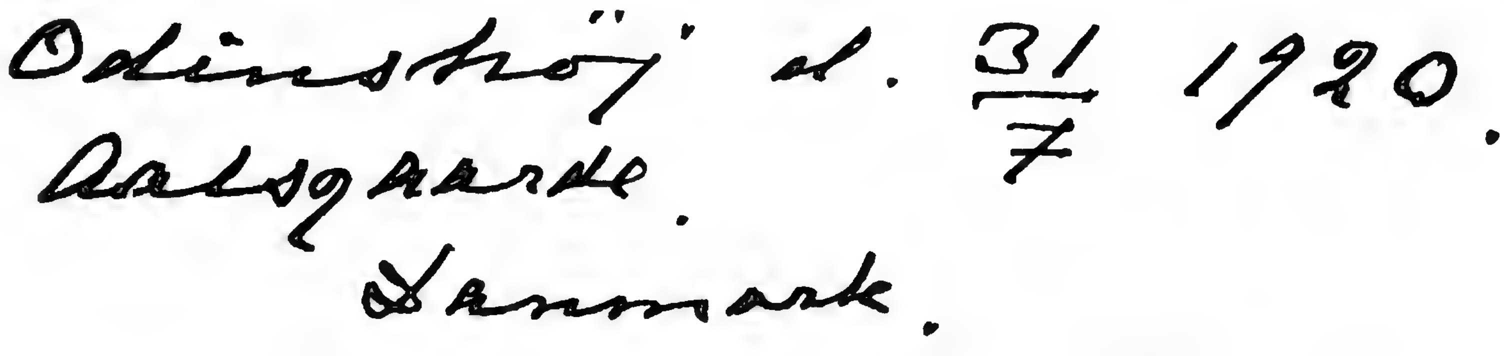
No one dared contradict Schmiedeberg, and dropping the arm of his new-found charge, he limped on his crutch a few steps nearer the fire.

"Didn't you see?" he whispered—"didn't you see that His Royal Majesty took him by the hand almost as an equal?"

"There I got my certificate for time and eternity," said French Mons.

In his dripping spliced wig and ragged shirt he stood all the while upright with arms at his sides, and he still stammered in his speech and chattered his teeth.

"And your charter as baron," answered Schmiedeberg softly, "you get when you fall."



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HEADING OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR

Opportunity

By WALTER MALONE

Walter Malone

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
  To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
  But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
  I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
  But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
  Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
  And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
  Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
  Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

The Origin of Government

AT THAT moment the holy Maël clasped his hands and sighed deeply.

"Do you see, my son," he exclaimed, "that madman who with his teeth is biting the nose of the adversary he has overthrown and the other one who is pounding a woman's head with a huge stone?"

"I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating law, they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization, the basis of Society, and the foundations of the State."

"How is that?" asked old Maël.

"By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, O Master, are performing the most august of functions. Throughout the ages their work will be consecrated by lawyers, and magistrates will confirm it." ANATOLE FRANCE.

Captain Veneno's Proposal of Marriage

By PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCON

Pedro Antº de Alarcon

"GREAT heavens! What a woman!" cried the captain, and stamped with fury. "Not without reason have I been trembling and in fear of her from the first time I saw her! It must have been a warning of fate that I stopped playing *écarté* with her. It was also a bad omen that I passed so many sleepless nights. Was there ever mortal in a worse perplexity than I am? How can I leave her alone without a protector, loving her, as I do, more than my own life? And, on the other hand, how can I marry her, after all my declaimings against marriage?"

Then turning to Augustias—"What would they say of me in the club? What would people say of me, if they met me in the street with a woman on my arm, or if they found me at home, just about to feed a child in swaddling clothes? I—to have children? To worry about them? To live in eternal fear that they might fall sick or die? Augustias, believe me, as true as there is a God above us, I am absolutely unfit for it! I should behave in such a way that after a short while you would call upon heaven either to be divorced or to become a widow. Listen to my advice: do not marry me, even if I ask you."

"What a strange creature you are," said the young woman, without allowing herself to be at all discomposed, and sitting very erect in her chair. "All that you are only telling to yourself! From what do you conclude that I wish to be married to you; that I would accept your offer, and that I should not prefer living by myself, even if I had to work day and night, as so many girls do who are orphans?"

"How do I come to that conclusion?" answered the captain with the greatest candor. "Because it cannot be otherwise. Because we love each other. Because we are drawn to each other. Because a man such as I, and a woman such as you, cannot live in any other way! Do you suppose I do not understand that? Don't you suppose that I have reflected on it before now? Do you think I am indifferent to your good name and reputation? I have spoken plainly in order to speak, in order to fly from my own conviction, in order to examine whether I can escape from this terrible dilemma which is robbing me of my sleep, and whether I can possibly find an expedient so that I need not marry you—to do which I shall finally be compelled, if you stand by your resolve to make your way alone!"

"Alone! Alone!" repeated Augustias, roguishly. "And why not with a worthier companion? Who tells you that I shall not some day meet a man whom I like, and who is not afraid to marry me?"

"Augustias! let us skip that!" growled the captain, his face turning scarlet.

"And why should we not talk about it?"

"Let us pass over that, and let me say, at the same time, that I will murder the man who dares to ask for your hand. But it is madness on my part to be angry without any reason. I am not so dull as not to see how we two stand. Shall I tell you? We love each other. Do not tell me I am mistaken! That would be lying. And here is the proof: if you did not love me, I, too should not love you! Let us try to meet one another halfway. I ask for a delay of ten years. When I shall have completed my half century, and when, a feeble old man, I shall have become familiar with the idea of slavery, then we will marry without anyone knowing about it. We will leave Madrid, and go to the country, where we shall have no spectators, where there will be nobody to make fun of me. But until this happens, please take half of my income secretly, and without any human soul ever knowing anything about it. You continue to live nere, and I remain in my house. We will see each other, but only in the presence of witnesses—for instance, in society. We will write to each other every day. So as not to endanger your good name, I will never pass through this street, and on Memorial Day only we will go to the cemetery together with Rosa."

Augustias could not but smile at the last proposal of the good captain, and her smile was not mocking, but contented and happy, as if some cherished hope had dawned in her heart, as if it were the first ray of the sun of happiness which was about to rise in her heaven! But being a woman—though as brave and free from artifices as few of them—she yet managed to subdue the signs of joy rising within her. She acted as if she cherished not the slightest hope, and said with a distant coolness which is usually the special and genuine sign of chaste reserve:

"You make yourself ridiculous with your peculiar conditions. You stipulate for the gift of an engagement-ring, for which nobody has yet asked you."

"I know still another way out—for a compromise, but that is really the last one. Do you fully understand, my young lady from Aragon? It is the last way out, which a man, also from Aragon, begs leave to explain to you."

She turned her head and looked straight into his eyes, with an expression indescribably earnest, captivating, quiet, and full of expectation.

The captain had never seen her features so beautiful and expressive; at that moment she looked to him like a queen.

"Augustias," said, or rather stammered, this brave soldier, who had been under fire a hundred times, and who had made such a deep impression on the young girl through his charging under a rain of bullets like a lion, "I have the honour to ask for your hand on one certain, essential, unchangeable condition. To-morrow morning—to-day—as soon as the papers are in order—as quickly as possible. I can live without you no longer!"

The glances of the young girl became milder, and she rewarded him for his decided heroism with a tender and bewitching smile.

"But I repeat that it is on one condition," the bold warrior hastened to repeat, feeling that Augustias's glances made him confused and weak.

"On what condition?" asked the young girl, turning fully round, and now holding him under the witchery of her sparkling black eyes.

"On the condition," he stammered, "that, in case we have children, we send them to the orphanage. I mean—on this point I will never yield. Well, do you consent? For Heaven's sake, say yes!"

"Why should I not consent to it, Captain Veneno?" answered Augustias, with a peal of laughter. "You shall take them there yourself, or, better still, we both of us will take them there. And we will give them up without kissing them, or anything else! Don't you think we shall take them there?"

Thus spoke Augustias, and looked at the captain with exquisite joy in her eyes. The good captain thought he would die of happiness; a flood of tears burst from his eyes; he folded the blushing girl in his arms, and said:

"So I am lost?"

"Irretrievably lost, Captain Veneno," answered Augustias.

One morning in May, 1852—that is, four years after the scene just described—a friend of mine, who told me this story, stopped his horse in front of a mansion on San Francisco Avenue, in Madrid; he threw the reins to his groom, and asked the long-coated footman who met him at the door:

"Is your master at home?"

"If your honour will be good enough to walk upstairs, you will find him in the library. His excellency does not like to have visitors announced. Everybody can go up to him directly."

"Fortunately I know the house thoroughly," said the stranger to himself, while he mounted the stairs. "In the library! Well, well, who would have thought of Captain Veneno ever taking to the sciences?"

Wandering through the rooms, the visitor met another servant, who repeated, "The master is in the library." And at last he came to the door of the room in question, opened it quickly, and stood, almost turned to stone for astonishment, before the remarkable group which it offered to his view.

In the middle of the room, on the carpet which covered the floor, a man was crawling on all fours. On his back rode a little fellow about three years old, who was kicking the man's sides with his heels. Another small boy, who might have been a year and a half old, stood in front of the man's head, and had evidently been tumbling his hair. One hand held the father's neckerchief, and the little fellow was tugging at it as if it had been a halter, shouting with delight in his merry child's voice:

"Gee up, donkey! Gee up!"

The Phonograph and the Graft

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

"WHAT was this graft?" asked Johnny, with the impatience of the great public to whom tales are told.

"'Tis contrary to art and philosophy to give you the information," said Keogh, calmly. "The art of narrative consists in concealing from your audience everything it wants to know until after you expose your favorite opinions on topics foreign to the subject. A good story is like a bitter pill with the sugar coating inside of it. I will begin, if you please, with a horoscope located in the Cherokee Nation; and end with a moral tune on the phonograph.

"Me and Henry Horsecollar brought the first phonograph to this country. Henry was a quarter-breed, quarter-back Cherokee, educated East in the idioms of football, and West in contraband whisky, and a gentleman, the same as you and me. He was easy and romping in his ways; a man about six foot, with a kind of rubber-tire movement. Yes, he was a little man about five foot five, or five foot eleven. He was what you would call a medium tall man of average smallness. Henry had quit college once, and the Muscogee jail three times—the last-named institution on account of introducing and selling whisky in the territories. Henry Horsecollar never let any cigar stores come up and stand behind him. He didn't belong to that tribe of Indians.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana, and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had $360 which came to him out of a land allotment in the reservation. I had run down from Little Rock on account of a distressful scene I had witnessed on the street there. A man stood on a box and passed around some gold watches, screw case, stem-winders, Elgin movement, very elegant. Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter. At three dollars the crowd fought for the tickers. The man happened to find a valise full of them handy, and he passed them out like putting hot biscuits on a plate. The backs were hard to unscrew, but the crowd put its ear to the case, and they ticked mollifying and agreeable. Three of these watches were genuine tickers; the rest were only kickers. Hey? Why, empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in 'em. Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful. So, this man I was speaking of cleaned up $288; and then he went away, because he knew that when it came time to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist would be needed, and he wasn't one.

"So, as I say, Henry had $360, and I had $288. The idea of introducing the phonograph to South America was Henry's; but I took to it freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds.

"'The Latin races,' says Henry, explaining easy in the idioms he learned at college, 'are peculiarly adapted to be victims of the phonograph. They have the artistic temperament. They yearn for music and color and gaiety. They give wampum to the hand-organ man and the four-legged chicken in the tent when they're months behind with the grocery and the bread-fruit tree.'

"'Then,' says I, 'we'll export canned music to the Latins; but I'm mindful of Mr. Julius Caesar's account of 'em where he says: "*Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est;*" which is the same as to say, We will need all of our gall in devising means to tree them parties.'

"I hated to make a show of education; but I was disinclined to be overdone in syntax by a mere Indian, a member of a race to which we owe nothing except the land on which the United States is situated.

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana—one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records. We packed up, and took the T. and P. for New Orleans. From that celebrated centre of molasses and disfranchised coon songs we took a steamer for South America.

"We landed at Solitas, forty miles up the coast from here. 'Twas a palatable enough place to look at. The houses were clean and white; and to look at 'em stuck around among the scenery they reminded you of hard-boiled eggs served with lettuce. There was a block of skyscraper mountains in the suburbs; and they kept pretty quiet, like they had crept up there and were watching the town. And the sea was remarking 'Sh-sh-sh' on the beach; and now and then a ripe cocoanut would drop kerblip in the sand; and that was all there was doing. Yes, I judge that town was considerably on the quiet. I judge that after Gabriel quits blowing his horn, and the car starts, with Philadelphia swinging to the last strap, and Pine Gully, Arkansas, hanging onto the rear step, this town of Solitas will wake up and ask if anybody spoke.

"The captain went ashore with us, and offered to conduct what he seemed to like to call the obsequies. He introduced Henry and me to the United States Consul, and a roan man, the head of the Department of Mercenary and Licentious Dispositions, the way it read upon his sign.

"'I touch here again a week from to-day,' says the captain.

"'By that time,' we told him, 'we'll be amassing wealth in the interior towns with our galvanized prima donna and correct imitations of Sousa's band excavating a march from a tin mine.'

"'Ye'll not,' says the captain. 'Ye'll be hypnotized. Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage and looks this country in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he's but a fly in the Elgin creamery. Ye'll be standing knee deep in the surf waiting for me, and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto respected art of music will be playing "There's no place like home."'

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the Bureau of Mercenary Dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story, and no change.

"Then we got the consul full of red wine, and struck him for a horoscope. He was a thin, youngish kind of man, I should say past fifty, sort of French-Irish in his affections, and puffed up with disconsolation. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagnant, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways.

"'The marvellous invention,' he says, 'entitled the phonograph, has never invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not believe it if they should. Simple-hearted children of nature, progress has never condemned them to accept the work of a can-opener as an overture, and a rag-time might incite them to a bloody revolution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways,' says the consul, 'they may take it. They may become inebriated with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to "Marching Through Georgia," or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an axe and yourselves into a dungeon. In the latter case,' says the consul, 'I'll do my duty by cabling to the State Department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot, and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve nation on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now,' says the consul, 'made in that way. Twice before,' says the consul, 'I have cabled our government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the Department sent me a pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture. Let us now disturb the señor behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine.'

"Thus soliloquized the consul of Solitas to me and Henry Horsecollar.

"But, notwithstanding, we hired a room that afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles, the main street that runs along the shore, and put our trunks there. 'Twas a good-sized room, dark and cheerful, but small. 'Twas on a various street, diversified by houses and conservatory plants. The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks. 'Twas, for the world, like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozlum is about to enter.

"We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day, when a big, fine-looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitations, and he walked inside and sized us up. He was chewing a long cigar, and wrinkling his eyes, meditative, like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party.

"'New York?' he says to me finally.

"'Originally, and from time to time,' I says. 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'

"'It's simple,' says he, 'when you know how. It's the fit of the vest. They don't cut vests right anywhere else. Coats, maybe, but not vests.'

"The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates.

"'Injun,' says Henry; 'tame Injun.'

"'Mellinger,' says the man—'Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the props and launch you proper in the pellucid waters of this tropical mud puddle. You'll have to be christened, and if you'll come with me I'll break a bottle of wine across your bows, according to Hoyle.'

"Well, for two days Homer P. Mellinger did the honors. That man cut ice in Anchuria. He was It. He was the Royal Kafoozlum. If me and Henry was babes in the wood, he was a Robin Redbreast from the topmost bough. Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms, and toted that phonograph around, and had wassail and diversions. Everywhere we found doors open we went inside and set the machine going, and Mellinger called upon the people to observe the artful music and his two lifelong friends, the Señores Americanos. The opera chorus was agitated with esteem, and followed us from house to house. There was a different kind of drink to be had with every tune. The natives had acquirements of a pleasant thing in the way of a drink that gums itself to the recollection. They chop off the end of a green cocoanut, and pour in on the juice of it French brandy and other adjuvants. We had them and other things.

"Mine and Henry's money was counterfeit. Everything was on Homer P. Mellinger. That man could find rolls of bills concealed in places on his person where Hermann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out a rabbit or an omelette. He could have founded universities, and made orchid collections, and then had enough left to purchase the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us.

"'Boys,' said he, 'I've deceived you. You think I'm a painted butterfly; but in fact I'm the hardest worked man in this country. Ten years ago I landed on its shores; and two years ago on the point of its jaw. Yes, I guess I can get the decision over this ginger cake commonwealth at the end of any round I choose. I'll confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests, even if you have assaulted my adopted shores with the worst system of noises ever set to music.

"'My job is private secretary to the president of this republic; and my duties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the salad dressing just the same. There isn't a law goes before Congress, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't an import duty levied but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the president's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dirks and dynamite; but in the back room I dictate the policy of the government. You'd never guess in the world how I got my pull. It's the only graft of its kind on earth. I'll put you wise. You remember the old top-liner in the copy book—"Honesty is the Best Policy"? That's it. I'm working honesty for a graft. I'm the only honest man in the republic. The government knows it; the people know it; the boodlers know it; the foreign investors know it. I make the government keep its faith. If a man is promised a job he gets it. If outside capital buys a concession it gets the goods. I run a monopoly of square dealing here. There's no competition. If Colonel Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he'd have my address inside of two minutes. There isn't big money in it, but it's a sure thing, and lets a man sleep of nights.'

"Thus Homer P. Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar. And, later, he divested himself of this remark:

"'Boys, I'm to hold a *soirée* this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth Street, and stand and watch the street cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe's fruit stand.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'there's fine caviare at

Billy Renfrow's café, corner of Thirty-fourth and——'

"'God knows it,' interrupts Mellinger, 'and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side-kicker in New York. There is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working Honesty for a graft, but that man loses money on it. Carrambos! I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the executive down to the coffee pickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular idol, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mildewed coast town. The governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and they're invited to listen to the phonograph to-night, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch, and things are on the programme to happen to them.'

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mellinger poured out wine, and was looking some worried; I was thinking.

"'They're a sharp crowd,' he says, kind of fretful. 'They're capitalized by a foreign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for bribing. I'm sick,' goes on Mellinger, 'of comic opera. I want to smell the East River and wear suspenders again. At times I feel like throwing up my job, but I'm d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it. "There's Mellinger," they say here. "*Por Dios!* you can't touch him with a million." I'd like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day; and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft. By——, they can't monkey with me. They know it. What money I get I make honest and spend it. Some day I'll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy. To-night I'll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists. I'll show them what Mellinger, private secretary, means when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off.'

"Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle.

"I says to myself, 'White man, if I'm not mistaken there's been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it.'

"That night, according to arrangements, me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a 'dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of chairs, and a table at the back end. We set the phonograph on the table. Mellinger was there, walking up and down, disturbed in his predicaments. He chewed cigars and spat 'em out, and he bit the thumbnail of his left hand.

"By and by the invitations to the musicale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their colour was of a diversity, running from a three-days' smoked meerschaum to a patent-leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Señor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on.

"Maybe fifty of 'em had come, and was seated, when in slid the king bee, the governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the grand stand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big squashy man, the colour of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's.

"Mellinger explained, fluent, in the Castilian idioms, that his soul was disconcerted with joy at introducing to his respected friends America's greatest invention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and run on an elegant brass-band record and the festivities became initiated. The governor man had a bit of English under his hat, and when the music was choked off he says:

"'Ver-r-ree fine. *Gr-r-r-racias*, the American gentleemen, the so esplendeed moosic as to playee.'

"The table was a long one, and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall. The governor sat at the other end. Homer P. Mellinger stood at the side of it. I was just wondering how Mellinger was going to handle his crowd, when the home talent suddenly opened the services.

"That governor man was suitable for uprisings and policies. I judge he was a ready kind of man, who took his own time. Yes, he was full of attention and immediateness. He leaned his hands on the table and imposed his face toward the secretary man.

"'Do the American señores understand Spanish?' he asks in his native accents.

"'They do not,' says Mellinger.

"'Then listen,' goes on the Latin man, prompt. 'The musics are of sufficient prettiness, but not of necessity. Let us speak of business. I well know why we are here, since I observe my compatriots. You had a whisper yesterday, Señor Mellinger, of our proposals. To-night we will speak out. We know that you stand in the president's favour, and we know your influence. The government will be changed. We know the worth of your services. We esteem your friendship and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

"The governor man then draws a package wrapped in paper from his pocket, and lays it on the table by Mellinger's hand.

"'In that you will find fifty thousand dollars in money of your country. You can do nothing against us, but you can be worth that for us. Go back to the capital and obey our instructions. Take that money now. We trust you. You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us. Do not have the unwiseness to refuse.'

"The governor man paused, with his eyes fixed on Mellinger, full of expressions and observances. I looked at Mellinger, and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn't see him then. The sweat was popping out on his forehead, and he stood dumb, tapping the little package with the ends of his fingers. The colorado-maduro gang was after his graft. He had only to change his politics, and stuff five fingers in his inside pocket.

"Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted. I whisper back: 'H. P. is up against a bribe, senator's size, and the coons have got him going.' I saw Mellinger's hand moving closer to the package. 'He's weakening,' I whispered to Henry. 'We'll remind him,' says Henry, 'of the peanut-roaster on Thirty-fourth Street, New York.'

"Henry stooped down and got a record from the basketful we'd brought, slid it in the phonograph, and started her off. It was a cornet solo, very neat and beautiful, and the name of it was 'Home, Sweet Home.' Not one of them fifty-odd men in the room moved while it was playing, and the governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger. I saw Mellinger's head go up little by little, and his hand came creeping away from the package. Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir. And then Homer P. Mellinger takes up the bundle of boodle and slams it in the governor man's face.

"'That's my answer,' says Mellinger, private secretary, 'and there'll be another in the morning. I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you. The show is over, gentlemen.'

"'There's one more act,' puts in the governor man. 'You are a servant, I believe, employed by the president to copy letters and answer raps at the door. I am governor here. *Señores*, I call upon you in the name of the cause to seize this man.'

"That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force. I could see where Mellinger had made a mistake in massing his enemy so as to make a grand-stand play. I think he made another one, too; but we can pass that, Mellinger's idea of a graft and mine being different, according to estimations and points of view.

"There was only one window and door in that room, and they were in the front end. Here was fifty-odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation of Mellinger. You may say there were three of us, for me and Henry, simultaneous, declared New York City and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party.

"Then it was that Henry Horsecollar rose to a point of disorder and intervened, showing, admirable, the advantages of education as applied to the American Indian's natural intellect and native refinement. He stood up and smoothed back his hair on each side with his hands as you have seen little girls do when they play.

"'Get behind me, both of you,' says Henry.

"'What's it to be, chief?' I asked.

"'I'm going to buck center,' says Henry, in his football idioms. 'There isn't a tackle in the lot of them. Follow me close, and rush the game.'

"Then that cultured Red Man exhaled an arrangement of sounds with his mouth that made the Latin aggregation pause, with thoughtfulness and hesitations. The matter of his proclamation seemed to be a co-operation of the Carlisle war-whoop with the Cherokee college yell. He went at the chocolate team like a bean out of a little boy's nigger shooter. His right elbow laid out the governor man on the gridiron, and he made a lane the length of the crowd so wide that a woman could have carried a step-ladder through it without striking against anything. All Mellinger and me had to do was to follow.

"It took us just three minutes to get out of that street around to military headquarters, where Mellinger had things his own way. A colonel and a battalion of baretoed infantry turned out and went back to the scene of the musicale with us, but the conspirator gang was gone. But we recaptured the phonograph with honours of war, and marched back to the *cuartel* with it playing 'All Coons Look Alike to Me.'

"The next day Mellinger takes me and Henry to one side, and begins to shed tens and twenties.

"'I want to buy that phonograph,' says he. 'I liked that last tune it played at the *soirée.*'

"'This is more money than the machine is worth,' says I.

"''Tis government expense money,' says Mellinger. 'The government pays for it, and it's getting the tune-grinder cheap.'

"Me and Henry knew that pretty well. We knew that it had saved Homer P. Mellinger's graft when he was on the point of losing it; but we never let him know we knew it.

"'Now you boys better slide off further down the coast for a while,' says Mellinger, 'till I get the screws put on these fellows here. If you don't they'll give you trouble. And if you ever happen to see Billy Renfrow again before I do, tell him I'm coming back to New York as soon as I can make a stake—honest.'

"Me and Henry laid low until the day the steamer came back. When we saw the captain's boat on the beach we went down and stood in the edge of the water. The captain grinned when he saw us.

"'I told you you'd be waiting,' he says. 'Where's the Hamburger machine?'

"'It stays behind,' I says, 'to play "Home, Sweet Home."'

"'I told you so,' says the captain again. 'Climb in the boat.'

"And that," said Keogh, "is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph into this country. Henry went back to the States, but I've been rummaging around in the tropics ever since. They say Mellinger never travelled a mile after that without his phonograph. I guess it kept him reminded about his graft whenever he saw the siren voice of the boodler tip him the wink with a bribe in its hand."

"I suppose he's taking it home with him as a souvenir," remarked the consul.

"Not as a souvenir," said Keogh. "He'll need two of 'em in New York, running day and night."

* * *

If I Should Die To-night

By BEN KING

IF I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say if I should die to-night
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

Monsieur Lecoq

The Master Detective Makes His Debut

By EMILE GABORIAU

Tu sais combien je vous aime, cher ami que je vous embrasse, toi et notre bon et cher père — de tout cœur.

Votre votre votre votre

Em. Gaboriau

CHAPTER I

ON February 20, 18—, a Sunday that chanced to be Shrove Sunday, about eleven o'clock in the evening, a party of agents of the safety-service left the police station at the old Barrière d'Italie.

The mission of this party was to explore that vast precinct which extends from the road to Fontainebleau to the Seine, and from the outer boulevards to the fortifications.

This quarter of the city had at that time anything but an enviable reputation. To venture there at night was considered so dangerous that soldiers from the forts, who came to Paris with permission to attend the theater, were ordered to wait at the *barrière*, and not to pass through the perilous locality except in parties of three or four.

After midnight, these gloomy and narrow streets became the haunt of flocks of homeless vagabonds. Escaped criminals and malefactors made this quarter their rendezvous. If the day had been a lucky one, they made merry over their spoils. When sleep overtook them, they hid in doorways or among the rubbish in deserted houses.

Every effort had been made to dislodge these dangerous guests, but the most energetic measures had failed of success.

Watched, hunted, and in imminent danger of arrest though they were, they always returned with idiotic obstinacy, obeying, as one might suppose, some mysterious law of attraction.

Hence, the police had there an immense trap, constantly baited, to which their game came of their own accord to be caught.

The result of a tour of inspection was so certain, that it was with an assured tone the officer in charge of the post called to the squad as they departed:

"I will prepare lodgings for our guests. Good luck to you, and much pleasure!"

This last wish was pure irony, for the weather was the most disagreeable that could be imagined.

A very heavy snow-storm had prevailed for several days. It was now beginning to thaw, and on all the frequented thoroughfares the slush was ankle-deep. It was still cold, however; a damp chill filled the air, and penetrated to the very marrow of one's bones. Besides, there was a dense fog, so dense that one could not see one's hands before one's face.

"What a beastly job!" growled one of the agents.

"Yes," replied the inspector who commanded the squad; "I think if you had an income of thirty thousand francs you would not be here."

The laugh that greeted this commonplace joke was not so much flattery as homage to a recognized and established superiority.

The inspector was, in fact, one of the most esteemed members of the force, a man who had proved his worth.

His powers of penetration were not, perhaps, very great; but he thoroughly understood his business, its resources, its labyrinths, and its artifices. Long practice had given him imperturbable coolness, a great confidence in himself, and a sort of coarse diplomacy, that answered in place of shrewdness.

To his failings and to his virtues he added incontestable courage.

He laid his hand upon the collar of the most dangerous malefactor as tranquilly as a devotee dips his fingers in a basin of holy water.

He was a man about forty-six years of age, strongly built, with rugged features, a heavy mustache, and rather small, gray eyes, hidden by bushy eyebrows.

His name was Gevrol, but he was universally known as "General."

This sobriquet was pleasing to his vanity, which was not slight, as his subordinates well knew; and, doubtless, he felt that he ought to receive from them the consideration due a person of that exalted rank.

"If you begin to complain already," he added, gruffly, "what will you do by and by?"

In fact, it was too soon to complain.

The little party were then passing up the Rue de Choisy. The people upon the sidewalks were orderly; and the lights of the wine-shops illuminated the street.

For all these places were open. There is no fog nor thaw that is potent enough to dismay lovers of pleasure. And a boisterous crowd of maskers filled each saloon and public ball-room.

Through the open windows came, alternately, the sounds of loud voices and bursts of noisy music. Occasionally a drunken man staggered along the pavement, or a masked figure crept along in the shadow of the houses.

Before certain establishments Gevrol commanded a halt. He gave a peculiar whistle and almost immediately a man came out. It was another member of the force. His report was listened to, and then the squad passed on.

"To the left, boys!" ordered Gevrol; "we will take the Rue d'Ivry, and then cut through the shortest way to the Rue de Chevaleret."

From this point the expedition became really disagreeable.

Their way led through an unfinished street that had not even been named, full of mud-puddles and deep holes, and obstructed with all sorts of rubbish.

There were no longer any lights or drinking saloons; no footsteps, no voices; nothing but solitude, gloom and silence.

One might have supposed one's self a hundred leagues from Paris, had it not been for the deep and continuous murmur that always arises from a large city, like the hollow roaring of a torrent in the depths of a cave.

All the men had turned up their pantaloons, and were advancing slowly, picking their way as carefully as an Indian when he is stealing upon his prey.

They had just passed the Rue de Château des-Rentier, when suddenly a wild shriek split the air.

At this place, and at this hour, this cry was so frightfully significant, that all the men paused as if by common impulse.

"Did you hear that, General?" asked one of the police, in a low voice.

"Yes, there is murder going on not far from here—but where? Silence! let us listen."

They all stood motionless, with anxious ears, holding their breath, and soon a second cry, or rather a wild howl resounded.

"Ah!" exclaimed the captain of the guard, "it is at the Poivrière."*

This peculiar appellation described exactly the place which it designated, and the guests that were wont to frequent it.

In figurative language that has its source in Mount Parnassus, they say that a man is "peppered" when he leaves his good sense in the bottom of his glass; hence the sobriquet of "stealers of pepper" given to the rascals whose specialty is to plunder inoffensive and helpless drunken men.

"What!" added Gevrol, "you do not know Mother Chupin's drinking saloon there, on the right. Run."

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* Pepper-box.

And setting the example, he dashed off in the direction indicated. His men followed, and in less than a minute they reached a hovel, sinister of aspect and standing alone.

It was indeed from this house that the cries had proceeded. They were repeated, and were immediately followed by two pistol shots.

The house was hermetically closed, but through the heart-shaped windows covered with shutters, filtered a reddish light like that of a fire.

One of the policemen darted to one of these windows, and raising himself up by clinging to the shutters with his hands, he endeavored to peer through the cracks, and to see what was passing within.

Gevrol himself ran to the door. "Open!" he commanded, striking it heavily.

No response.

But they could hear plainly the sound of a terrible struggle—of fierce imprecations, hollow groans, and occasionally the sobs of a woman.

"Horrible!" cried the policeman, who was peering through the shutters; "it is horrible!"

This exclamation decided Gevrol.

"Open, in the name of the law!" he cried, a third time.

And no person responding, with a blow of his shoulder that was as violent as a blow from a battering-ram, he dashed open the door.

Then the horror-stricken accent of the man who had been peering through the shutters was explained.

The room presented such a spectacle that all the agents, and even Gevrol himself, remained for a moment rooted to their places, cold with unspeakable horror.

Everything about the place denoted that it had been the scene of a terrible struggle, one of those savage conflicts that too often stain the drinking saloons of the *barrières* with blood.

The lights had been extinguished at the beginning of the strife, but a huge fire of pine logs illuminated the remotest corners of the room.

Tables, glasses, decanters, household utensils, and stools had been overturned, thrown in every direction, trodden upon and shivered into fragments.

Near the fireplace two men were stretched upon the floor. They were lying motionless upon their backs, their arms crossed. A third was lying in the middle of the room.

A woman crouched upon the lower steps of a staircase leading up to the floor above. She had thrown her apron over her head, and was uttering inarticulate moans.

Opposite them, on the threshold of a wide-open door leading into an adjoining room, stood a young man, a heavy oaken table forming a rampart before him.

He was of medium stature, and wore a full beard.

His clothing, which was like that worn by porters about the wharves and railway stations, was torn to fragments, and soiled with dust and wine and blood.

This certainly was the murderer. The expression of his face was terrible. A mad fury blazed in his eyes, and a convulsive sneer distorted his features. In his neck and on his cheek were two wounds that were bleeding profusely.

In his right hand, covered with a handkerchief, he held a pistol, which he aimed at the intruders.

"Surrender!" cried Gevrol.

The man's lips moved, but in spite of a visible effort he could not articulate a syllable.

"Don't do any mischief," continued the inspector, "we are in force, you cannot escape; so lay down your arms."

"I am innocent," exclaimed the man, in a hoarse, strained voice.

"Naturally, but we do not see it."

"I have been attacked; ask that old woman. I defended myself; I have killed—I had a right to do so; it was in self-defense!"

The gesture with which he enforced these words was so menacing that one of the policemen drew Gevrol violently to one side, saying, as he did so:

"Take care, General, take care! The revolver has five barrels, and we have heard but two shots."

But the inspector was inaccessible to fear; he freed himself from the grasp of his subordinate and again stepped forward speaking in a still calmer tone.

"No foolishness, my boy; if your case is a good one, which is possible after all, do not spoil it."

A frightful indecision betrayed itself on the young man's features. He held Gevrol's life at the end of his finger; was he about to press the trigger?

No, he suddenly threw his weapon to the floor, saying:

"Come and take me!"

And turning, he darted into the adjoining room, hoping doubtless to escape by some place of egress known to himself.

Gevrol had expected this movement. He sprang after him with outstretched arms, but the table retarded him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "the wretch escapes us!"

But the fate of the fugitive was already decided.

While Gevrol was parleying, one of the policemen—the one who had peered through the window—had made a circuit of the house and had effected an entrance through the back door.

As the murderer was darting out, this man sprang upon him, seized him, and with surprising strength and agility dragged him back.

The murderer tried to resist; in vain. He had lost his strength; he tottered and fell upon the table that had protected him, murmuring, loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Lost! It is the Prussians who are coming!"

This simple and decisive maneuver on the part of the subordinate had won the victory, and must have delighted the inspector.

"Good, my boy," said he, "very good! Ah! you have a talent for your business, and you will do well if ever an opportunity—"

He checked himself; all his followers so evidently shared his enthusiasm that a feeling of jealousy overtook him. He felt his prestige diminishing, and hastened to add:

"The idea had occurred to me; but I could not give the order without warning the scoundrel himself."

This remark was superfluous. All the men had gathered around the murderer. They surrounded him, and, after binding his feet and hands, they fastened him securely to a chair.

He offered no resistance. His wild excitement had given place to that gloomy prostration that follows all unnatural efforts, either of mind or of body. Evidently he had abandoned himself to his fate.

When Gevrol saw that the men had finished this task:

"Now," he commanded, "let us attend to the others; and light the lamps, for the fire is going out."

It was with the two men stretched out before the hearth that the inspector began his examination.

He questioned the beating of their hearts; their hearts no longer beat. He held the crystal of his watch close to their lips; the glass remained shining and clear.

"Useless," he murmured, after several trials, "useless; they are dead! They will never see morning again. Leave them in the same position until the arrival of the coroner, and let us look at the third."

The third man still breathed. He was a young man, wearing the uniform of a common soldier. He was unarmed, and his large gray cloak was partly open, revealing his bare chest.

They lifted him very carefully, for he groaned piteously at the slightest movement, and they placed him in an upright position, with his back supported against the wall.

Soon he opened his eyes, and in a faint voice asked for something to drink.

They brought him a glass of water; he drank it with evident satisfaction; then he drew a long breath, and seemed to be regaining some of his strength.

"Where are you wounded?" demanded Gevrol.

"In the head, there," he responded, trying to raise one of his arms. "Oh! how I suffer."

The police agent, who had cut off the retreat of the murderer, approached, and with a dexterity that an old surgeon might have envied, made an examination of the gaping wound that the young man had received in the back of his neck.

"It is nothing," the policeman declared.

But there was no mistaking the movement of his lower lip. It was evident that he considered the wound very dangerous, probably mortal.

"It will be nothing," affirmed Gevrol; "wounds in the head, when they do not kill at once, are cured in a month."

The wounded man smiled sadly.

"I have received my death-blow," he murmured.

"Nonsense!"

"Oh! it is useless to say anything; I feel it, but I do not complain. I have received only my just deserts!"

All the agents of police turned toward the murderer on hearing these words. They supposed that he would take advantage of this opportunity to repeat his protestations of innocence.

Their expectations were disappointed; he did not speak, although he must certainly have heard the words.

"It was the brigand, Lacheneur, who enticed me here," continued the wounded man, in a voice that was growing fainter.

"Lacheneur?"

"Yes, Jean Lacheneur, a former actor, who had known me when I was rich—for I have had a fortune, but I have spent it all; I wished to amuse myself. He, knowing I was without a *sou*, came to me and promised me money enough to begin life over again. And because I believed him I came to die like a dog in this hole! Oh! I will have my revenge on him!"

At the thought he clinched his hands threateningly.

"I will have my revenge," he resumed.

"I know much more than he believes. I will tell all."

He had presumed too much upon his strength. Anger had given him a moment's energy, but it was at the cost of the life that was ebbing away.

When he again tried to speak, he could not. Twice he opened his lips, but there issued from them only a choking cry of impotent rage.

It was the last manifestation of intelligence. A bloody foam gathered upon his lips, his eyes rolled back in their sockets, his body stiffened, and he fell face downward in a terrible convulsion.

"It is over," murmured Gevrol.

"Not yet," replied the young policeman, who had shown himself so efficient; "but he cannot live more than two minutes. Poor devil! he will say nothing."

The inspector of police had risen from the floor as if he had just witnessed the commonest incident in the world, and was carefully dusting the knees of his pantaloons.

"Oh, well," he responded, "we shall know all we need to know. This fellow is a soldier, and the number of his regiment will be given on the buttons of his cloak."

A slight smile curved the lips of his subordinate.

"I think you are mistaken, General," said he.

"How—"

"Yes, I understand. Seeing him attired in a military coat, you have supposed—But no; this poor wretch was no soldier. Do you wish an immediate proof of this? Is his hair the regulation cut? Where have you seen soldiers with their hair falling upon their shoulders?"

This objection silenced the general for a moment; but he replied, brusquely:

"Do you think that I keep my eyes in my pocket? What you have remarked did not escape my notice; only I said to myself, here is a young man who has profited by leave of absence to visit the wig-maker."

"At least—"

But Gevrol would permit no more interruptions.

"Enough talk," he declared. "We will now hear what has passed. Mother Chupin, the old hussy, is not dead!"

As he spoke, he advanced toward the old woman, who was still crouching upon the stairs. She had not spoken, nor moved, nor ventured so much as a look, since the entrance of the police, but her moans had not been discontinued.

With a sudden movement, Gevrol tore off the apron which she had thrown over her head, and there she stood, such as years, vice, poverty, and torrents of brandy and *ratafia* had made her; wrinkled, shrivelled, toothless and haggard, her skin, yellow and dry as parchment, drawn tightly over her bones.

"Come, stand up!" ordered the inspector. "Your lamentations do not trouble me much. You ought to be sent to prison for putting such vile drugs into your liquors, to breed madness in the brains of your visitors."

The old woman's little red eyes travelled slowly around the room, and in tearful tones she exclaimed:

"What a misfortune! what will become of me? Everything is broken—I am ruined!"

She seemed to be impressed only by the loss of her table utensils.

"Now tell us how this trouble began," said Gevrol.

"Alas! I know nothing about it. I was upstairs mending my son's clothes, when I heard a dispute."

"And after that?"

"Of course I came down, and I saw those three men that are lying there picking a quarrel with that young man whom you have arrested; the poor innocent! For he is innocent, as truly as I am an honest woman. If my son 'Polyte had been here he would have parted them; but I, a poor widow, what could I do? I cried 'Police!' with all my might."

After giving this testimony she resumed her seat, thinking she had said enough. But Gevrol rudely ordered her to stand up again.

"Oh! we have not done," said he. "I wish other particulars."

"What particulars, dear Monsieur Gevrol, since I saw nothing?"

Anger crimsoned the large ears of the inspector.

"What would you say, old woman, if I arrested you?"

"It would be a great injustice."

"It is what will happen if you persist in remaining silent. I have an idea that a fortnight in Saint-Lazare would untie your tongue."

This name produced the effect of an electric shock on the Widow Chupin. She suddenly ceased her hypocritical lamentations, rose, placed her hands defiantly upon her hips, and poured forth a torrent of invective upon Gevrol and his agents, accusing them of persecuting her family since they had previously arrested her son a *mauvais sujet*, and swearing that she was not afraid of prison, and would be only too glad to end her days there beyond the reach of want.

At first the General tried to impose silence upon the terrible termagant; but he soon discovered that he was powerless; besides, all his subordinates were laughing. He turned his back upon her, and advancing toward the murderer, he said:

"You, at least, will not refuse an explanation."

The man hesitated for a moment.

"I have already said all that I have to say," he replied, at last. "I have told you that I am innocent; and a man on the point of death who was struck down by my hand, and this old woman, have both confirmed my declaration. What more do you desire? When the judge questions me, I will, perhaps, reply; until then do not expect another word from me."

It was easy to see that this man's resolution was irrevocable; and that he was not to be daunted by any sergeant of police.

Very often criminals, from the moment of their capture, preserve an absolute silence. These men are experienced and shrewd; these are the men who cause lawyers and judges many sleepless nights.

They have learned that a system of defence cannot be improvised at once; that it is, on the contrary, a work of patience and of meditation; and knowing what a terrible effect an apparently insignificant response drawn from them at the moment of detection may produce on a court of justice, they are silent.

Gevrol was about to insist, when someone announced that the soldier had just breathed his last.

"As that is so, my boys," he remarked, "two of you will remain here, and I will leave with the others. I shall go and arouse the commissioner of police, and inform him of the affair; he will take the matter in hand; and we will do whatever he commands. My responsibility will be over, in any case. So untie the legs of our prisoner, and bind Mother Chupin's hands, and we will drop them both at the station-house as we pass."

The men hastened to obey, with the exception of the youngest among them, the same who had won the eulogiums of the general.

He approached his chief, and motioning that he desired to speak with him, drew him outside the door.

When they were a few steps from the house:

"What do you wish?" inquired Gevrol.

"I want to know, General, what you think of this affair."

"I think, my boy, that four scoundrels encountered each other in this vile den. They began to quarrel; and from words they came to blows. One of them had a revolver, and he killed the others. It is as clear as daylight. According to his antecedents, and according to the antecedents of the victims, the assassin will be judged. Perhaps society owes him some thanks."

"And you think that any investigation—any further search is unnecessary?"

"Entirely unnecessary."

The younger man appeared to deliberate for a moment.

"It seems to me, General," he replied at length, "that this affair is not perfectly clear. Have you noticed the murderer, remarked his demeanor, and observed his look? Have you been surprised as I have been——"

"By what?"

"Ah, well! it seems to me—I may, of course, be mistaken—but I fancy that appearances are deceitful, and—. Yes, I suspect something."

"Bah! Explain why you should, if you please."

"How can you explain the power of scenting his prey possessed by a hunting dog?"

Gevrol shrugged his shoulders.

"In short," he replied, "you scent a melodrama here—a rendezvous of great gentlemen in disguise, here at the Poivrière—at the house of Mother Chupin! Well, hunt the mystery, my boy; search all you like; you have my permission."

"What! you will allow me?"

"I not only allow you, I order you to do it. You are going to remain here with such a one of your comrades as you may select. And if you find anything that I have not seen, I will allow you to buy me a pair of spectacles."

CHAPTER II

The young man to whom Gevrol abandoned what he thought an unnecessary investigation was a débutant in his profession.

His name was Lecoq.

He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, almost beardless, very pale, with red lips, and an abundance of wavy black hair. He was rather small, but well proportioned; and his every movement betrayed unusual energy.

There was nothing remarkable about his appearance, if we except his eyes, which sparkled brilliantly or grew dull, according to his mood; and his nose, whose large and rather full nostrils had a surprizing mobility.

The son of a rich and respectable family in Normandy, Lecoq had received a good and solid education.

He had begun his law studies in Paris, when in the same week, blow following blow, he learned that his father had died, financially ruined, and that his mother had survived him only a few hours.

He was now alone in the world, destitute of resources—and he was obliged to live. He had an opportunity of learning his true value; it was nothing.

The university, on bestowing the diploma of bachelor, does not give an annuity with it. And of what use is a college education to a poor orphan boy?

He envied the lot of those who, with a trade at the ends of their fingers, could boldly enter the office of any manufacturer, and say: "I would like work."

Such men were working and eating.

He sought bread by all the methods employed by people who are in reduced circumstances! Fruitless labor! There are one hundred thousand people in Paris who have seen better days.

No matter! He gave proofs of undaunted energy. He gave lessons, and he copied documents for a lawyer. He made his début in a new rôle almost every day, and left no means untried to earn an honest livelihood.

At last he obtained employment from a well-known astronomer, the Baron Moser, and spent his days in solving bewildering and intricate problems at the rate of one hundred francs a month.

But a season of discouragement came. After five years of constant toil, he found himself at the same point from which he had started. He was nearly crazed with rage and disappointment when he recapitulated his blighted hopes, his fruitless efforts, and the insults he had endured.

The past had been sad, the present was intolerable, the future threatened to be terrible.

Condemned to constant privations, he tried to escape from the horrors of his real life by taking refuge in dreams.

Alone in his garret, after a day of unremitting toil, assailed by the thousand longings of youth, he endeavored to devise some means of suddenly making himself rich.

All reasonable methods being beyond his reach, it was not long before he was engaged in devising the worst expedients.

In short, this moral and honest young man spent much of his time in perpetrating —in fancy—the most abominable crimes. Sometimes he himself was frightened by the work of his imagination. An hour of recklessness was all that was necessary to make him pass from the idea to the fact, from theory to practice.

This is the case with all monomaniacs; an hour comes in which the strange conceptions that have filled their brains can be no longer held in check.

One day he could not help exposing to his patron a little plan which he had conceived, which would enable him to obtain five or six hundred francs from London. Two letters and a telegram were all that was necessary, and the game was won. It was impossible to fail, and there was no danger of arousing suspicion.

The astronomer, amazed at the simplicity of the plan, could but admire it. On reflection, however, he concluded that it would not be prudent for him to retain so ingenious a secretary in his service.

This was why, on the following day, he gave him a month's pay in advance, and dismissed him, saying:

"When one has your disposition, and is poor, one will either become a famous thief or a great detective. Choose."

Lecoq retired in confusion; but the astronomer's words bore fruit in his mind.

"Why should I not follow good advice?" he asked himself.

Police service did not inspire him with repugnance—far from it. He had often admired that mysterious power whose hand was everywhere, which one could not see nor hear, but which heard and saw everything.

He was delighted with the prospect of being the instrument of this power. He considered such a profession as a useful and honorable employment of the special talent with which he had been endowed, and which promised a life of excitement, of thrilling adventures, and fame at last.

In short, this profession held a wonderful charm for him.

So much so, that on the following week, thanks to a letter from Baron Moser, he was admitted into the service.

A cruel disenchantment awaited him. He had seen the results, but not the means. His surprize was like that of a simple-minded frequenter of the theatre, when he is admitted for the first time behind the scenes, and sees the decorations and tinsel that are so dazzling at a distance.

Ah, well! the opportunity for which he had so ardently longed, for which he had been waiting for months, had come at last, he thought, on entering the Poivrière.

While he was clinging to the window he saw by the light of his ambition the pathway to success.

It was at first only a presentiment. It soon became a supposition, then a conviction based upon actual facts, which had escaped the notice of his companions, but which he had observed and carefully noted.

Fortune had, at last, turned in his favor; he recognized this fact when he saw Gevrol neglect all but the merest formalities of examination, when he heard him declare peremptorily that this triple murder was merely the result of one of those ferocious quarrels so frequent among vagrants on the outskirts of the city.

"Ah, well!" he thought; "have it your own way—trust in appearances, since you will see nothing beneath them! I will prove to you that my youthful theory is better than all your experience."

The carelessness of the inspector gave Lecoq a right to secretly seek information on his own account; but by warning his superior officer before attempting anything on his own responsibility, he protected himself against any accusation of ambition or of unduly taking advantage of his comrade. These would be grave accusations against him in a profession where competition and rivalry are most potent; and where wounded vanity has so many opportunities to avenge itself by all sorts of petty treason.

He spoke them to his superior officer—said just enough to be able to say, in case of success: "Ah! I warned you!"—just enough *not* to dispel the doubt in Gevrol's mind.

The permission that he obtained was his first triumph, and the best possible augury; but he knew how to dissimulate, and it was in a tone of the utmost indifference that he requested one of his comrades to remain with him.

Then, while the others were making ready to depart, he seated himself upon a corner of the table, apparently oblivious of all that was passing. He did not dare to lift his head, for fear of betraying his joy, so much did he fear that his companions would read his hopes and his plans in his face.

Inwardly he was wild with impatience. Though the murderer submitted with good grace to the precautions that were taken to prevent his escape, it required some time to bind the hands of the Widow Chupin, who fought and howled as if they were burning her alive.

"They will never go!" Lecoq said to himself.

They did so at last, however. Gevrol gave the order to depart, and left the house, after addressing a laughing good-by to his subordinate.

The latter made no reply. He followed them to the threshold of the door, as if to assure himself that the squad had really gone.

He trembled at the thought that Gevrol might reflect, change his mind, and return to solve the mystery, as was his right.

His anxiety was needless. The forms of the men faded in the distance, the cries of Widow Chupin died away in the stillness of the night. They had all disappeared.

Not until then did Lecoq re-enter the room. He could no longer conceal his delight; his eyes sparkled like a conqueror taking possession of an empire; he stamped his foot upon the floor and exclaimed:

"Now it belongs to us two!"

CHAPTER III

Authorized by Gevrol to choose one of his comrades to remain with him in Poivrière, Lecoq had requested the one who was considered the least intelligent of the party to keep him company.

He was not influenced by a fear of being obliged to share the fruits of success with his companion, but by the necessity of having an assistant of whom he could, in case of need, exact obedience. The comrade Lecoq selected was a man of about fifty, who, after a term in the cavalry service, had entered the *prefecture*.

In the humble office that he occupied he had seen *préfet* succeed *préfet*, and had probably filled a prison with culprits whom he had arrested with his own hands.

He was no more shrewd and no more zealous now than he had always been. When he received an order he executed it with military exactitude, so far as he understood it.

If he had failed to understand it, so much the worse.

He discharged his duties like a blind man, like an old horse trained for a riding-school.

When he had a moment's leisure, and any money, he got drunk.

He spent his life between two fits of intoxication, without ever rising above a condition of demi-lucidity.

His comrades had known, but had forgotten his name. Everyone now called him Father Absinthe.

Naturally he did not observe the enthusiasm nor the tone of triumph in his young companion's voice.

"Upon my word," he remarked, when they were alone, "your idea of keeping me here was a good one, and I thank you for it. While the others will spend the night paddling about in the slush, I shall get a good sleep."

Here he stood, in a room that was splashed with blood, that was shuddering with crime, and, face to face with the still warm bodies of the murdered men, he could talk of sleep!

But what did all this matter to him? He had seen so many similar scenes in his life. And does not habit infallibly lead to professional indifference—that strange phenomenon that makes the soldier cool and composed in the midst of conflict, that gives the surgeon impassibility when the patient shrieks and writhes beneath his operating knife?

"I have been upstairs, looking about," pursued Father Absinthe; "I saw a bed up there, and we can mount guard here, by turns."

With an imperious gesture, Lecoq interrupted him.

"You must give up that idea, Father Absinthe; we are not here to sleep, but to collect information—to make the most careful researches, to note all the probabilities. In a few hours the commissioner of police, the physician and the coroner will be here. I wish to have a report ready for them."

This proposition seemed anything but pleasing to the old policeman.

"Eh! what is the use of that?" he exclaimed. "I know the general. When he goes in search of the commissioner, as he has this evening, there is nothing more to be done. Do you think that you see anything that he did not see?"

"I think that Gevrol, like everyone else, is liable to be mistaken. I think that he believes too implicitly in what seems to him evidence. I could swear that this affair is not what it seems to be; and I am sure that we can, if we will, discover the mystery which is concealed by appearances."

Though the vehemence of the young officer was intense, he did not succeed in making any impression upon his companion, who, with a yawn that threatened to dislocate his jaws, replied:

"Perhaps you are right; but I am going to bed. This need not prevent you from searching around, however; and if you find anything you can wake me."

Lecoq made no sign of impatience; nor in reality was he impatient. It afforded him the opportunity for which he was longing.

"You will give me a moment first," he remarked. "In five minutes, by your watch, I will promise to let you put your finger on the mystery that I suspect here."

"Well, go on for five minutes."

"After that you shall be free, Father Absinthe. Only it is clear that if I work it out alone, I alone shall pocket the reward that a solution of the mystery will certainly bring."

At the word "reward" the old policeman pricked up his ears. He was dazzled by the vision of an infinite number of bottles of the greenish liquor whose name he bore.

"Convince me, then," said he, taking a seat upon a stool, which he had lifted from the floor.

Lecoq remained standing in front of him.

"To begin with," he remarked, "whom do you suppose the person we have just arrested to be?"

"A porter, probably, or a vagabond."

"That is to say, a man belonging to the lowest order of society; consequently, a man without education."

"Certainly."

Lecoq spoke with his eyes fixed upon the eyes of his companion. He distrusted his own powers, as is usual with persons of real merit, and he felt that if he could succeed in making his convictions penetrate the obtuse mind of his companion, it would prove the justice of these convictions.

"And now," he continued, "what would you say if I should prove to you that this young man had received an excellent, even refined education?"

"I should reply that it was very extraordinary. I should reply that—but what a fool I am! You have not proved it to me yet."

"But I can do so very easily. Do you remember the words that he uttered as he fell?"

"Yes, I remember them perfectly. He said: 'It is the Prussians who are coming.'"

"What do you suppose he meant by that?"

"What a question! I should suppose that he did not like Prussians, and that he supposed he was offering us a terrible insult."

Lecoq was waiting anxiously for this response.

"Ah, well! Father Absinthe," he said, gravely, "you are wrong, quite wrong. And that this man has an education superior to his apparent position is proved by the fact that you did not understand his meaning, nor his intention. It was this single phrase that made the case clear to me."

The physiognomy of Father Absinthe expressed the strange and comical perplexity of a man who is so thoroughly mystified that he knows not whether to laugh or to be angry. After reflecting a little, he decided to be angry.

"You are rather too young to impose upon an old man like me," he remarked. "I do not like boasters—"

"One moment!" interrupted Lecoq; "allow me to explain. You have certainly heard of a terrible battle which resulted in one of the greatest defeats that ever happened to France—the battle of Waterloo?"

"I do not see the connection—"

"Answer, if you please."

"Yes—then!"

"Very well; you must know, then, papa, that for some time victory perched upon the banners of France. The English began to fall back, and already the Emperor exclaimed: 'We have them!', when suddenly on the right a little in the rear, troops were seen advancing. It was the Prussian army. The battle of Waterloo was lost."

In all his life, worthy Father Absinthe had never made such strenuous efforts to understand anything. In this case they were not wholly useless, for he half rose in his chair, and with the tone in which Archimedes cried "I have found it!" he exclaimed:

"I understand. The man's words were only an allusion."

"It is as you have said," remarked Lecoq, approvingly. "But I had not finished. If the emperor was thrown into consternation by the appearance of the Prussians, it was because he was momentarily expecting the arrival of one of his own generals from the same direction—Grouchy—with thirty-five thousand men. So if this man's allusion was exact and complete, he was not expecting an enemy, but a friend. Now draw your own conclusions."

Amazed, but convinced, his companion opened to their widest extent the eyes that had been heavy with sleep a few moments before.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he murmured, "if you put it in that way! But I forget; you must have seen something, as you were looking through the cracks of the shutter."

The young man shook his head.

"Upon my honor," he declared, "I saw nothing save the struggle between the murderer and the poor devil in the garb of a soldier. It was that sentence alone that aroused my attention."

"Wonderful! prodigious!" exclaimed the astonished old man.

"I will add that reflection has confirmed my suspicions. I asked myself why this man, instead of fleeing, should have waited and remained there, at that door, to parley with us."

With a bound Father Absinthe was upon his feet.

"Why?" he interrupted; "because he had accomplices, and he wished to give them time to escape. Ah! I understand it all now."

A triumphant smile parted Lecoq's lips.

"That is what I said to myself," he replied; "and now it is easy to verify my suspicions. There is snow outside, is there not?"

It was not necessary to say any more. The elder officer seized the light, and followed by his companion, he hastened to the back door of the house, which opened into a small garden.

In this sheltered enclosure the snow had not melted, and upon its white surface numerous footprints lay, like dark stains.

Without hesitation, Lecoq threw himself upon his knees in the snow, in order to examine them; he rose again almost immediately.

"These indentations were not made by the feet of men," said he. "There have been women here."

CHAPTER IV

Obstinate men of Father Absinthe's stamp, who are always inclined to differ with the opinions of others, are the very people who end by madly adopting them.

When an idea has at last penetrated their empty brains, they install it there magisterially, and dwell upon it, and develop it until it exceeds the bounds of reason.

Hence the veteran of the service was now much more strongly convinced than his companion, that the usually clever Gevrol was mistaken, and he laughed him to scorn.

On hearing Lecoq affirm that women had taken part in the horrible scene at the Poivrière, his joy was extreme.

"A fine affair!" he exclaimed; "an excellent case!"

And suddenly recollecting a maxim that has been handed down from the time of Cicero, he added, in sententious tones:

"Who holds the woman holds the cause!"

Lecoq did not deign to reply. He was standing upon the threshold, leaning against the casing of the door, his hand pressed to his forehead, as motionless as a statue.

The discovery which he had just made, and which so delighted Father Absinthe, filled him with consternation. It was the death of his hopes, the annihilation of the ingenious structure which his imagination had built upon the foundation of a single sentence. There was no longer any mystery. No celebrity to be gained by a brilliant stroke!

For the presence of two women in this vile den explained everything in the most natural and commonplace fashion.

Their presence explained the quarrel, the testimony of Widow Chupin, the dying declaration of the pretended soldier.

The behaviour of the murderer was also explained. He had remained to cover the retreat of the two women; he had sacrificed himself in order to save them, an act of that chivalrous gallantry so common in the French character that even the scoundrels of the *barrières* were not entirely destitute of it.

But the strange allusion to the battle of Waterloo remained unexplained. But what did that prove now? Nothing, simply nothing. And who could say how low an unworthy passion might cause a man even of birth and breeding to descend? And the carnival afforded an opportunity for the parties to disguise themselves.

But while Lecoq was turning and twisting all these probabilities in his mind, Father Absinthe became impatient.

"Are we going to remain here until doomsday?" he asked. "Are we to pause just at the moment when our search has been productive of such brilliant results?"

"Brilliant results!" These words stung the young man's soul as deeply as the keenest irony could have done.

"Leave me alone," he replied, gruffly; "and, above all, do not walk about the garden. You will spoil the footprints."

His companion swore a little; then he, too, became silent. He submitted to the irresistible ascendancy of a superior will and intelligence.

Lecoq was engaged in following out his course of reasoning.

"These are probably the events as they occurred," he thought.

"The murderer, leaving the ball at the Rainbow, a public house not far from here, near the fortifications, came to this saloon, accompanied by two women. He found three men drinking here, who either began teasing him, or who displayed too much gallantry to his companions. He became angry. The others threatened him; he was one against three; he was armed; he became wild with rage and fired——"

He checked himself, and in an instant after he added, aloud:

"But was it the murderer who brought these women here? If he is tried, this will be the important point. It is necessary to obtain information on the subject."

He immediately went back into the house, closely followed by his colleague, and began an examination of the footprints about the door that Gevrol had forced open.

Labour lost. There was but little snow on the ground about the entrance of the hovel, and so many persons had passed in and out that Lecoq could discover nothing.

What a disappointment after his patient hopes!

Lecoq could have cried with rage. He saw the opportunity for which he had sighed so long indefinitely postponed. He fancied he could hear Gevrol's coarse sarcasms.

"Enough of this," he murmured, under his breath. "The general was right, and I am a fool!"

He was so positively convinced that one could do no more than discover the circumstances of some commonplace, vulgar broil, that he began to wonder if it would not be wise to renounce his search and take a nap, while awaiting the coming of the commissioner of police.

But Father Absinthe was no longer of this opinion.

This worthy man, who was far from suspecting the reflections in which his companion was indulging, could not explain his inaction.

"Ah, well! my boy," said he, "have you lost your wits? This is losing time, it seems to me. The justice will arrive in a few hours, and what report shall we present? As for me, if you desire to go to sleep, I shall pursue my investigations alone."

Disappointed as he was, the young police officer could not repress a smile. He recognised his own exhortations of a few moments before. It was the old man who had suddenly become intrepid.

"To work, then!" he sighed, like a man who, while foreseeing defeat, wishes, at least, to have no cause to reproach himself.

He found it, however, extremely difficult to follow the footprints in the open air by the uncertain light of a candle, which was extinguished by the least breath of wind.

"It is impossible," said Lecoq; "I wonder if there is not a lantern in the house. If we could only lay our hands upon it!"

They searched everywhere, and, at last, upstairs in the Widow Chupin's own apartment, they found a well-trimmed lantern, so small and close that it certainly had never been intended for honest purposes.

"A regular burglar's implement," said Father Absinthe, with a coarse laugh.

The implement was useful in any case; the two men were agreed upon that when they returned to the garden and recommenced their investigations systematically.

They advanced very slowly and with extreme caution. The old man carefully held the lantern in the best position, and Lecoq, on his knees, studied each footprint with the attention of a cheiromancer striving to read the future in the hand of a rich client.

A new examination assured Lecoq that he had been correct in his first supposition. It was plain that two women had quitted the Poivrière by this door. They had departed running; this was proved by the length of the steps and also by the shape of the footprints.

The difference in the tracks left by the two fugitives was so remarkable, that it did not escape Father Absinthe's eyes.

"*Cristi!*" he muttered; "one of these jades can boast of having a pretty foot at the end of her leg!"

He was right. One of the tracks betrayed a small, coquettish and slender foot, clad in an elegant high-heeled boot with a narrow sole and an arched instep.

The other denoted a broad, short foot, that grew wider toward the end, and which was encased in a strong, low shoe.

This was indeed a clue. Lecoq's hopes revived; so eagerly does a man welcome any supposition that is in accordance with his desires.

Trembling with anxiety, he went to examine other footprints a short distance from these; and an excited exclamation broke from his lips.

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the other agent; "what do you see?"

"Come and look for yourself, papa; see there."

The good man bent down, and his surprise was so great that he almost dropped the lantern.

"Oh!" said he, in a stifled voice, "a man's footprint!"

"Exactly. And this fellow wore the finest of boots. See that imprint, how clear, how neat it is!"

Worthy Father Absinthe was furiously scratching his ear, his usual method of quickening his rather slow wits.

"But it seems to me," he ventured at last, "that this individual was not coming *from* this ill-fated hovel."

"Of course not; the direction of the foot tells you that. No, he was not going from here, he was coming here. But he did not pass beyond the spot where we are now standing. He was advancing on tip-toe with outstretched neck and listening ears, when, on reaching this spot, he heard some noise; fear seized him, and he fled."

"Or, rather, the women were going out as he was coming, and——"

"No, the women were outside the garden when he entered it."

This assertion seemed far too audacious to suit Lecoq's companion, who remarked: "One cannot be sure of that."

"I am sure of it, however; and can prove it conclusively. You doubt it, papa? It is because your eyes are growing old. Bring your lantern a little nearer—yes, here it is—our man placed his large foot upon one of the marks made by the woman with the small foot and has almost effaced it."

This unexceptionable bit of circumstantial evidence stupefied the old policeman.

"Now," continued Lecoq, "could this man have been the accomplice whom the murderer was expecting? Might it not have been some strolling vagrant whose attention was attracted by the two pistol shots? This is what we must ascertain. And we will ascertain it. Come!"

A wooden fence of lattice-work, a trifle more than three feet high, similar to that which prevents access to the railway trains, was all that separated the Widow Chupin's garden from the waste land that surrounded it.

When Lecoq made the circuit of the house to cut off the escape of the murderer, he had encountered this obstacle, and, fearing lest he should arrive too late, he had leaped the barrier, to the great detriment of his pantaloons, without even asking if there were not a gateway.

One did exist, however. A light gate of lattice-work similar to the fence, turning upon iron hinges and kept closed by a wooden button, allowed one to enter or depart from this side of the garden.

It was straight to this gate that these footprints in the snow led the two policemen.

Some new thought must have struck the younger man, for he paused suddenly.

"Ah!" he murmured, "these two women did not come to Poivrière this evening for the first time."

"Why do you think that, my boy?" inquired Father Absinthe.

"I could almost swear it. How, unless they were in the habit of coming to this den, could they have been aware of the existence of this gate? Could they have discovered it this dark and foggy night? No; for I, who can, without boasting, say that I have good eyes—I did not see it."

"Ah! Yes, that is true!"

"These two women, however, came here without hesitating, without diverging from a straight line; and note that to do this, it was necessary for them to cross the garden diagonally."

The veteran would have given something if he could have found some objection to offer; but unfortunately he could find none.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, "yours is a droll way of proceeding. You are only a conscript; I am a veteran in the service, and have assisted in more affairs of this sort than you are years old, but never have I seen—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Lecoq; "you will see much more. For example, I can prove to you that, although the women knew the exact position of the gate, the man knew it only by hearsay."

"The proof!"

"The fact is easily demonstrated, papa. Study the man's footprints, and you, who are very sharp, will see at once that he deviated greatly from the straight course. He was in such doubt, that he was obliged to search for the gate with his hand stretched out before him—and his fingers have left their imprint on the thin covering of snow that lies upon the upper railing of the fence."

The old man would have been glad to check this statement for himself, as he said; but Lecoq was in a hurry.

"Let us go on, let us go on!" said he. "You can verify my assertions some other time."

They left the garden and followed the footprints that led them toward the outer boulevards, inclining a little to the right in the direction of the Rue de Patay.

Now there was no longer any need of close attention. No one, save the fugitive, had crossed this lonely waste since the last fall of snow. A child could have followed the track, so clear and distinct was it.

Four impressions, very unlike in character, formed the track; two were those left by the women; the other two, one going and one returning, had been made by the man.

On several occasions the latter had placed his foot exactly on the footprints left by the two women, half effacing them, thus doing away with all doubts as to the precise moment at which he had come.

About a hundred yards from the Poivrière, Lecoq suddenly seized his colleague's arm.

"Halt!" he commanded; "we have reached a good place; I can see unmistakable proofs."

The spot was an abandoned lumber-yard, or rather a reservation belonging to a boatbuilder. The ground was strewn with large blocks of granite, some chiselled, some in the rough, and with many long planks and logs of wood.

Before one of these planks, whose surface had evidently been wiped off, all these footprints came together, mingling confusedly.

"Here," declared the young detective, "our fugitives met this man and took counsel with him. One of the women, the one with the little feet, sat down upon this log."

"We should assure ourselves of this more fully," said Father Absinthe, in an oracular tone.

But his companion cut short these desires for verification.

"You—my old friend," said he, "are going to do me the kindness to keep perfectly still; pass me the lantern and do not move."

Lecoq's modest tone had suddenly become so imperious that his colleague dared offer no resistance.

Like a soldier at the command to halt, he remained erect, motionless and mute, following the movements of his friend with a curious and wondering eye.

Quick in his motions, and understanding

how to manœuvre the lantern in accordance with his wishes, the young policeman explored the surroundings in a very short space of time.

A bloodhound in pursuit of his prey would have been less alert, less discerning, less agile than he.

He came and went, turned, came back again, hurried on, or paused without any apparent reason; he scrutinised, he questioned everything; the earth, the logs of wood, the blocks of stone, and even the most insignificant objects; sometimes standing, but oftener on his knees, sometimes flat upon his belly, his face so near the ground that his breath must have melted the snow.

He had drawn a tape-line from his pocket: he used it with a carpenter's dexterity, and measured, measured, measured.

And all these movements were accompanied with the wild gestures of a madman, interspersed with oaths or short laughs, with exclamations of disappointment or of delight.

After a quarter of an hour of this strange exercise, he returned to Father Absinthe, placed the lantern on a stone, wiped his hands on his pocket-handkerchief, and said:

"Now I know all."

"Well, that is saying a great deal!"

"When I say all, I mean all that is connected with this episode of the drama which ended in blood in that hovel there. This expanse of earth, covered with snow, is an immense white page upon which the people we are in search of have written, not only their movements and their goings and comings, but their secret thoughts, the hopes and anxieties that agitated them. What do these footprints say to you, papa? To me they are as much alive as the persons who made them; they breathe, they speak, they accuse!"

The old officer was saying to himself:

"Certainly, this fellow is intelligent; undeniably, he is shrewd; but he is very disagreeable."

"These," pursued Lecoq, "are the facts as I have read them. When the murderer repaired to the Poivrière with the two women, his companion—I should call him his accomplice—came here to wait. He was a man of middle age and tall, wore a soft hat and a shaggy brown overcoat, was probably married, as he had a wedding-ring on the little finger of his right hand——"

The despairing gestures of his companion obliged the speaker to pause.

This description of a person whose existence had but just now been demonstrated, these precise details given in a tone of absolute certainty, overturned all of Fathe Absinthe's ideas completely, and increas his perplexity.

"This is not well," he growled; "this is not kind. You are poking fun at me. I take the thing seriously; I listen to you, I obey you in everything, and this is the way you mock me. We find a clue, and instead of following it up, you stop to relate all these absur stories."

"No," replied his companion, "I am not jesting, and I have told you nothing o which I am not absolutely sure—nothing that is not strictly and indisputably true."

"And you would have me believe——"

"Fear nothing, papa; I would not have you do violence to your convictions. When I have told you my reasons, and my mean of information, you will laugh at the sim plicity of the theory that seems so incompre hensible to you now."

"Go on, then," said the good man, in a tone of resignation.

"We had decided, my friend, that th accomplice mounted guard here. The time seemed long, and in order to relieve hi impatience, he paced to and fro the length of this log of wood, and occasionally paused in his monotonous promenade to listen. Hearing nothing, he stamped his foot doubtless exclaiming: 'What the devil ha happened to him down there!' He had made about thirty turns (I have counted them), when a sound broke the stillness— the two women were coming."

On hearing Lecoq's recital, all the con flicting sentiments that are awakened in child's mind by a fairy tale—doubt, faith anxiety, and hope—filled Father Absinthe' heart.

What should he believe? what should he refuse to believe? He did not know. How was he to tell the true from the false among all these equally surprising assertions?

On the other hand, the gravity of hi companion, which certainly was not feigned dismissed all idea of pleasantry.

Then curiosity began to torture him.

"We had reached the point where th women made their appearance," said he.

"*Mon Dieu!* yes," responded Lecoq; "bu here all certainty ceases; no more proofs only suppositions. Still, I have every reaso to believe that our fugitives left the drinkin saloon before the beginning of the figh before the cries that attracted our attention Who were they? I can only conjecture. suspect, however, that they were not equa in rank. I am inclined to think that one w the mistress, the other her servant."

"That is proved," ventured the older man, "by the great difference in their feet and in their shoes."

This shrewd observation elicited a smile from the young man in spite of his abstraction.

"This difference," he replied, seriously, "is something; but it was not that which decided me in my opinion. If greater or less perfection of the extremities regulated social distinctions, many mistresses would be servants. What struck me was this:

"When the two women rushed wildly from Mother Chupin's house, the woman with the small feet sprang across the garden with one bound, she darted on some distance in advance of the other. The horror of the situation, the vileness of the den, the horror of the scandal, the thought of a place of safety, inspired her with marvellous energy.

"But her strength, as often happens with delicate and nervous women, lasted only a few seconds. She was not half-way from here to the Poivrière when her speed relaxed, her limbs trembled. Ten steps farther on she tottered and almost fell. Some steps farther, and she became so exhausted that she let go her hold upon her skirts; they trailed upon the snow, tracing a faint circle there.

"Then the woman with the broad foot came to her aid. She seized her companion around the waist; she dragged her along; their footprints here are mingled confusedly; then seeing that her friend was about to fall, she caught her up in her strong arms and carried her—and the footprints made by the woman with the small feet cease."

Was Lecoq merely amusing himself by inventing this story? Was this scene anything but a work of the imagination?

Was this accent of deep and sincere conviction which he imparted to his words only feigned?

Father Absinthe was still in doubt, but he thought of a way in which he might satisfy his uncertainty.

He caught up the lantern and hurried off to examine these footprints which he had not known how to read, which had been speechless to him, but which had yielded their secret to another.

He was obliged to agree with his companion. All that Lecoq had described was written there; he saw the confused footprints, the circle made by the sweeping skirts, the cessation of the tiny imprints.

On his return, his countenance betrayed a respectful and astonished admiration, and it was with a shade of embarrassment that he said:

"You can scarcely blame an old man for being a little like St. Thomas. I have touched it with my fingers, and now I am content to follow you."

The young policeman could not, indeed, blame his colleague for his incredulity.

"Then," Lecoq continued, "the accomplice, who had heard the fugitives coming, ran to meet them, and he aided the woman with the large feet in carrying her companion. The latter must have been really ill, for the accomplice took off his hat and used it in brushing the snow from this plank. Then, thinking the surface was not yet dry enough, he wiped it with the skirt of his overcoat. Were these civilities pure gallantry, or the usual attentions of an inferior? I have asked myself that question.

"This much, however, is certain: while the woman with the small feet was recovering her strength, half reclining upon this board, the other took the accomplice a little to one side, five or six steps away to the left, just by that enormous block of granite.

"There she talked with him, and, as he listened, the man leaned upon the snow-covered stone. His hand left a very distinct imprint there. Then, as the conversation continued, he rested his elbow upon the snowy surface."

Like all men of limited intelligence, Father Absinthe had suddenly passed from unreasoning distrust to unquestioning confidence.

Henceforth he would believe anything, from the same reason that had, at first, made him believe nothing.

With no idea of the bounds of human reasoning and penetration, he saw no limits to the conjectural genius of his companion.

With perfect faith, therefore, he inquired:

"And what was the accomplice saying to the woman with the broad shoes?"

If Lecoq smiled at this naïveté, the other did not suspect it.

"It is rather difficult for me to answer that question," he replied. "I think, however, that the woman was explaining to the man the immensity and imminence of the danger that threatened his companion, and that they were trying to devise some means to rescue him from it. Perhaps she brought him orders given by the murderer. It is certain that she ended by beseeching the accomplice to run to the Poivrière and see what was passing there. And he did so, for his tracks start from this block of granite."

"And only to think," exclaimed the

officer, "that we were in the hovel at that very moment. A word from Gevrol, and we might have had handcuffs on the whole gang! How unfortunate!"

Lecoq was not sufficiently disinterested to share his companion's regret.

On the contrary, he gave heartfelt thanks for Gevrol's blunder. Had it not been for that, how would he ever have found an opportunity of interesting himself in an affair that grew more and more mysterious, but which he hoped to fathom finally.

"To conclude," he resumed, "the accomplice soon returned, he had witnessed the scene, he was afraid, and he hastened back. He feared that the thought of exploring the premises might enter the minds of the police. It was to the lady with small feet that he addressed himself. He explained the necessity of flight, and told her that even a moment's delay might be fatal. At his words, she summoned all her energy; she rose, and hastened, clinging to the arm of her companion.

"Did the man indicate the route they were to take, or did they know it themselves? This much is certain; he accompanied them some distance, in order to watch over them.

"But above the duty of protecting these women, he had a still more sacred duty to perform—that of succoring his accomplice, if possible. He retraced his steps, passed here again, and the last footprint that I can discover leads in the direction of the Rue du Château-des-Rentiers. He wished to know what would become of the murderer, and went to place himself in his path."

Like a dilettante who can scarcely restrain his applause until the close of the *morceau* that delights him, Father Absinthe had been unable to repress his admiration entirely.

But it was not until Lecoq ceased speaking that he gave full vent to his enthusiasm.

"Here is a detective!" he exclaimed. "And they say that Gevrol is shrewd! What has he ever done to compare with this? Ah! shall I tell you what I think? Very well. In comparison with you, the General is only John the Baptist."

Certainly the flattery was gross, but it was impossible to doubt its sincerity. This was the first time that the balmy dew of praise had fallen upon Lecoq's vanity; it delighted him.

"Nonsense," he replied, modestly; "you are too kind, papa. After all, what have I done that is so very clever? I told you that the man was of middle age. It was not difficult to see that after one had examined his heavy and rather dragging step. I told you that he was tall—an easy matter. When I saw that he had been leaning upon that block of granite there to the left, I measured the aforesaid block. It was sixty-seven *mètres* in height, consequently a man who could rest his elbow upon it must be at least six feet high. The impress of his hand proves that I am not mistaken. On seeing that he had brushed away the snow which covered the plank, I asked myself what he had used; I thought that it might be his cap, and the mark left by the visor proves that I was right.

"Finally, if I have discovered the color and the material of his overcoat, it is only because when he wiped off the wet board, some splinters of the wood tore off a few tiny flakes of brown wool, which I found, and which will figure in the trial. But what does this amount to, after all? Nothing. We have discovered only the first elements of the affair. We hold the clue, however; we will follow it to the end. Onward, then!"

The old officer was electrified, and, like an echo, he repeated:

"Forward!"

(*To be continued*)

* * *

XXVII

I'M NOBODY! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!—EMILY DICKINSON.

A Walk Up the Avenue

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Richard Harding Davis

HE CAME down the steps slowly, and pulling mechanically at his gloves.

He remembered afterwards that some woman's face had nodded brightly to him from a passing brougham, and that he had lifted his hat through force of habit, and without knowing who she was.

He stopped at the bottom of the steps, and stood for a moment uncertainly, and then turned toward the north, not because he had any definite goal in his mind, but because the other way led toward his rooms, and he did not want to go there yet.

He was conscious of a strange feeling of elation, which he attributed to his being free, and to the fact that he was his own master again in everything. And with this he confessed to a distinct feeling of littleness, of having acted meanly or unworthily of himself or of her.

And yet he had behaved well, even quixotically. He had tried to leave the impression with her that it was her wish, and that she had broken with him, not he with her.

He held a man who threw a girl over as something contemptible, and he certainly did not want to appear to himself in that light; or, for her sake, that people should think he had tired of her, or found her wanting in any one particular. He knew only too well how people would talk. How they would say he had never really cared for her; that he didn't know his own mind when he had proposed to her; and that it was a great deal better for her as it is than if he had grown out of humor with her later. As to their saying she had jilted him, he didn't mind that. He much preferred they should take that view of it, and he was chivalrous enough to hope she would think so too.

He was walking slowly, and had reached Thirtieth Street. A great many young girls and women had bowed to him or nodded from the passing carriages, but it did not tend to disturb the measure of his thoughts. He was used to having people put themselves out to speak to him; everybody made a point of knowing him, not because he was so very handsome and well-looking, and an over-popular youth, but because he was as yet unspoiled by it.

But, in any event, he concluded, it was a miserable business. Still, he had only done what was right. He had seen it coming on for a month now, and how much better it was that they should separate now than later, or that they should have had to live separated in all but location for the rest of their lives! Yes, he had done the right thing—decidedly the only thing to do.

He was still walking up the Avenue, and had reached Thirty-second Street, at which point his thoughts received a sudden turn. A half-dozen men in a club window nodded to him, and brought to him sharply what he was going back to. He had dropped out of their lives as entirely of late as though he had been living in a distant city. When he had met them he had found their company uninteresting and unprofitable. He had wondered how he had ever cared for that sort of thing, and where had been the pleasure of it. Was he going back now to the gossip of that window, to the heavy discussions of traps and horses, to late breakfasts and early suppers? Must he listen to their congratulations on his being one of them again, and must he guess at their whispered conjectures as to how soon it would be before he again took up the chains and harness of their fashion? He struck the pavement sharply with his stick. No, he was not going back.

She had taught him to find amusement and occupation in many things that were better and higher than any pleasures or pursuits he had known before, and he could not give them up. He had her to thank for that at least. And he would give her credit for it too, and gratefully. He would always remember it, and he would show in his way of living the influence and the good effects of these three months in which they had been continually together.

He had reached Forty-second Street now.

Well, it was over with, and he would get to work at something or other. This experience had shown him that he was not meant for marriage; that he was intended to live alone. Because, if he found that a girl as lovely as she undeniably was palled on him after three months, it was evident that he would never live through life with any other one. Yes, he would always be a bachelor. He had lived his life, had told his story at the age of twenty-five, and would wait patiently for the end, a marked and gloomy man. He would travel now and see the world. He would go to that hotel in Cairo she was always talking about, where they were to have gone on their honeymoon; or he might strike further into Africa, and come back bronzed and worn with long marches and jungle fever, and with his hair prematurely white. He even considered himself, with great self-pity, returning and finding her married and happy, of course. And he enjoyed, in anticipation, the secret doubts she would have of her later choice when she heard on all sides praise of this distinguished traveler.

And he pictured himself meeting her reproachful glances with fatherly friendliness, and presenting her husband with tiger-skins, and buying her children extravagant presents.

This was at Forty-fifth Street.

Yes, that was decidedly the best thing to do. To go away and improve himself, and study up all those painters and cathedrals with which she was so hopelessly conversant.

He remembered how out of it she had once made him feel, and how secretly he had admired her when she had referred to a modern painting as looking like those in the long gallery of the Louvre. He thought he knew all about the Louvre, but he would go over again and locate that long gallery, and become able to talk to her understandingly about it.

And then it came over him like a blast of icy air that he could never talk over things with her again. He had reached Fifty-fifth Street now, and the shock brought him to a standstill on the corner, where he stood gazing blankly before him. He felt rather weak physically, and decided to go back to his rooms, and then he pictured how cheerless they would look, and how little of comfort they contained. He had used them only to dress and sleep in of late, and the distaste with which he regarded the idea that he must go back to them to read and sit and live in them, showed him how utterly his life had become bound up with the house on Twenty-seventh Street.

"Where was he to go in the evening?" he asked himself, with pathetic hopelessness, "or in the morning or afternoon for that matter?" Were there to be no more of those journeys to picture-galleries and to the big publishing houses, where they used to hover over the new-book counter and pull the books about, and make each other innumerable presents of daintily bound volumes, until the clerks grew to know them so well that they never went through the form of asking where the books were to be sent? And those tête-à-tête luncheons at her house when her mother was upstairs with a headache or a dressmaker, and the long rides and walks in the Park in the afternoon, and the rush down town to dress, only to return to dine with them, ten minutes late always, and always with some new excuse, which was allowed if it was clever, and frowned at if it was commonplace—was all this really over?

Why, the town had only run on because she was in it, and as he walked the streets the very shop windows had suggested her to him—florists only existed that he might send her flowers, and gowns and bonnets in the milliners' windows were only pretty as they would become her; and as for the theatres and the newspapers, they were only worth while as they gave her pleasure. And he had given all this up, and for what, he asked himself, and why?

He could not answer that now. It was simply because he had been surfeited with too much content, he replied, passionately. He had not appreciated how happy he had been. She had been too kind, too gracious. He had never known until he had quarreled with her and lost her how precious and dear she had been to him.

He was at the entrance to the Park now, and he strode on along the walk, bitterly upbraiding himself for being worse than a criminal—a fool, a common blind mortal to whom a goddess had stooped.

He remembered with bitter regret a turn off the drive into which they had wandered one day, a secluded, pretty spot with a circle of box around it, and into the turf of which he had driven his stick, and claimed it for them both by the right of discovery. And he recalled how they had used to go there, just out of sight of their friends in the ride, and sit and chatter on a green bench beneath a bush of box, like any nursery maid and her young man, while her groom stood at the brougham door in the bridle-path beyond. He had broken off a sprig of the box one day and given it to her, and she had kissed it foolishly, and laughed, and hidden it in the folds of her riding-skirt, in burlesque fear lest the guards should arrest them for breaking the much-advertised ordinance.

And he remembered with a miserable smile how she had delighted him with her account of her adventure to her mother, and described them as fleeing down the Avenue with their treasure, pursued by a squadron of mounted policemen.

This and a hundred other of the foolish, happy fancies they had shared in common came back to him, and he remembered how she had stopped one cold afternoon just outside of this favorite spot, beside an open iron grating sunk in the path, into which the rain had washed the autumn leaves, and pretended it was a steam radiator, and held her slim gloved hands out over it as if to warm them.

How absurdly happy she used to make him, and how light-hearted she had been! He determined suddenly and sentimentally to go to that secret place, now, and bury the engagement ring she had handed back to him under that bush as he had buried his hopes of happiness, and he pictured how some day when he was dead she would read of this in his will, and go and dig up the ring, and remember and forgive him. He struck off from the walk across the turf straight toward this dell, taking the ring from his waistcoat pocket and clinching it in his hand. He was walking quickly with rapt interest in this idea of abnegation when he noticed, unconsciously at first and then with a start, the familiar outlines and colors of her brougham drawn up in the drive not twenty yards from their old meeting-place. He could not be mistaken; he knew the horses well enough, and there was old Wallis on the box and young Wallis on the path.

He stopped breathlessly, and then tipped on cautiously, keeping the encircling line of bushes between him and the carriage. And then he saw through the leaves that there was some one in the place, and that it was she. He stopped, confused and amazed. He could not comprehend it. She must have driven to the place immediately on his departure. But why? And why to that place of all others?

He parted the bushes with his hands, and saw her lovely and sweet-looking as she had always been, standing under the box bush beside the bench, and breaking off one of the green branches. The branch parted and the stem flew back to its place again, leaving a green sprig in her hand. She turned at that moment directly toward him, and he could see from his hiding-place how she lifted the leaves to her lips, and that a tear was creeping down her cheek.

Then he dashed the bushes aside with both arms, and with a cry that no one but she heard sprang toward her.

Young Van Bibber stopped his mail phaeton in front of the club, and went inside to recuperate, and told how he had seen them driving home through the Park in her brougham and unchaperoned.

"Which I call very bad form," said the punctilious Van Bibber, "even though they are engaged."

The Real Life of a Man

By MARK TWAIN

"WHAT a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head and is known to none but himself. All day long and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding and his *thoughts*, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible, thin crust of his world, with its scattered snowy summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of his bulk! a mere skin enveloping it. The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life and they are not written and can not be written. Every day would make a whole book of 80,000 words—365 books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself can not be written."

And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?

An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him

By SIR THOMAS WIAT

Tho. Wiat

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say Nay! say Nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say Nay! say Nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say Nay! say Nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say Nay! say Nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say Nay! say Nay!

The Comedy of
The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Cordially
Anatole France

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

- MASTER LEONARD BOTAL, *Judge.*
- MASTER ADAM FUMÉE, *Lawyer.*
- MASTER SIMON COLLINE, *Doctor.*
- MASTER JEAN MAUGIER, *Surgeon and Barber.*
- MASTER SERAFIN DULAURIER, *Apothecary.*
- GILES BOISCOURTIER, *Leonard Botal's Secretary.*
- A BLIND MAN.
- CATHERINE, *Leonard Botal's wife.*
- ALISON, *Leonard Botal's servant.*
- MADEMOISELLE DE LA GARANDIÈRE.

ACT I

A large room in JUDGE LEONARD BOTAL'S *house, at Paris.*

Left: Main entrance, from the rue Dauphine; when the door is open, vista to the Pont-Neuf.

Right: Door to the kitchen.

At the rear of the stage: A wooden stairway, leading to the upper rooms.

On the walls are portraits of magistrates, in gown and wig, and along the walls, great cabinets, or cupboards, full of books, papers, parchments, and bags of legal documents, with more piled on top of the cabinets. There is a double step-ladder on castors, with flat steps on each side, used to reach the top of the cabinets.

A writing-table, small chairs, upholstered arm-chairs, and a spinning-wheel.

(In Mr. Granville Barker's production, the street is shown in front of the house, instead of being concealed behind it; so that the chimney-sweep, the chickweed-seller, the candle-man, etc., pass across the front of the stage.)

The street door of the house opens on a hall-way, from which a door leads off to the kitchen, and a short stairway leads up, in a direction parallel with the front of the stage, past a double lattice window open to the street, to an upper room in which most of the action takes place.

This room has a large balcony and window-seat, and stands entirely open to the street. The writing-table, book-case (instead of cabinets), and step-ladder are seen within it. There is a bench or form, long enough to seat two or three people, in front of the table. A door at the right rear corner of the room is supposed to open on a stairway leading to the rooms above.

SCENE I

GILES BOISCOURTIER, ALISON; later MASTER ADAM FUMÉE and MASTER LEONARD BOTAL.

(Giles is discovered sitting on a small form in front of the table; on the rise of the curtain he turns to the audience, bows in flamboyant style, and then sits down again, with his back to the audience.)

The Chickweed Man *goes by, calling:* "Chickweed! Chickweed! Good birdseed, good birdseed, good birdseed for säale!"

Enter Alison, *with a large basket under each arm. She curtsies to the audience.* Giles, *as soon as he spies her, runs to the street door and stands quiet beside it, so that she does not notice him. As she starts to enter the house, he jumps at her and snatches a bottle from one of the baskets.)*

Alison—Holy Mary! don't you know better than to jump at anybody like a bogie-man, right here in a public place?

Giles—[*Pulling a bottle of wine out of the other basket.*] Don't scream, you little goose. Nobody's going to pluck you. You're not worth it. (*Enter* Master Adam Fumée. *He bows to the audience.*)

Alison—Will you let the Judge's wine alone, you rascal? [*She sets down her baskets, snatches back one of the bottles, cuffs the secretary, picks up her baskets, and goes off to the kitchen. The kitchen fire-place is seen through the half-open door.*]

Master Adam (*Slightly formal in manner and speech at first.*)—Is this the dwelling of Mr. Leonard Botal, Judge in civil and criminal cases?

Giles (*With bottle behind his back, and bowing.*)—Yes, sir; it's here, sir; and I'm his secretary, Giles Boiscourtier, at your service, sir.

Master Adam—Then, boy, go tell him his old school-fellow, Master Adam Fumée, lawyer, wishes to see him on business.

Giles—Here he comes now, sir. [Leonard Botal *comes down the stairs.* Giles *goes off into the kitchen.*]

Master Adam—Good day, Master Leonard Botal, I am delighted to see you again.

Leonard—Good morning, Master Adam Fumée, how have you been this long time that I haven't set eyes on you?

Master Adam—Well, very well. And I hope I find you the same, your Honour.

Leonard—Fairly so, fairly so. And what good wind wafts you hither, Master Adam Fumée? (*They come forward in the room.*)

Master Adam—I've come from Chartres on purpose to put in your own hands a statement on behalf of a young orphan girl . . .

Leonard—Master Adam Fumée, do you remember the days when we were law students together at Orleans University?

Master Adam—Yes, yes; we used to play the flute together, and take the ladies out to picnics, and dance from morning to night. . . . But I've come, your Honour, my dear old school-fellow, to hand you a statement on behalf of a young orphan girl whose case is now pending before you.

Leonard—Will she give good fees?

Master Adam—She is a young orphan girl . . .

Leonard—Yes, yes, I know. But, will she give good fees?

Master Adam—She is a young orphan girl, who's been robbed by her guardian, and he left her nothing but her eyes to weep with. But if she wins her suit, she will be rich again, and will give plentiful proof of her gratitude.

Leonard [*Taking the statement which* Master Adam *hands him.*]—We will look into the matter.

Master Adam—I thank you, your Honour, my dear old school-fellow.

Leonard—We will look into it, without fear or favour.

Master Adam—That goes without saying. . . . But, tell me: Is everything going smoothly with you? You seem worried. And yet, you are well placed here . . . the judgeship's a good one?

Leonard—I paid enough for it to be a good one—and I didn't get cheated.

Master Adam—Perhaps you are lonely. Why don't you get married?

Leonard—What, what! Don't you know, Master Adam, that I *have* just been married? (*They sit down on the form in front of the table.*) Yes, only last month, to a girl from one of our best country families, young and handsome, Catherine Momichel, the seventh daughter of the Criminal Court Judge at Salency. But alas! she is dumb. Now you know my affliction.

Master Adam—Your wife is dumb?

Leonard—Alas, yes.

Master Adam—Quite, quite dumb?

Leonard—As a fish.

Master Adam—And you didn't notice it till after you'd married her?

Leonard—Oh, I couldn't help noticing it, of course, but it didn't seem to make so much difference to me then as it does now. I considered her beauty, and her property, and thought of nothing but the advantages of the match and the happiness I should have with her. But now these matters seem less important, and I do wish she could talk; that would be a real intellectual pleasure for me, and, what's more, a practical advantage for the household. What does a Judge need most in his house? Why, a good-looking wife, to receive the suitors pleasantly, and, by subtle suggestions, gently bring them to the point of making proper presents, so that their cases may receive—more careful attention. People need to be encouraged to make proper presents. A woman, by clever speech and prudent action, can get a good ham from one, and a roll of cloth from another; and make still another give poultry or wine. But this poor dumb thing Catherine gets nothing at all. While my fellow-judges have their kitchens and cellars and stables and storerooms running over with good things, all thanks to their wives, I hardly get wherewithal to keep the pot boiling. You see, Master Adam Fumée, what I lose by having a dumb wife. I'm not worth half as much. . . . And the worst of it is, I'm losing my spirits, and almost my wits, with it all.

MASTER ADAM—There's no reason in that, now, your Honour. Just consider the thing closely, and you will find some advantages in your case as it stands, and no mean ones neither.

LEONARD—No, no, Master Adam; you don't understand. Think!—When I hold my wife in my arms—a woman as beautiful as the finest carved statue, at least so I think—and quite as silent, that I'm sure of—it makes me feel queer and uncanny; I even ask myself if I'm holding a graven image or a mechanical toy, or a magic doll made by a sorcerer, not a real human child of our Father in Heaven; sometimes, in the morning, I am tempted to jump out of bed to escape from bewitchment.

MASTER ADAM—What notions!

LEONARD—Worse yet! What with having a dumb wife, I'm going dumb myself. Sometimes I catch myself using signs, as she does. The other day, on the Bench, I even pronounced judgment in pantomime, and condemned a man to the galleys, just by dumb show and gesticulation.

MASTER ADAM—Enough! Say no more! I can see that a dumb wife may be a pretty poor conversationalist! There's not much fun in talking yourself, when you get no response.

LEONARD—Now you know the reason why I'm in low spirits.

MASTER ADAM—I won't contradict you; I admit that your reason is full and sufficient. But perhaps there's a remedy. Tell me: Is your wife deaf as well as dumb?

LEONARD—Catherine is no more deaf than you and I are; even less, I might say. She can hear the very grass growing.

MASTER ADAM—Then the case is not hopeless. When the doctors and surgeons and apothecaries succeed in making the deaf-and-dumb speak, their utterance is as poor as their ears; for they can't hear what they say themselves, any more than what's said to them. But it's quite different with the dumb who can hear. 'Tis but child's play for a doctor to untie their tongues. The operation is so simple that it's done every day to puppies that can't learn to bark. Must a countryman like me come to town to tell you that there's a famous doctor, just around the corner from your own house, in Buci Square, at the Sign of the Dragon, Master Simon Colline, who has made a reputation for loosing the tongues of the ladies of Paris? In a turn of the hand, he'll draw from your wife's lips a full flood of mellifluous speech, just as you'd turn on a spigot and let the water run forth like a sweet-purling brook.

LEONARD—Is this true, Master Adam? Aren't you deceiving me? Aren't you speaking as a lawyer in court?

MASTER ADAM—I'm speaking as a friend, and telling you the plain truth.

LEONARD—Then I'll send for this famous doctor—and that right away.

MASTER ADAM—As you please. . . . But before you call him in, you must reflect soberly, and consider what it's really best to do. For, take it all in all, though there are some disadvantages in having a dumb wife, there are some advantages, too. . . . Well, good day, your Honour, my dear old school-fellow. (*They go together to the street door.*) Remember, I'm truly your friend—and read over my statement, I beg you. If you give your just judgment in favour of the orphan girl robbed by her grasping guardian, you will have no cause to regret it.

LEONARD—Be back this afternoon, Master Adam Fumée; I will have my decision ready. [*They bow low to each other. Exit* MASTER ADAM.]

SCENE II

LEONARD; later GILES; later CATHERINE.

LEONARD [*At the door, calling.*]—Giles! Giles! . . . The rogue never hears me; he is in the kitchen, as usual, upsetting the soup and the servant. He's a knave and a scoundrel. Giles! . . . Giles! . . . Here, you rapscallion! You reprobate! . . .

GILES—Present, your Honour.

LEONARD (*Taking him by the ear.*)—Sirrah! Go straight to the famous doctor, Master Simon Colline, who lives in Buci Square, at the Sign of the Dragon, and tell him to come to my house at once, to treat a dumb woman. . . .

GILES—Yes, your Honour. (GILES *starts off, running, to the right.*)

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Leonard—Go the nearest way, not round by the New Bridge, to watch the jugglers. I know you, you slow-poke; there's not such another cheat and loafer in ten counties. (Giles *comes back, slowly, across stage, and stops.*)

Giles—Sir, you wrong me. . . .

Leonard—Be off! and bring the famous doctor back with you.

Giles (*Bolting off to the left.*)—Yes, your Honour.

Leonard [*Going up and sitting down at the table, which is loaded with brief-bags.*] I have fourteen verdicts to render to-day, besides the decree in the case of Master Adam Fumée's ward. And that is no small labour, because a decree, to do credit to the Judge, must be cleverly worded, subtle, elegant, and adorned with all the ornaments both of style and of thought. The ideas must be pleasingly conceived and playfully expressed. Where should one show one's wit, if not in a verdict? (*The* Watercress Man *enters from the right and crosses to the left singing:* "Good watercress, fresh from the spring! Keeps you healthy and hearty. Six farthings a bunch. Six farthings a bunch." *When the watercress man is well on, enter the* Candle Man *from left to right singing:* "Candles! Cotton-wick candles! Burn bright as the stars!" *While he is passing,* Catherine *enters from the upper stairway door; she curtsies to the audience and then sits on the window-seat, embroidering. As the street-cries die away* Leonard *looks up from his work at the table, and seeing Catherine, goes to her and kisses her as she rises to meet him. She makes a curtsy, kisses him in return, and listens with pleased attention.*) Good morning, my love. . . . I didn't even hear you come down. You are like the fairy forms in the stories, that seem to glide upon air; or like the dreams which the gods, as poets tell, send down to happy mortals. (Catherine *shows her pleasure in his compliments.*) My love, you are a marvel of nature, and a triumph of art; you have all charms but speech. (Catherine *turns away sobbing slightly.*) Shouldn't you be glad to have that, too? (*She turns back, intensely interested.*) Shouldn't you be happy to let your lips utter all the pretty thoughts I can read in your eyes? Shouldn't you be pleased to show your wit? (*She waves her handkerchief in glee.*) Shouldn't you like to tell your husband how you love him? Wouldn't it be delightful to call him your treasure and sweetheart? Yes, surely! . . . (*They rise.* Catherine *is full of pleased animation.*) Well, I've a piece of good news for you, my love. . . . A great doctor is coming here presently, who can make you talk. . . . [Catherine *shows her satisfaction, dancing gracefully up and down.*] He will untie your tongue and never hurt you a bit. [Catherine's *movements express charming and joyous impatience.* A Blind Man *goes by in the street playing a lively old-fashioned country dance. He stops and calls out in a doleful voice:* "Charity, for the love of God, good gentlemen and ladies." (Leonard *motions him away, but* Catherine *pleads for him by her gestures, indicating that he is blind.* Leonard *yields and goes back to his writing-table. She stands at the window listening while the blind man sings.*)]

The Blind Man—

There's lots of good fish in the sea,
La dee ra, la dee ra;
Now who will come and fish with me?
La dee ra, la dee ra;
Now who'll with me a-fishing go?
My dainty, dainty damsel, O!
Come fish the livelong day with me,
La dee ra, la dee ra;
And who will then be caught?—we'll see?
La dee ra, dee ra, day.

(*Toward the end of the verse* Catherine *glances at* Leonard *and sees that she is unobserved; she steals to the street door as the* Blind Man *begins the second verse there; during this verse she dances to him and frolics around the stage as he sings.*)

The Blind Man—

Along the rippling river's bank,
La dee ra, la dee ra;
Along the wimpling water's bank.
La dee ra, la dee ra,
Along the bank so shady, O!
I met the miller's lady, O!
And danced with her the livelong day,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
And oh! I danced my heart away!
La dee ra, dee ra day.

[The Blind Man *stops playing and singing, and says, in a hollow and terrifying voice:* "Charity, for the love of God, good gentlemen and ladies."]

Leonard [*Who has been buried in his documents and noticed nothing, now drives the* Blind Man *off the stage with objurgations.*] Vagabond, robber, ruffian! [*And throws a lot of brief-bags and books at his head; then speaks to* Catherine, *who has gone back to her place.*] My love, since you came downstairs, I haven't been wasting my time; I have sentenced fourteen men and six women to the pillory; and distributed, among seventeen different people—(*He* *counts up*)—six, twenty-four, thirty-two, forty-four, forty-seven; and nine, fifty-six; and eleven, sixty-seven; and ten, seventy-seven; and eight, eighty-five; and twenty, a hundred and five—a hundred and five years in the galleys. Doesn't that make you realise the great power of a judge? How can I help feeling some pride in it?

[Catherine, *who had stopped her work, leans on the table, and smilingly watches her husband. Then she sits down on the table, which is covered with brief-bags.*]

Leonard [*Making as if to pull the bags from under her.*]—My love, you are hiding great criminals from my justice. Thieves and murderers. But I will not pursue them, their place of refuge is sacred.

[A Chimney Sweep *passes in the street, calling:* "Sweep your chimneys, my ladies; sweep them clear and clean."]

[Leonard *and* Catherine *kiss across the table. But, seeing the* Doctors *arriving,* Catherine *runs off up the stairs.*]

Scene III

Leonard, Giles, Master Simon Colline, Master Jean Maugier, Two Attendants; later Master Serafin Dulaurier; later Alison.

(*Enter, in formal procession,* Giles, *leading the line and imitating a trumpeter, then the two* Doctors' Attendants, *then* Master Simon *and* Master Jean. *The* Attendants, *one carrying the case of instruments, take their stand on either side of the door. The Doctor and Surgeon bow formally to the audience.*)

Giles—Your Honour, here's the great doctor you sent for.

Master Simon (*bowing*)—Yes, I am Master Simon Colline himself. . . . And this is Master Jean Maugier, surgeon. You called for our services?

Leonard—Yes, sir, to make a dumb woman speak.

Master Simon—Good! We must wait for Master Serafin Dulaurier, apothecary. As soon as he comes we will proceed to operate according to our knowledge and understanding.

Leonard—Ah! You really need an apothecary to make a dumb woman speak?

Master Simon—Yes, sir; to doubt it is to show total ignorance of the relations of the organs to each other, and of their mutual interdependence. Master Serafin Dulaurier will soon be here.

Master Jean Maugier [*Suddenly bellowing out in stentorian tones.*] Oh! how grateful we should be to learned doctors like Master Simon Colline, who labour to preserve us in health and comfort us in sickness. Oh! how worthy of praise and of blessings are these noble doctors who follow in their profession the rules of scientific theory and of long practice.

Master Simon [*Bowing slightly.*] You are much too kind, Master Jean Maugier.

Leonard—While we are waiting for the apothecary, won't you take some light refreshment, gentlemen?

Master Simon—Most happy.

Master Jean—Delighted.

Leonard—Alison! . . . So then, Master Simon Colline, you will perform a slight operation and make my wife speak?

Master Simon—Say, rather, I shall order the operation. I command, Master Jean Maugier executes. . . . Have you your instruments with you, Master Jean?

Master Jean—Yes, Master. [(*He claps his hands; the attendants run forward into the room, and, each holding one side, they unfold the large cloth case of instruments and hold it up) disclosing a huge saw with two-inch teeth, and knives, pincers, scissors, a skewer, a bitstock, an enormous bit, etc.*]

Leonard—I hope, sirs, you don't intend to use all those?

Master Simon—One must never be caught unarmed by a patient. (*The attendants fold up the case and give it to Master Jean; then run back to their positions by the door, as* Alison, *with a large tray, bottles, and glasses, enters from the kitchen.*)

Leonard—Will you drink, gentlemen? (Colline *and* Maugier *take glasses from* Alison *and drink, after* Alison *has kissed* Colline's *glass.*)

Master Simon—This light wine of yours is not half bad.

Leonard—Very kind of you to say so. It's from my own vineyard.

Master Simon—You shall send me a cask of it.

Leonard [*To* Giles, *who had poured himself a glass full to the brim.*] I didn't tell you to drink, you reprobate.

Master Jean [*Looking out of the window.*] Here is Master Serafin Dulaurier, the apothecary. [*Enter* Master Serafin. (*He trots across the stage, stopping to bow to the audience.*)]

Master Simon (*Peering into the street.*) —And here is his mule! . . . Or no—'tis Master Serafin himself. You never can tell them apart. (Master Serafin *joins the group in the room.*) Drink, Master Serafin. It is fresh from the cellar.

Master Serafin—Your good health, my Masters!

Master Simon [*To* Alison.] Pour freely, fair Hebe. Pour right, pour left, pour here, pour there. Whichever way she turns, she shows new charms. Are you not proud, my girl, of your trim figure?

Alison—For all the good it does me, there is no reason to be proud of it. Charms are not worth much unless they are hidden in silk and brocade.

Master Serafin—Your good health, my Masters! [*They* All *drink, and make* Alison *drink with them.*]

Alison—You like to fool with us. But free gratis for nothing.

Master Simon—Now we are all here, shall we go see the patient?

Leonard—I will show you the way, gentlemen.

Master Simon—After you, Master Maugier, you go first.

Master Maugier (*Glass in one hand, case of instruments in the other.*) I'll go first, since the place of honour is the rear. (*He crosses to the left, and goes behind the table toward the door, following Botal.*)

Master Simon—After you, Master Serafin Dulaurier. [Master Serafin *follows Maugier, bottle in hand.* Master Simon, *after stuffing a bottle into each pocket of his gown, and kissing the servant,* Alison, *goes up stage, singing.*]

Then drink! and drink! and drink again!
Drink shall drown our care and pain.
Good friends must drink before they part,
To warm the cockles of the heart!

[Alison, *after cuffing* Giles, *who was trying to kiss her, goes up last.*]

(All *sing in chorus as they go out by the right upper door:*)

Then drink! and drink! and drink again!

[*End of* ACT I]

ACT II

Scene:—the same. Four or five hours have elapsed.

Scene I

Leonard, Master Adam.

Master Adam—Good afternoon, your Honour. How are you this afternoon?

Leonard—Well, fairly well. And how are you?

Master Adam—Well as can be. Excuse my besieging you, your Honour, my dear comrade. Have you looked into the case of my young ward who's been robbed by her guardian?

Leonard—Not yet, Master Adam Fumée. . . . But what's that you say? You've been robbing your ward?

Master Adam—No, no, never think it, your Honour. I said "my" out of pure interest in her. But I am not her guardian, thank God! I'm her lawyer. And, if she gets back her estate, which is no small estate neither, then I shall be her husband; yes, I've had the foresight to make her fall in love with me already. And so, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you'll examine her case at the earliest possible moment. All you have to do is to read the statement I gave you; that contains everything you need to know about the case.

Leonard—Your statement is there, Master Adam, on my table. I should have looked through it already, if I hadn't been so besieged. But I've been entertaining the flower of the medical faculty here. (*Suddenly seizing him by the shoulders and shaking him.*) 'Twas your advice brought this trouble upon me.

Master Adam—Why, what do you mean?

Leonard—I sent for the famous doctor you told me about, Master Simon Colline. He came, with a surgeon and an apothecary; he examined my wife, Catherine, from head to foot, to see if she was dumb. Then, the surgeon cut my dear Catherine's tongue-ligament, the apothecary gave her a pill—and she spoke.

Master Adam—She spoke? Did she need a pill, to speak?

Leonard—Yes, because of the interdependence of the organs.

Master Adam—Oh! Ah! . . . Anyhow, the main point is, she spoke. And what did she say?

Leonard—She said: "Bring me my looking-glass!" And, seeing me quite overcome by my feelings, she added, "You old goose, you shall give me a new satin gown and a velvet-trimmed cape for my birthday."

Master Adam—And she kept on talking?

Leonard—She hasn't stopped yet.

Master Adam—And yet you don't thank me for my advice; you don't thank me for having sent you to that wonderful doctor? Aren't you overjoyed to hear your wife speak?

Leonard—[*Sourly.*] Yes, certainly. I thank you with all my heart, Master Adam Fumée, and I am overjoyed to hear my wife speak.

Master Adam—No! You do not show as much satisfaction as you ought to. There is something you are keeping back—something that's worrying you.

Leonard—Where did you get such a notion?

Master Adam—From your face. . . . What is bothering you? Isn't your wife's speech clear?

Leonard—Yes, it's clear—and abundant. I must admit, its abundance would be a trial to me if it kept up at the rate which it started at.

Master Adam—Ah! . . . I feared *that* beforehand, your Honour. But you mustn't be cast down too soon. Perhaps this flood of words will ebb. It is the first overflow of a spring too long bottled up. . . . My best congratulations, your Honour. My ward's name is Ermeline de la Garandière. Don't forget her name; show her favour, and you will find proper gratitude. I will be back later in the day.

Leonard—Master Adam Fumée, I will look into your case at once. [*Exit* Master Adam Fumée.]

Scene II

Leonard; later Catherine.

(Catherine *is heard off stage singing the Blind Man's song;* Leonard *starts, shakes his head, hurries to his writing-table, and sits down to work.* Catherine, *still singing, enters gaily, and goes to him at the table.*)

Leonard [*Reading.*]—"Statement, on behalf of Ermeline-Jacinthe-Marthe de la Garandière, gentlewoman."

Catherine (*Standing behind his chair, and first finishing her song:* "La dee ra, dee ra, day," *then speaking with great volubility.*) —What are you doing, my dear? You seem busy. You work too much. (*She goes to the window-seat and takes up her embroidery.*) Aren't you afraid it will make you ill? You must rest once in a while. Why don't you tell me what you are doing, dear?

Leonard—My love, I . . .

Catherine—Is it such a great secret? Can't I know about it?

Leonard—My love, I . . .

Catherine—If it's a secret, don't tell me.

Leonard—Won't you give me a chance to answer? I am examining a case and preparing to draw up a verdict on it.

Catherine—Is drawing up a verdict so very important?

Leonard—Most certainly it is. (Catherine *sits at the window singing and humming to herself, and looking out.*) In the first place, people's honour, their liberty, and sometimes even their life, may depend on it; and furthermore, the Judge must show therein both the depth of his thought and the finish of his style.

Catherine—Then examine your case and prepare your verdict, my dear. I'll be silent.

Leonard—That's right. . . . "Ermeline-Jacinthe-Marthe de la Garandière, gentlewoman . . ."

Catherine—My dear, which do you think would be more becoming to me, a damask gown, or a velvet suit with a Turkish skirt?

Leonard—I don't know, I . . .

Catherine—*I* think a flowered satin would suit my age best, especially a light-coloured one, with a *small* flower pattern.

Leonard—Perhaps so. But . . .

Catherine—And don't you think, my dear, that it is quite improper to have a hoop-skirt very full? Of course, a skirt must have *some* fullness . . . or else you don't seem dressed at all; so, we mustn't let it be scanty. But, my dear, you wouldn't want me to have room enough to hide a pair of lovers under my hoops, now would you? That fashion won't last, I'm sure; some day the court ladies will give it up, and then every woman in town will make haste to follow their example. Don't you think so?

Leonard—Yes! Yes! But . . .

Catherine—Now, about high heels. . . . They must be made just right. A woman is judged by her foot-gear—you can always tell a real fine lady by her shoes. You agree with me, don't you, dear?

Leonard—Yes, yes, *yes*, but . . .

Catherine—Then write out your verdict. I shan't say another word.

Leonard—That's right. [*Reading, and making notes.*] "Now, the guardian of the said young lady, namely Hugo Thomas of Piedeloup, gentleman, stole from the said young lady her——"

Catherine—My dear, if one were to believe the wife of the Chief Justice of Montbadon, the world has grown very corrupt; it is going to the bad; young men nowadays don't marry; they prefer to hang about rich old ladies; and meanwhile the poor girls are left to wither on their maiden stalks. Do you think it's as bad as all that? Do answer me, dear.

Leonard—My darling, won't you please be silent one moment? Or go and talk somewhere else? I'm all at sea.

Catherine—There, there, dear; don't

worry. I shan't say another word! Not a word!

Leonard—Good! [*Writing.*] "The said Piedeloup, gentleman, counting both hay crops and apple crops . . . "

Catherine—My dear, we shall have for supper to-night some minced mutton and what's left of that goose one of your suitors gave us. Tell me, is that enough? Shall you be satisfied with it? I hate being mean, and like to set a good table, but what's the use of serving courses which will only be sent back to the pantry untouched? The cost of living is getting higher all the time. Chickens, and salads, and meats, and fruit have all gone up so, it will soon be cheaper to order dinner sent in by a caterer.

Leonard—I beg you . . . [*Writing.*] "An orphan by birth . . . "

Catherine—Yes, that's what we're coming to. No home life any more. You'll see. Why, a capon, or a partridge, or a hare, cost less all stuffed and roasted than if you buy them alive at the market. That is because the cook-shops buy in large quantities and get a big discount; so they can sell to us at a profit. I don't say we ought to get our regular meals from the cook-shop. We can do our everyday plain cooking at home, and it's better to; but when we invite people in, or give a formal dinner party, then it saves time and money to have the dinner sent in. Why, at less than an hour's notice, the cook-shops and cake-shops will get you up a dinner for a dozen, or twenty, or fifty people; the cook-shop will send in meat and poultry, the caterer will send galantines and sauces and relishes, the pastry-cook will send pies and tarts and sweets and desserts; and it's all so convenient. Now, don't you think so yourself, Leonard?"

Leonard—Please, please! (Leonard *tries to write through the following speech, murmuring:* "An orphan by birth, a capon by birth, an olla podrida," *etc.*)

Catherine—It's no wonder everything goes up. People are getting more extravagant every day. If they are entertaining a friend, or even a relative, they don't think they can do with only three courses, soup, meat, and dessert. No, they have to have meats or six different styles, with so many sauces, or dressings, or pasties, that it's a regular olla podrida. Now, don't you think that is going too far, my dear? For my part I just can not understand how people can take pleasure in stuffing themselves with so many kinds of food. Not that I despise a good table; why, I'm even a bit of an epicure myself. "Not too plenty, but dainty," suits *my* taste. Now, what I like best of all is capons' kidneys with artichoke hearts. But you, Leonard, I suspect you have a weakness for tripe and sausages. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! How can anyone enjoy sausages?

Leonard [*His head in his hands.*]—I shall go mad! I know I shall go mad.

Catherine (*Running to the table behind him*)—My dear, I just shan't say another word—not a single word. For I can see that my chattering *might* possibly disturb your work.

Leonard—If you would only do as you say!

Catherine (*Returning to her place.*)—I shan't even open my lips.

Leonard—Splendid!

Catherine (*Busily embroidering.*)—You see, dear, I'm not saying another word.

Leonard—Yes.

Catherine—I'm letting you work in perfect peace and quiet.

Leonard—Yes.

Catherine—And write out your verdict quite undisturbed. Is it almost done?

Leonard—It never will be—if you don't keep still. [*Writing.*] "Item, One hundred twenty pounds a year, which the said unworthy guardian stole from the poor orphan girl . . . "

Catherine—Listen! Ssh-sh! Listen! Didn't you hear a cry of fire? (*Leonard runs to the window, looks out, and then shakes his head at Catherine.*) I thought I did. But perhaps I may have been mistaken. Is there anything so terrifying as a fire? Fire is even worse than water. Last year I saw the houses on Exchange Bridge burn up. What confusion! What havoc! The people threw their furniture into the river, and jumped out of the windows. They didn't know what they were about; you see, fear drove them out of their senses.

Leonard—Lord, have mercy upon me!

Catherine—Oh! What makes you groan so, dear? *Tell* me, tell me what is the matter?

Leonard—I can't endure it another minute.

Catherine—You must rest, Leonard. You mustn't work so hard. It isn't reasonable. You have no right to . . .

Leonard—Will you never be still?

Catherine—Now, don't be cross, dear. I'm not saying a word.

Leonard—Would to Heaven! (Madame de la Bruine, *followed by her footman, crosses the stage during the following speech.*)

Catherine [*Looking out of the window.*] Oh! Here comes Madame de la Bruine, the attorney's wife! She's got on a silk-lined hood and a heavy puce-coloured cape over her brocade gown. And she has a lackey with a face like a smoked herring. Leonard, she's looking this way; I believe she's coming to call. Hurry and arrange the chairs and bring up an armchair for her; we must show people proper respect according to their rank and station. She is stopping at our door. No, she's going on. She's gone on. Perhaps I was mistaken. Perhaps it was somebody else. You can't be sure about recognizing people. But if it wasn't she, it was somebody like her, and even very much like her. Now I think of it, I'm sure it was she, there simply couldn't be another woman in Paris so like Madame de la Bruine. My dear. . . . My dear. . . . Would you have like to have Madame de la Bruine call on us? [*She sits down on his table.*] I know you don't like rattle-tongued women; it's lucky for you that you didn't marry *her;* she jabbers like a magpie; she does nothing but gabble from morning to night. What a chatterbox! And sometimes she tells stories which are not to her credit. [Leonard, *driven beyond endurance, climbs up on his step-ladder and sits down on one of the middle steps, and tries to write there.*] In the first place, she always gives you a list of all the presents her husband has received. It's a dreadful bore to hear her tell them over. [*She climbs up on the other side of the double step-ladder and sits down opposite Leonard.*] What is it to us, if the Attorney de la Bruine receives presents of game, or flour, or fresh fish, or even a sugar-loaf? But Madame de la Bruine takes good care *not* to tell you that one day her husband received a great Amiens pasty, and when he opened it he found nothing but an enormous pair of horns.

Leonard—My head will burst! [*He takes refuge on top of one of the cabinets, with his writing-case and papers.*]

Catherine [*At the top of the ladder.*]—And did you see my fine lady, who's really no lady at all, wearing an embroidered cape, just like any princess? Don't you think it's ridiculous! But there! Nowadays everybody dresses above his station, men as well as women. Your court secretaries try to pass for gentlemen; they wear gold chains and jewelry, and feathers in their hats; all the same, anyone can tell what they are.

Leonard [*On top of his cupboard.*] I've got to the point where I can't answer for the consequences; I feel capable of committing any crime. [*Calling.*] Giles! Giles! Giles! The scoundrel! Giles! Alison! Giles! Giles! [*Enter* Giles.] Go quick and find the famous Doctor in Buci Square, Master Simon Colline, and tell him to come back here at once for a matter far more needful and urgent than before.

Giles—Yes, your Honour. [*Exit.*]

Catherine—What's the matter, my dear? You seem excited. Perhaps the air is close. No? It's the east wind, then, don't you think?—or the fish you ate for dinner?

Leonard [*Frantically gesticulating on top of his cupboard.*]—*Non omnia possumus omnes.* It is the office of servants to clean crockery, of mercers to measure ribbon, of monks to beg, of birds to drop dirt around everywhere, and of women to cackle and chatter like mad. Oh! How I regret, you saucy baggage, that I had your tongue loosed. Don't you worry, though—the famous doctor shall soon make you more dumb than ever you were. [*He catches up armfuls of the brief-bags which are piled on his cupboard of refuge, and throws them at* Catherine's *head; she jumps nimbly down from the ladder and runs off in terror, crying:*]

Catherine—Help! Murder! My husband's gone mad! Help! Help!

Leonard—Alison! Alison! [*Enter* Alison.]

Alison—What a life! Sir, have you turned murderer?

Leonard—Alison, follow her, stay by her, and don't let her come down. As you value your life, Alison, don't let her come down. For if I hear another word from her, I shall go raving mad, and God knows what I might do to her—and to you. Go! Off with you! [Alison *goes upstairs.*]

Scene III

Leonard, Master Adam, Mlle. de la Garandière, and a Lackey carrying a basket.

(Leonard *is still on top of the cabinet or book-case.* Master Adam *and* Mlle. de la Garandière *climb up on each side of the step-ladder. The* Lackey, *with an enormous basket on his head, kneels in front, centre.*)

Master Adam—Permit me, your Honour, with the object of softening your heart and arousing your pity, to present before you this young orphan girl, despoiled by a grasping guardian, who implores you for justice. Her eyes will speak to your heart more eloquently than my voice. Mlle. de la Garandière brings you her prayers and her tears; she adds thereunto one ham, two duck pies, a goose, and two goslings. She ventures to hope in exchange for a favouring verdict.

LEONARD—Mademoiselle, you arouse my interest. . . . Have you anything to add in defence of your case?

MLLE. DE LA GARANDIÈRE—You are only too kind, sir; I must rest my case on what my lawyer has just said.

LEONARD—That is all?

MLLE. DE LA GARANDIÈRE—Yes, sir.

LEONARD—She knows how to speak—and to stop. The poor orphan touches my heart. [*To the* LACKEY.] Carry that package to the pantry. [*Exit* LACKEY.] [*To* MASTER ADAM.] Master Adam, when you came in, I was just drawing up the decree which I shall presently render in this young lady's case. [*He starts to come down from his cabinet.*]

MASTER ADAM—What, up on that cupboard?

LEONARD—I don't know where I am; my head is going round and round. Do you want to hear the decree? I need to read it over myself. [*Reading.*] "Whereas, Mlle. de la Garandière, spinster, and an orphan by birth, did fraudulently, deceitfully, and with injurious intent, steal, filch, and subtract from her lawful guardian, Squire Piédeloup, gentleman, ten loads of hay and eighty pounds of fresh-water fish, and whereas, there is nothing so terrifying as a fire, and whereas, the State's Attorney did receive an Amiens pasty in which were two great horns . . . "

MASTER ADAM—What in Heaven's name are you reading?

LEONARD—Don't ask me. I don't know myself. I think my brains have been brayed in a mortar, for two hours running, by the very devil himself for a pestle. (*He breaks down and weeps on their shoulders.*) I'm a driveling idiot. . . . And all your fault, Master Adam Fumée. . . . If that fine doctor of yours hadn't restored my wife's speech . . .

MASTER ADAM—Don't blame me, Master Leonard. I forewarned you. I told you right enough, that you must think twice before untying a woman's tongue.

LEONARD—Ah, Master Adam Fumée, how I long for the time when my Catherine was dumb. No! Nature has no scourge more fearsome than a rattle-tongued female. . . . But I count on the doctors to recall their cruel gift. I have sent for them. Here's the surgeon now.

SCENE IV

THE SAME, MASTER JEAN MAUGIER; later MASTER SIMON COLLINE and MASTER SERAFIN DULAURIER, followed by TWO APOTHECARY'S BOYS.

MASTER JEAN MAUGIER—Your Honour, I bid you good day. Here is Master Simon Colline coming forward upon his mule, followed by Master Serafin Dulaurier, apothecary. About him crowds the adoring populace: chambermaids, trussing up their petticoats, and scullions with hampers on their heads, form his escort of honor. [*Enter* MASTER SIMON COLLINE *and* HIS SUITE.] Oh! how justly does Master Simon Colline command the admiration of the people when he goes through the city clad in his doctor's robe, his square cap, his cassock and bands. Oh! how grateful we should be to those noble doctors who labour to preserve us in health and comfort us in sickness. Ohhhh! how . . .

MASTER SIMON [*To* MASTER JEAN MAUGIER.]—Have done; 'tis enough.

LEONARD—Master Simon Colline, I was in haste to see you. I urgently beg for your services.

MASTER SIMON—For yourself? What is your disease? Where is the pain?

LEONARD—No! For my wife; the one who was dumb.

MASTER SIMON—Has she any trouble now?

LEONARD—None at all. I have all the trouble now.

MASTER SIMON—What? The trouble is with you, and it's your wife you want cured?

LEONARD—Master Simon Colline, she talks too much. You should have given her speech, but not so much speech. Since you've cured her of her dumbness, she drives me mad. I can not bear another word from her. I've called you in to make her dumb again.

MASTER SIMON—'Tis impossible!

LEONARD—What's that? You can't take away the power of speech which you gave her?

MASTER SIMON—No! That I can not do. My skill is great, but it stops short of that. (LEONARD *in despair turns to each of them in succession.*)

MASTER JEAN MAUGIER—We can not do it.

MASTER SERAFIN—Our greatest efforts would have not the slightest result.

MASTER SIMON—We have medicines to make women speak; we have none to make them keep silence.

LEONARD—You haven't? Is that your last word? You drive me to despair.

MASTER SIMON—Alas, your Honcur! (*He advances to the centre, claps his hands for attention, and declaims.*) There is no elixir, balm, magisterium, opiate, unguent, ointment, local application, electuary, nor panacea, that can cure the excess of glottal activity in woman. Treacle and orvietano would be without virtue, and all the herbs described by Dioscorides would have no effect.

LEONARD—Can this be true?

MASTER SIMON—Sir, you dare not so offend me as to doubt it.

LEONARD—Then I am a ruined man. There's nothing left for me to do but tie a stone around my neck and jump into the Seine. (*He rushes to the window and tries to jump out, but is held back by the doctors.*) I can not live in this hubbub. (*The doctors drag him back, set him down, and, with* MASTER ADAM, *stand in a circle in front of him.*) If you don't want me to drown myself straightway, then you doctors must find me some cure.

MASTER SIMON—There is none, I tell you, for your wife. But there might be one for you, if you would consent to take it.

LEONARD—You give me a little hope. Explain it, for Heaven's sake.

MASTER SIMON—For the clack of a wife, there's but one cure in life. Let her husband be deaf. 'Tis the only relief.

LEONARD—What do you mean?

MASTER SIMON—Just what I say.

MASTER ADAM—Don't you understand? That's the finest discovery yet. Since he can't make your wife dumb, this great doctor offers to make you deaf.

LEONARD—Make me really deaf? Oh! . . . (*He starts to rise, but is pushed back by* MASTER SIMON, *who stands directly in front of him.*)

MASTER SIMON—Certainly. I can cure you at once, and for all time, of your wife's verbal hypertrophy, by means of cophosis.

LEONARD—By cophosis? What is cophosis?

MASTER SIMON—'Tis what is vulgarly called deafness. Do you see any disadvantages in becoming deaf?

LEONARD—Certainly I do!

MASTER JEAN MAUGIER—You think so?

MASTER SERAFIN—For instance?

MASTER SIMON—You are a Judge. What disadvantage is there in a Judge's being deaf?

MASTER ADAM—None at all. Believe me; I am a practicing lawyer. There is none at all.

MASTER SIMON—What harm could come to justice thereby?

MASTER ADAM—No harm at all. Quite the contrary. Master Leonard Botal could then hear neither lawyers nor prosecutors, and so would run no risk of being deceived by a lot of lies.

LEONARD—That's true.

MASTER ADAM—He will judge all the better.

LEONARD—Maybe so.

MASTER ADAM—Never doubt it.

LEONARD—But how do you perform this . . .

MASTER JEAN MAUGIER—This cure.

MASTER SIMON—Cophosis, vulgarly called deafness, may be brought about in several ways. It is produced either by otorrhœa, or by sclerosis of the ear, or by otitis, or else by anchylosis of the ossicles. But these various means are long and painful.

LEONARD—I reject them! . . . I reject them absolutely.

MASTER SIMON—You are right. It is far better to induce cophosis by means of a certain white powder which I have in my medicine-case; a pinch of it, placed in the ear, is enough to make you as deaf as Heaven when it's angry, or as deaf as a post.

LEONARD—Many thanks, Master Simon Colline; keep your powder. I will not be made deaf.

MASTER SIMON—What? You won't be made deaf? What? You refuse cophosis? You decline the cure which you begged for just now? Ah, 'tis a case but too common, and one calculated to make a judicious physician grieve, to see a recalcitrant patient refuse the salutary medicament . . .

MASTER JEAN MAUGIER—And flee from the care, which would cure all his ailments . . .

MASTER SERAFIN—And decline to be healed. Oh!

MASTER ADAM—Do not decide too quickly, Master Leonard Botal; do not deliberately reject this slight affliction which will save you from far greater torment.

LEONARD—No! I will not be deaf; I'll have none of your powder.

SCENE V

THE SAME, ALISON; later CATHERINE.

ALISON [*Rushes in from the stairs, stopping her ears.*] I can't stand it. My head will burst. No human creature can stay and listen to such a clatter. There's no stopping her. I feel as if I'd been caught in the mill-wheel for two mortal hours. (CATHERINE *is heard off stage singing the blind man's song.*)

LEONARD—Wretch! Don't let her come down. Alison! Giles! Lock her in.

MASTER ADAM—Oh! Sir!

MLLE. DE LA GARANDIÈRE—Oh! Sir, can your heart be so cruel as to want to lock the poor lady up all alone?

(CATHERINE *is heard singing again.* LEONARD *starts for the ladder, and climbs it as she enters.*)

CATHERINE—What a fine large assembly! I am your humble servant, gentlemen. [*She curtsies.*]

MASTER SIMON COLLINE—Well, madam? Aren't you pleased with us? Didn't we do our work well in loosing your tongue?

CATHERINE—Fairly well, sirs; and I'm truly grateful to you. At first, to be sure, I could speak but haltingly; and bring out only a few words; now, however, I have some degree of facility; but I use it with great moderation, for a garrulous wife is a scourge in the house. Yes, gentlemen, I should be in despair if you could so much as suspect me of loquacity, or if you could think for a moment that any undue desire to talk could get hold on me. (LEONARD, *on top of the cabinet, laughs wildly.*) And so, I beg you to let me justify myself here and now in the eyes of my husband, who, for some inconceivable reason, has become prejudiced against me, and taken it into his head that my conversation bothered him while he was drawing up a decree. . . . Yes, a decree in favour of an orphan girl deprived of her father and mother in the flower of her youth. But no matter for that. (*She crosses to the ladder and starts to go up one side of it.* LEONARD *climbs down the other side, goes first to one doctor, then to another, and finally sits down on the bench in front of the table.*) I was sitting beside him and hardly saying a single word to him. My only speech was my presence. Can a husband object to that? Can he take it ill when his wife stays with him and seeks to enjoy his company, as she ought? (*She goes to her husband and sits down beside him. During the rest of the speech all those present, one after another, sink down in exhaustion at listening to her.*) The more I think of it, the less I can understand your impatience. What can have caused it? You must stop pretending it was my talkativeness. That idea won't hold water one moment. My dear, you must have some grievance against me which I know nothing about; I *beg* you to tell me what it is. You owe me an explanation, and as soon as I find out what displeased you I will see to it that you have no reason to complain of the same thing again—if only you'll tell me what it is. For I am eager to save you from the slightest reason for dissatisfaction. My mother used to say: "Between husband and wife, there should be no secrets." And she was quite right. Married people have only too often brought down terrible catastrophes on themselves or their households just because they didn't tell each other everything. That is what happened to the Chief Justice of Beaupreau's wife. To give her husband a pleasant surprise, she shut up a little sucking pig in a chest in her room. Her husband heard it squealing, and thought it was a lover, so he out with his sword and ran his wife through the heart, without even waiting to hear the poor lady's explanation. You can imagine his surprise and despair when he opened the chest. And that shows you must never have secrets, even for good reasons. My dear, you can speak freely before these gentlemen. I know I have done nothing wrong, so whatever you say can only prove the more clearly how innocent I am.

LEONARD [*Who has for some time been trying in vain by gestures and exclamations to stop* CATHERINE'S *flow of words, and has been showing signs of extreme impatience.*]—The powder! Give me the powder! Master Simon Colline, your powder—your white powder, for God's sake!

MASTER SIMON—Never was a deafness-producing powder more needed, that's sure. Be so kind as to sit down, your Honour. Master Serafin Dulaurier will inject the cophosis powder in your ears. (*The doctors crowd about* LEONARD, *and inject the powder first in one ear and then in the other.*)

MASTER SERAFIN—Gladly, sir, gladly.

MASTER SIMON—There! 'Tis done.

CATHERINE [*To* MASTER ADAM FUMEE.] Master Adam, you are a lawyer. Make my husband hear reason. Tell him that he must listen to me, that it's unheard of to condemn a wife without letting her state her case, tell him it's not right to throw brief-bags at your wife's head—yes, he threw brief-bags at my head—unless you are forced to it by some very strong feeling or reason. . . . Or no!—no, I'll tell him myself. [*To* LEONARD.] My dear, answer me, have I ever failed you in anything? Am I a naughty woman? Am I a bad wife? No, I have been faithful to my duty; I may even say I have loved my duty . . .

LEONARD [*His face expressing beatitude,* *as he calmly twirls his thumbs.*] 'Tis delicious. I can't hear a thing.

CATHERINE—Listen to me, Leonard, I love you tenderly. I will open my heart to you. I am not one of those light, frivolous women who are afflicted or consoled by airy nothings, and amused by trifles. (*She puts her arms about him and they rock back and forth,* LEONARD *grinning from ear to ear.*) I need companionshp. I need to be understood. That is my nature—I was born so. When I was only seven years old I had a little dog, a little yellow dog. . . . But you're not listening to me . . .

MASTER SIMON—Madam, he can't listen to you, or to anyone else. He can't hear.

CATHERINE—What do you mean he can't hear?

MASTER SIMON—I mean just that. He can't hear, as the result of a cure he has just taken. (*The* BLIND MAN *is heard again, playing the same air.*)

MASTER SERAFIN—A cure which has produced in him a sweet and pleasant cophosis.

CATHERINE—I'll make him hear, I tell you.

MASTER SIMON—No, you won't, madam; it can't be done.

CATHERINE—You shall see. [*To her husband, affectionately.*] My dear, my beloved, my pretty one, my sweetheart, my better-half. . . . You don't hear me? [*She shakes him.*] You monster, you Herod, you Blue Bluebeard, you old cuckold.

LEONARD—I can't hear her with my ears, but I hear her only too well with my arms, and with my shoulders and back.

MASTER SIMON—She is going mad.

MASTER MAUGIER—She has gone mad! Stark staring mad!

LEONARD—Oh! How can I get away? (CATHERINE *bites his neck.*) Oh! She has bitten me, I feel myself going mad, too.

(*The* BLIND MAN *has come forward, playing and singing the first verse of his song. Meanwhile* CATHERINE *and* LEONARD *go singing and dancing about, and bite the others, who likewise go mad and sing and dance wildly, all at the front of the stage. The other characters of the play come in—the* CANDLE MAN, CHIMNEY SWEEP, MADAME DE LA BRUINE, *etc., all are caught and bitten, and join in the song and the dance, which resolves itself into the old-fashioned country "right and left," as they sing the second verse.*)

ALL—

Along the rippling river's bank,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
Along the wimpling water's bank,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
Along the bank so shady O
I met the miller's lady O
And danced with her the livelong day,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
And oh! I danced my heart away,
La dee ra, dee ra, day.

(*As* LEONARD BOTAL *reaches the centre of the front stage, the dance stops a moment for him to say to the audience:*)

LEONARD—Good gentlemen and ladies, we pray you to forgive the author all his faults.

(*The dance re-commences, and as the curtain falls all dance off left or right, singing the refrain.*)

ALL (*diminuendo*)—

I danced with her the livelong day,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
And oh! I danced my heart away,
La dee ra, dee ra, day.

CURTAIN.

BLIND MAN'S SONG AND DANCE

(To the tune of "Dargason.")

There's lots of good fish in the sea,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
Now who will come and fish with me?
La dee ra, la dee ra,
Now who with me will fishing go,
My dainty, dainty damsel,
O, Come fish the live-long day with me,
And who will then be caught, we'll see,
La dee ra, la dee ra,
La dee ra, dee ra, day.

Loneliness

By DON MARQUIS

WITH what extraordinary persistence—with what fervor and hope and passionate determination—do our contemporary men of science seek to demonstrate communication between this Earth and Mars! There is something more than the purely scientific zeal and interest here. We *need* to know that other planets are inhabited by beings fulfilled and moved by a fire and spirit kindred to our own—otherwise what a dreadful loneliness oppresses us! Formerly, in the old years, the earth was imagined as the center of the universe; the mind that could make itself at home on this sphere was at home in a populated cosmos; but now we know that this earth is but an infinitesimal speck floating in an immensity so prodigious that the mind falters and swoons with the attempt to think of it. To believe that all the life which resembles our life is confined and limited to this one little grain of dust is to experience a sense of desolation that we can not support—we *must* populate these voids with men or gods or centaurs, or go mad. The cosmos has enlarged, new cells have burst open in the human brain to accommodate the new ten thousand million worlds that have been flung into it. We shall be in a frenzy of terror until we convince ourselves that we can assimilate these atoms, make these corpuscles circulate in our own blood.

Always the struggle of the human soul is to break through the barriers of silence and distance into companionship. Friendship, lust, love, art, religion—we rush into them pleading, fighting, clamoring for the touch of spirit laid against our spirit. All literature is merely an effort toward contact. And here is one of the paradoxes of the universe: the more trenchantly individualized is the personality the stronger is the impulse and the better is the equipment for overcoming the obstacles to this blending of spirit with spirit.

The fear of death is not altogether the fear of ceasing to exist as a person, an individual, an entity: it is more than that: it is the dread that encountering other spirits will cease: personal oblivion, the merging of the soul in Nirvana, were better than that the soul should continue to exist as an entity *without contact with other souls.*

When we are disengaged from all possible contacts with other spirits the loneliness finally becomes so unbearable that we rush wailing to clutch at the knees of the gods. Prophets and saints and mystics often deliberately induce this unbearable loneliness, withdrawing from the world of men to seek the presence of the deities; but there are some natures that do not need to withdraw themselves deliberately; they were born withdrawn; they are always alone, except when they struggle desperately for communion.

The ecstasy of religion, the ecstasy of art, the ecstacy of love, are the only things worth thinking about or experiencing. It is a trinity. These three are all one thing; they are three phases of creation. At supreme moments in the creative processes of art, love and religion the human spirit identifies itself with the gods; the individual spirit breaks the bonds and merges with *all* spirit. People sometimes smile at the instant of death with an expression similar to the look of passionate love, and it is possible that in both cases the look is due to a spiritual release and a spiritual contact.

Paganism has always seemed to us to have an advantage over Christianity in the respect of its instinctive appreciation and glorification of sexual love, its recognition of sexual love as akin to the religious ecstasy, as a phase of the general creative energy. But the great point in Christianity, and its superiority to Paganism, is its stress upon simple kindliness as a breaker-down of the walls of loneliness between human soul and human soul. (It takes all sorts of gods to make a world, and the truly conservative mind will beware of lightly rejecting any of the ancient orthodoxies.)

The monotheistic idea never endures; a religion may start with a monotheistic idea, but it will always progress into polytheism, into recognition of a multiplicity of Divine Persons. The Hebraic system has not merely Jehovah but the Angels; the Christian system has a Trinity, the Angels, the Saints, all Divine Beings. Possibly this is because of the feeling in the human souls that make religions and project godheads that one god would become too lonely—it is not good for god to be alone.

There are many hells, but the most intolerable hell is loneliness.

Too Dear!

By LEO TOLSTOY

NEAR the borders of France and Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a tiny little kingdom called Monaco. Many a small country town can boast more inhabitants than this kingdom, for there are only about seven thousand of them all told, and if all the land in the kingdom were divided there would not be an acre for each inhabitant. But in this toy kingdom there is a real kinglet; and he has a palace, and courtiers, and ministers, and a bishop, and generals, and an army.

It is not a large army, only sixty men in all, but still it is an army. There were also taxes in this kingdom, as elsewhere: a tax on tobacco, and on wine and spirits, and a poll-tax. But though the people there drink and smoke as people do in other countries, there are so few of them that the King would have been hard put to it to feed his courtiers and officials and to keep himself, if he had not found a new and special source of revenue. This special revenue comes from a gaming house, where people play roulette. People play, and whether they win or lose the keeper always gets a percentage on the turnover; and out of his profits he pays a large sum to the King. The reason he pays so much is that it is the only such gambling establishment left in Europe. Some of the little German Sovereigns used to keep gaming houses of the same kind, but some years ago they were forbidden to do so. The reason they were stopped was because these gaming houses did so much harm. A man would come and try his luck, then he would risk all he had and lose it, then he would even risk money that did not belong to him and lose that too, and then, in despair, he would drown or shoot himself. So the Germans forbade their rulers to make money in this way; but there was no one to stop the King of Monaco, and he remained with a monopoly of the business.

So now every one who wants to gamble goes to Monaco. Whether they win or lose, the King gains by it. "You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour," as the proverb says; and the Kinglet of Monaco knows it is a dirty business, but what is he to do? He has to live; and to draw a revenue from drink and from tobacco is also not a nice thing. So he lives and reigns, and rakes in the money, and holds his court with all the ceremony of a real king.

He has his coronation, his levees; he rewards, sentences, and pardons; and he also has his reviews, councils, laws, and courts of justice: just like other kings, only all on a smaller scale.

Now it happened a few years ago that a murder was committed in this toy King's domains. The people of that kingdom are peaceable, and such a thing had not happened before. The judges assembled with much ceremony and tried the case in the most judicial manner. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen, and barristers. They argued and judged, and at last they condemned the criminal to have his head cut off as the law directs. So far so good. Next they submitted the sentence to the King. The King read the sentence and confirmed it. "If the fellow must be executed, execute him."

There was only one hitch in the matter; and that was that they had neither a guillotine for cutting heads off, nor an executioner. The Ministers considered the matter, and decided to address an inquiry to the French government, asking whether the French could not lend them a machine and an expert to cut off the criminal's head; and if so, would the French kindly inform them what the cost would be. The letter was sent. A week later the reply came: a machine and an expert could be supplied, and the cost would be 16,000 francs. This was laid before the King. He thought it over. Sixteen thousand francs! "The wretch is not worth the money," said he. "Can't it be done, somehow, cheaper? Why, 16,000 francs is more than two francs a head on the whole population. The people won't stand it, and it may cause a riot!"

So a Council was called to consider what could be done, and it was decided to send a similar inquiry to the King of Italy. The French government is republican, and has no proper respect for kings; but the King of Italy was a brother monarch, and might be induced to do the thing cheaper. So the letter was written, and a prompt reply was received.

The Italian government wrote that they would have pleasure in supplying both a machine and an expert; and the whole cost would be 12,000 francs, including travelling expenses. This was cheaper, but still it seemed too much. The rascal was really not worth the money. It would still mean nearly two francs more per head on the taxes. Another Council was called. They discussed and considered how it could be done with less expense. Could not one of the soldiers, perhaps, be got to do it in a rough and homely fashion? The General was called and was asked: "Can't you find us a soldier who would cut the man's head off? In war they don't mind killing people. In fact, that is what they are trained for." So the General talked it over with the soldiers to see whether one of them would not undertake the job. But none of the soldiers would do it. "No," they said, "we don't know how to do it; it is not a thing we have been taught."

What was to be done? Again Ministers considered and reconsidered. They assembled a Commission, and a Committee, and a Sub-Committee, and at last they decided that the best thing would be to alter the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. This would enable the King to show his mercy, and it would come cheaper.

The King agreed to this, and so the matter was arranged. The only hitch now was that there was no suitable prison for a man sentenced for life. There was a small lock-up where people were sometimes kept temporarily, but there was no strong prison fit for permanent use. However, they managed to find a place that would do, and they put the young fellow there and placed a guard over him. The guard had to watch the criminal, and had also to fetch his food from the palace kitchen.

The prisoner remained there month after month till a year had passed. But when a year had passed, the Kinglet, looking over the account of his income and expenditure one day, noticed a new item of expenditure. This was for the keep of the criminal; nor was it a small item either. There was a special guard, and there was also the man's food. It came to more than 600 francs a year. And the worst of it was that the fellow was still young and healthy, and might live for fifty years. When one came to reckon it up, the matter was serious. It would never do. So the King summoned his Ministers and said to them:

"You must find some cheaper way of dealing with this rascal. The present plan is too expensive." And the Ministers met and considered and reconsidered, till one of them said: "Gentlemen, in my opinion we must dismiss the guard." "But then," rejoined another Minister, "the fellow will run away." "Well," said the first speaker, "let him run away, and be hanged to him!" So they reported the result of their deliberations to the Kinglet, and he agreed with them. The guard was dismissed, and they waited to see what would happen. All that happened was that at dinner-time the criminal came out, and, not finding his guard, he went to the King's kitchen to fetch his own dinner. He took what was given him, returned to the prison, shut the door on himself, and stayed inside. Next day the same thing occurred. He went for his food at the proper time; but as for running away, he did not show the least sign of it! What was to be done? They considered the matter again.

"We shall have to tell him straight out," said they, "that we do not want to keep him." So the Minister of Justice had him brought before him.

"Why do you not run away?" said the Minister. "There is no guard to keep you. You can go where you like, and the King will not mind."

"I daresay the King would not mind," replied the man, "but I have nowhere to go. What can I do? You have ruined my character by your sentence, and people will turn their backs on me. Besides, I have got out of the way of working. You have treated me badly. It is not fair. In the first place, when once you sentenced me to death you ought to have executed me; but you did not do it. That's one thing. I did not complain about that. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life and put a guard to bring me my food; but after a time you took him away again and I had to fetch my own food. Again I did not complain. But now you actually want me to go away! I can't agree to that. You may do as you like, but I won't go away!"

What was to be done? Once more the Council was summoned. What course could they adopt? The man would not go. They reflected and considered. The only way to get rid of him was to offer him a pension. And so they reported to the King. "There is nothing else for it," said they; "we must get rid of him somehow." The sum fixed was 600 francs, and this was announced to the prisoner.

"Well," said he, "I don't mind, so long as you undertake to pay it regularly. On that condition I am willing to go."

So the matter was settled. He received one-third of his annuity in advance, and left the King's dominions. It was only a quarter of an hour by rail; and he emigrated, and settled just across the frontier, where he bought a bit of land, started market-gardening, and now lives comfortably. He always goes at the proper time to draw his pension. Having received it he goes to the gaming tables, stakes two or three francs, sometimes wins and sometimes loses, and then returns home. He lives peaceably and well.

It is a good thing that he did not commit his crime in a country where they do not grudge expense to cut a man's head off, or to keep him in prison for life.

The Twa Dows[*]

By WILLIAM DUNBAR

TWA gentil birdis sat on ane tree,
Twa bonnie birdis as e'er could be,
And as thay sat for ay thay sang,
Quhyl wuddis and rochis wi' echois rang:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"
And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, com hither,
Com hither, com hither, and lat us woo."

The sun rase hie in the purpour east,
And flichterit down in the gleemie west,
And nicht cam on befair thay're dune
In singand of this gentle crune:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"
And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, com hither,
Com hither, com hither. and lat us woo."

Syne gaed thir birdis swa traist and free
Be nichtfal to thair herbourie;
In suth to say, their hearts were licht,
Sithens thay sang thorow the nicht:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"
And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, com hither,
Com hither, com hither, and lat us woo."

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[*] Fifteenth Century Scotch. "Dow" (doo) is dove, "mow" is mouth, halse is neck.

Prince Otto

A Romance

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THE PRINCE DEPARTS ON AN ADVENTURE

YOU shall seek in vain upon the map of Europe for the bygone state of Grünewald. An independent principality, an infinitesimal member of the German Empire, she played, for several centuries, her part in the discord of Europe; and, at last, in the ripeness of time and at the spiriting of several bald diplomatists, vanished like a morning ghost. Less fortunate than Poland, she left not a regret behind her; and the very memory of her boundaries has faded.

It was a patch of hilly country covered with thick wood. Many streams took their beginning in the glens of Grünewald, turning mills for the inhabitants. There was one town, Mittwalden, and many brown, wooden hamlets, climbing roof above roof, along the steep bottom of dells, and communicating by covered bridges over the larger of the torrents. The hum of water-mills, the splash of running water, the clean odor of pine sawdust, the sound and the smell of the pleasant wind among the innumerable army of the mountain pines, the dropping fire of huntsmen, the dull stroke of the wood-axe, intolerable roads, fresh trout for supper in the clean bare chamber of an inn, and the song of birds and the music of the village-bells—these were the recollections of the Grünewald tourist.

North and east the foothills of Grünewald sank with varying profile into a vast plain. On these sides many small states bordered with the principality, Gerolstein, an extinct grand duchy, among the number. On the south it marched with the comparatively powerful kingdom of Seaboard Bohemia, celebrated for its flowers and mountain bears, and inhabited by a people of singular simplicity and tenderness of heart. Several intermarriages had, in the course of centuries, united the crowned families of Grünewald and maritime Bohemia; and the last Prince of Grünewald, whose history I purpose to relate, drew his descent through Perdita, the only daughter of King Florizel the First of Bohemia. That these intermarriages had in some degree mitigated the rough, manly stock of the first Grünewalds, was an opinion widely held within the borders of the principality. The charcoal burner, the mountain sawyer, the wielder of the broad axe among the congregated pines of Grünewald, proud of their hard hands, proud of their shrewd ignorance and almost savage lore, looked with an unfeigned contempt on the soft character and manners of the sovereign race.

The precise year of grace in which this tale begins shall be left to the conjecture of the reader. But for the season of the year (which, in such a story, is the more important of the two) it was already so far forward in the spring, that when mountain people heard horns echoing all day about the north-west corner of the principality, they told themselves that Prince Otto and his hunt were up and out for the last time till the return of autumn.

At this point the borders of Grünewald descend somewhat steeply, here and there breaking into crags; and this shaggy and trackless country stands in a bold contrast to the cultivated plain below. It was traversed at that period by two roads alone. One, the imperial highway, bound to Brandenau in Gerolstein, descended the slope obliquely and by the easiest gradients. The other ran like a fillet across the very forehead of the hills, dipping into savage gorges, and wetted by the spray of tiny waterfalls. Once it passed beside a certain tower or castle, built sheer upon the margin of a formidable cliff, and commanding a vast prospect of the skirts of Grünewald and the busy plains of Gerolstein. The Felsenburg (so this tower was called) served now as a prison, now as hunting-seat; and for all it stood so lonesome to the naked eye, with the aid of a good glass the burghers of Brandenau could count its windows from the lime-tree terrace where they walked at night.

In the wedge of forest hillside enclosed between the roads, the horns continued all day long to scatter tumult; and at length, as the sun began to draw near to the horizon of the plain, a rousing triumph announced the slaughter of the quarry. The first and second huntsman had drawn somewhat aside, and from the summit of a knoll gazed down before them on the drooping shoulders of the hill and across the expanse of plain. They covered their eyes, for the sun was in their faces. The glory of its going down was somewhat pale. Through the confused tracery of many thousands of naked poplars, the smoke of so many houses, and the evening steam ascending from the fields, the sails of a windmill on a gentle eminence moved very conspicuously, like a donkey's ears. And hard by, like an open gash, the imperial highroad ran straight sunward, an artery of travel.

There is one of nature's spiritual ditties, that has not yet been set to words or human music: "The Invitation to the Road"; an air continually sounding in the ears of gipsies, and to whose inspiration our nomadic fathers journeyed all their days. The hour, the season, and the scene, all were in delicate accordance. The air was full of birds of passage, steering westward and northward over Grünewald, an army of specks to the uplooking eye. And below, the great practicable road was bound for the same quarter.

But to the two horsemen on the knoll this spiritual ditty was unheard. They were, indeed, in some concern of mind, scanning every fold of the subjacent forest, and betraying both anger and dismay in their impatient gestures.

"I do not see him, Kuno," said the first huntsman, "nowhere—not a trace, not a hair of the mare's tail! No, sir, he's off; broke cover and got away. Why, for twopence I would hunt him with the dogs!"

"Mayhap, he's gone home," said Kuno, but without conviction.

"Home!" sneered the other. "I'd give him twelve days to get home. No, it's begun again; it's as it was three years ago, before he married; a disgrace! Hereditary prince, hereditary fool! There goes the government over the borders on a grey mare. What's that? No, nothing—no, I tell you, on my word, I set more store by a good gelding or an English dog. That for your Otto!"

"He's not my Otto," growled Kuno.

"Then I don't know whose he is," was the retort.

"You would put your hand in the fire for him tomorrow," said Kuno, facing round.

"Me!" cried the huntsman. "I would see him hanged! I'm a Grünewald patriot—enrolled, and have my medal, too; and I would help a prince! I'm for liberty and Gondremark."

"Well, it's all one," said Kuno. "If anybody said what you said, you would have his blood, and you know it."

"You have him on the brain," retorted his companion. "There he goes!" he cried, the next moment.

And sure enough, about a mile down the mountain, a rider on a white horse was seen to flit rapidly across a heathy open and vanish among the trees on the farther side.

"In ten minutes he'll be over the border into Gerolstein," said Kuno. "It's past cure."

"Well, if he founders that mare, I'll never forgive him," added the other, gathering his reins.

And as they turned down from the knoll to rejoin their comrades, the sun dipped and disappeared, and the woods fell instantly into the gravity and greyness of the early night.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH THE PRINCE PLAYS HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

The night fell upon the Prince while he was threading green tracks in the lower valleys of the wood; and though the stars came out overhead and displayed the interminable order of the pine-tree pyramids, regular and dark like cypresses, their light was of small service to a traveller in such lonely paths, and from thenceforth he rode at random. The austere face of nature, the uncertain issue of his course, the open sky and the free air, delighted him like wine; and the hoarse chafing of a river on his left sounded in his ears agreeably.

It was past eight at night before his toil was rewarded and he issued at last out of the forest on the firm white highroad. It lay down-hill before him, with a sweeping eastward trend, faintly bright between the thickets; and Otto paused and gazed upon it. So it ran, league after league, still joining others, to the farthest ends of Europe, there skirting the sea-surge, here gleaming in the lights of cities; and the innumerable army of tramps and travellers moved upon it in all lands as by a common impulse, and were now in all places drawing near to the inn door and the night's rest. The pictures swarmed and vanished in his brain; a surge of temptation, a beat of all his blood, went over him, to set spur to the mare and to go on into the unknown forever. And then it passed away; hunger and fatigue, and that habit of middling actions which we call common-sense, resumed their empire; and in that changed mood, his eye lighted upon two bright windows on his left hand, between the road and river.

He turned off by a by-road, and in a few minutes he was knocking with his whip on the door of a large farmhouse, and a chorus of dogs from the farmyard were making angry answer. A very tall, old, white-headed man came, shading a candle, at the summons. He had been of great strength in his time, and of a handsome countenance; but now he was fallen away, his teeth were quite gone, and his voice when he spoke was broken and falsetto.

"You will pardon me," said Otto. "I am a traveller and have entirely lost my way."

"Sir," said the old man, in a very stately, shaky manner, "you are at the River Farm, and I am Killian Gottesheim, at your disposal. We are here, sir, at about an equal distance from Mittwalden in Grünewald and Brandenau in Gerolstein: six leagues to either, and the road excellent; but there is not a wine bush, not a carter's alehouse, anywhere between. You will have to accept my hospitality for the night; rough hospitality, to which I make you freely welcome; for, sir," he added with a bow, "it is God who sends the guest."

"Amen. And I most heartily thank you," replied Otto, bowing in his turn.

"Fritz," said the old man, turning towards the interior, "lead round this gentleman's horse; and you, sir, condescend to enter."

Otto entered a chamber occupying the greater part of the ground-floor of the building. It had probably once been divided; for the farther end was raised by a long step above the nearer, and the blazing fire and the white supper-table seemed to stand upon a daïs. All around were dark, brass-mounted cabinets and cupboards; dark shelves carrying ancient country crockery; guns and antlers and broadside ballads on the wall; a tall old clock with roses on the dial; and down in one corner the comfortable promise of a wine barrel. It was homely, elegant, and quaint.

A powerful youth hurried out to attend on the grey mare; and when Mr. Killian Gottesheim had presented him to his daughter Ottilia, Otto followed to the stable as became, not perhaps the Prince, but the good horseman. When he returned, a smoking omelette and some slices of home-cured ham were waiting him; these were followed by a ragout and a cheese; and it was not until his guest had entirely satisfied his hunger, and the whole party drew about the fire over the wine jug, that Killian Gottesheim's elaborate courtesy permitted him to address a question to the Prince.

"You have perhaps ridden far, sir?" he inquired.

"I have, as you say, ridden far," replied Otto; "and, as you have seen, I was prepared to do justice to your daughter's cookery."

"Possibly, sir, from the direction of Brandenau?" continued Killian.

"Precisely; and I should have slept to-night, had I not wandered, in Mittwalden," answered the Prince, weaving in a patch of truth, according to the habit of all liars.

"Business leads you to Mittwalden?" was the next question.

"Mere curiosity," said Otto. "I have never yet visited the principality of Grünewald."

"A pleasant state, sir," piped the old man, nodding, "a very pleasant state, and a fine race, both pines and people. We reckon ourselves part Grünewalders here, lying so near the borders; and the river there is all good Grünewald water, every drop of it. Yes, sir, a fine state. A man of Grünewald now will swing me an axe over his head that many a man of Gerolstein could hardly lift; and the pines, why, deary me, there must be more pines in that little state, sir, than people in this whole big world. 'Tis twenty years now since I crossed the marshes, for we grow home-keepers in old age; but I mind it as if it was yesterday. Up and down, the road keeps right on from here to Mittwalden; and nothing all the way but the good green pine-trees, big and little, and water power! water power at every step, sir. We once sold a bit of forest, up there beside the highroad; and

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the sight of minted money that we got for it, has set me ciphering ever since what all the pines in Grünewald would amount to."

"I suppose you see nothing of the Prince?" inquired Otto.

"No," said the young man, speaking for the first time, "nor want to."

"Why so? is he so much disliked?" asked Otto.

"Not what you might call disliked," replied the old gentleman, "but despised, sir."

"Indeed," said the Prince, somewhat faintly.

"Yes, sir, despised," nodded Killian, filling a long pipe, "and, to my way of thinking, justly despised. Here is a man with great opportunities, and what does he do with them? He hunts, and he dresses very prettily—which is a thing to be ashamed of in a man—and he acts plays; and if he does aught else, the news of it has not come here."

"Yet these are all innocent," said Otto. "What would you have him do—make war?"

"No, sir," replied the old man. "But here it is: I have been fifty years upon this River Farm, and wrought in it, day in, day out; I have ploughed and sowed and reaped, and risen early, and waked late; and this is the upshot: that all these years it has supported me and my family; and been the best friend that ever I had, set aside my wife; and now, when my time comes, I leave it a better farm than when I found it. So it is, if a man works hearty in the order of nature, he gets bread and he receives comfort, and whatever he touches breeds. And it humbly appears to me, if that Prince was to labour on his throne, as I have laboured and wrought in my farm, he would find both an increase and a blessing."

"I believe with you, sir," Otto said; "and yet the parallel is inexact. For the farmer's life is natural and simple; but the prince's is both artificial and complicated. It is easy to do right in the one, and exceedingly difficult not to do wrong in the other. If your crop is blighted, you can take off your bonnet and say, 'God's will be done'; but if the prince meets with a reverse, he may have to blame himself for the attempt. And perhaps, if all the kings in Europe were to confine themselves to innocent amusement, the subjects would be the better off."

"Ay," said the young man Fritz, "you are in the right of it there. That was a true word spoken. And I see you are like me, a good patriot and an enemy to princes."

Otto was somewhat abashed at this deduction, and he made haste to change his ground. "But," said he, "you surprise me by what you say of this Prince Otto. I have heard him, I must own, more favourably painted. I was told he was, in his heart, a good fellow, and the enemy of no one but himself."

"And so he is, sir," said the girl, "a very handsome, pleasant prince; and we know some who would shed their blood for him."

"O! Kuno!" said Fritz. "An ignoramus!"

"Ay, Kuno, to be sure," quavered the old farmer. "Well, since this gentleman is a stranger to these parts, and curious about the Prince, I do believe that story might divert him. This Kuno, you must know, sir, is one of the hunt servants, and a most ignorant, intemperate man: a right Grünewalder, as we say in Gerolstein. We know him well, in this house; for he has come as far as here after his stray dogs; and I make all welcome, sir, without account of state or nation. And, indeed, between Gerolstein and Grünewald the peace has held so long that the roads stand open like my door; and a man will make no more of the frontier than the very birds themselves."

"Ay," said Otto, "it has been a long peace—a peace of centuries."

"Centuries, as you say," returned Killian: "the more the pity that it should not be for ever. Well, sir, this Kuno was one day in fault, and Otto, who has a quick temper, up with his whip and thrashed him, they do say, soundly. Kuno took it as best he could, but at last he broke out, and dared the Prince to throw his whip away and wrestle like a man; for we are all great at wrestling in these parts, and it's so that we generally settle our disputes. Well, sir, the Prince did so; and being a weakly creature, found the tables turned; for the man whom he had just been thrashing like a negro slave, lifted him with a back grip and threw him heels over head."

"He broke his bridle-arm," cried Fritz—"and some say his nose. Serve him right, say I! Man to man, which is the better at that?"

"And then?" asked Otto.

"O, then, Kuno carried him home; and they were the best of friends from that day forth. I don't say it's a discreditable story, you observe," continued Mr. Gottesheim; "but it's droll, and that's the fact. A man should think before he strikes; for, as my nephew says, man to man was the old valuation."

"Now, if you were to ask me," said Otto, "I should perhaps surprise you. I think it was the Prince that conquered."

"And, sir, you would be right," replied Killian, seriously. "In the eyes of God, I do not question but you would be right; but men, sir, look at these things differently, and they laugh."

"They made a song of it," observed Fritz. "How does it go? Ta-tum-ta-ra . . ."

"Well," interrupted Otto, who had no great anxiety to hear the song, "the Prince is young; he may yet mend."

"Not so young, by your leave," cried Fritz. "A man of forty."

"Thirty-six," corrected Mr. Gottesheim.

"O," cried Ottilia, in obvious disillusion, "a man of middle age! And they said he was so handsome when he was young!"

"And bald, too," added Fritz.

Otto passed his hand among his locks. At that moment he was far from happy, and even the tedious evenings at Mittwalden Palace began to smile upon him by comparison.

"O, six-and-thirty!" he protested. "A man is not yet old at six-and-thirty. I am that age myself."

"I should have taken you for more, sir," piped the old farmer. "But if that be so, you are of an age with Master Ottekin, as people call him; and, I would wager a crown, have done more service in your time. Though it seems young by comparison with men of a great age like me, yet it's some way through life for all that; and the mere fools and fiddlers are beginning to grow weary and to look old. Yes, sir, by six-and-thirty, if a man be a follower of God's laws, he should have made himself a home and a good name to live by; he should have got a wife and a blessing on his marriage; and his works, as the Word says, should begin to follow him."

"Ah, well, the Prince is married," cried Fritz, with a coarse burst of laughter.

"That seems to entertain you, sir," said Otto.

"Ay," said the young boor. "Did you not know that? I thought all Europe knew it!" And he added a pantomime of a nature to explain his accusation to the dullest.

"Ah, sir," said Mr. Gottesheim, "it is very plain that you are not from hereabouts! But the truth is, that the whole princely family and Court are rips and rascals, not one to mend another. They live, sir, in idleness and—what most commonly follows it—corruption. The Princess has a lover; a Baron, as he calls himself, from East Prussia; and the Prince is so little of a man, sir, that he holds the candle. Nor is that the worst of it, for this foreigner and his paramour are suffered to transact the State affairs, while the Prince takes the salary and leaves all things to go to wrack. There will follow upon this some manifest judgment, which, though I am old, I may survive to see."

"Good man, you are in the wrong about Gondremark," said Fritz, showing a greatly increased animation; "but for all the rest, you speak the God's truth like a good patriot. As for the Prince, if he would take and strangle his wife, I would forgive him yet."

"Nay, Fritz," said the old man, "that would be to add iniquity to evil. For you perceive, sir," he continued, once more addressing himself to the unfortunate Prince, "this Otto has himself to thank for these disorders. He has his young wife and his principality, and he has sworn to cherish both."

"Sworn at the altar!" echoed Fritz. "But put your faith in princes!"

"Well, sir, he leaves them both to an adventurer from East Prussia," pursued the farmer; "leaves the girl to be seduced and to go on from bad to worse, till her name's become a taproom by-word, and she not yet twenty; leaves the country to be overtaxed, and bullied with armaments, and jockied into war—"

"War!" cried Otto.

"So they say, sir; those that watch their ongoings, say to war," asseverated Killian. "Well, sir, that is very sad; it is a sad thing for this poor, wicked girl to go down to hell with people's curses; it's a sad thing for a tight little happy country to be misconducted; but whoever may complain, I humbly conceive, sir, that this Otto cannot. What he has worked for, that he has got; and may God have pity on his soul, for a great and a silly sinner's!"

"He has broke his oath; then he is a perjurer. He takes the money and leaves the work; why, then plainly he's a thief. A cuckold he was before, and a fool by birth. Better me that!" cried Fritz, and snapped his fingers.

"And now, sir, you will see a little," continued the farmer, "why we think so poorly of this Prince Otto. There's such a thing as a man being pious and honest in the private way; and there is such a thing, sir, as a public virtue; but when a man has neither, the Lord lighten him! Even this

Gondremark, that Fritz here thinks so much of—"

"Ay," interrupted Fritz, "Gondremark's the fan for me. I would we had his like in Gerolstein."

"He is a bad man," said the old farmer, shaking his head; "and there was never good begun by the breach of God's commandments. But so far I will go with you: he is a man that works for what he has."

"I tell you he's the hope of Grünewald," cried Fritz. "He doesn't suit some of your high-and-dry, old, ancient ideas; but he's a downright modern man—a man of the new lights and the progress of the age. He does some things wrong; so they all do; but he has the people's interests next his heart; and you mark me—you, sir, who are a Liberal, and the enemy of all their governments, you please to mark my words—the day will come in Grünewald, when they take out that yellow-headed skulk of a Prince and that dough-faced Messalina of a Princess, march 'em back foremost over the borders, and proclaim the Baron Gondremark first President. I've heard them say it in a speech. I was at a meeting once at Brandenau, and the Mittwalden delegates spoke up for fifteen thousand. Fifteen thousand, all brigaded, and each man with a medal round his neck to rally by. That's all Gondremark."

"Ay, sir, you see what it leads to: wild talk today, and wilder doings tomorrow," said the old man. "For there is one thing certain: that this Gondremark has one foot in the Court backstairs, and the other in the Masons' lodges. He gives himself out, sir, for what nowadays they call a patriot: a man from East Prussia!"

"Give himself out!" cried Fritz. "He is! He is to lay by his title as soon as the Republic is declared; I heard it in a speech."

"Lay by Baron to take up President?" returned Killian. "King Log, King Stork. But you'll live longer than I, and you will see the fruits of it."

"Father," whispered Ottilia, pulling at the speaker's coat, "surely the gentleman is ill."

"I beg your pardon," cried the farmer, rewaking to hospitable thoughts; "can I offer you anything?"

"I thank you. I am very weary," answered Otto. "I have presumed upon my strength. If you would show me to a bed, I should be grateful."

"Ottilia, a candle!" said the old man. "Indeed, sir, you look paley. A little cordial water? No? Then follow me, I beseech you, and I will bring you to the stranger's bed. You are not the first by many who has slept well below my roof," continued the old gentleman, mounting the stairs before his guest; "for good food, honest wine, a grateful conscience, and a little pleasant chat before a man retires, are worth all the possets and apothecary's drugs. See, sir," and here he opened a door and ushered Otto into a little whitewashed sleeping-room, "here you are in port. It is small, but it is airy, and the sheets are clean and kept in lavender. The window, too, looks out above the river, and there's no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out-of-doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers. So here, sir, I take my kind leave of you until tomorrow; and it is my prayerful wish that you may slumber like a prince."

And the old man, with the twentieth courteous inclination, left his guest alone.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH THE PRINCE COMFORTS AGE AND BEAUTY AND DELIVERS A LECTURE ON DISCRETION IN LOVE

THE Prince was early abroad: in the time of the first chorus of birds, of the pure and quiet air, of the slanting sunlight and the mile-long shadows. To one who had passed a miserable night, the freshness of that hour was tonic and reviving; to steal a march upon his slumbering fellows, to be the Adam of the coming day, composed and fortified his spirits; and the Prince, breathing deep and pausing as he went, walked in the wet fields beside his shadow, and was glad.

A trellised path led down into the valley of the brook, and he turned to follow it. The stream was a breakneck, boiling Highland river. Hard by the farm, it leaped a little precipice in a thick grey-mare's tail of twisted filaments, and then lay and worked and bubbled in a linn. Into the middle of this quaking pool a rock protruded, shelving to a cape; and thither Otto scrambled and sat down to ponder.

Soon the sun struck through the screen of branches and thin early leaves that made a hanging bower above the fall; and the golden lights and flitting shadows fell upon and marbled the surface of that seething pot; and rays plunged deep among the turning waters; and a spark, as bright as a diamond, lit upon the swaying eddy. It began to grow warm where Otto lingered, warm and heady; the lights swam, weaving their maze across the shaken pool; on the impending rock, reflections danced like butterflies; and the air was fanned by the waterfall as by a swinging curtain.

Otto, who was weary with tossing and beset with horrid phantoms of remorse and jealousy, instantly fell dead in love with that sun-chequered, echoing corner. Holding his feet, he stared out of a drowsy trance, wondering, admiring, musing, losing his way among uncertain thoughts. There is nothing that so apes the external bearing of free will, as that unconscious bustle, obscurely following liquid laws, with which a river contends among obstructions. It seems the very play of man and destiny, and as Otto pored on these recurrent changes, he grew, by equal steps, the sleepier and the more profound. Eddy and Prince were alike jostled in their purpose, alike anchored by intangible influences in one corner of the world. Eddy and Prince were alike useless, starkly useless, in the cosmology of men. Eddy and Prince—Prince and Eddy.

It is probable he had been some while asleep when a voice recalled him from oblivion. "Sir," it was saying; and looking round, he saw Mr. Killian's daughter, terrified by her boldness and making bashful signals from the shore. She was a plain, honest lass, healthy and happy and good, and with that sort of beauty that comes of happiness and health. But her confusion lent her for the moment an additional charm.

"Good-morning," said Otto, rising and moving towards her. "I arose early and was in a dream."

"O, sir!" she cried, "I wish to beg of you to spare my father; for I assure your Highness, if he had known who you was, he would have bitten his tongue out sooner. And Fritz, too—how he went on! But I had a notion; and this morning I went straight down into the stable, and there was your Highness's crown upon the stirrup-irons! But, O, sir, I made certain you would spare them; for they were as innocent as lambs."

"My dear," said Otto, both amused and gratified, "you do not understand. It is I who am in the wrong; for I had no business to conceal my name and lead on these gentlemen to speak of me. And it is I who have to beg of you, that you will keep my secret and not betray the discourtesy of which I was guilty. As for any fear of me, your friends are safe in Gerolstein; and even in my own territory, you must be well aware I have no power."

"O, sir," she said, curtseying, "I would not say that: the huntsmen would all die for you."

"Happy Prince!" said Otto. "But although you are too courteous to avow the knowledge, you have had many opportunities of learning that I am a vain show. Only last night we heard it very clearly stated. You see the shadow flitting on this hard rock. Prince Otto, I am afraid, is but the moving shadow, and the name of the rock is Gondremark. Ah! if your friends had fallen foul of Gondremark! But happily the younger of the two admires him. And as for the old gentleman your father, he is a wise man and an excellent talker, and I would take a long wager he is honest."

"O, for honest, your Highness, that he is!" exclaimed the girl. "And Fritz is as honest as he. And as for all they said, it was just talk and nonsense. When country-folk get gossiping, they go on, I do assure you, for the fun; they don't as much as think of what they say. If you went to the next farm, it's my belief you would hear as much against my father."

"Nay, nay," said Otto, "there you go too fast. For all that was said against Prince Otto—"

"O, it was shameful!" cried the girl.

"Not shameful—true," returned Otto. "O, yes—true. I am all they said of me—all that and worse."

"I never!" cried Ottilia. "Is that how you do? Well, you would never be a soldier. Now if anyone accuses me, I get up and give it them. O, I defend myself. I wouldn't take a fault at another person's hands, no, not if I had it on my forehead. And that's what you must do, if you mean to live it out. But, indeed, I never heard such nonsense. I should think you was ashamed of yourself! You're bald, then, I suppose?"

"O, no," said Otto, fairly laughing. "There I acquit myself: not bald!"

"Well, and good?" pursued the girl. "Come now, you know you are good, and I'll make you say so. . . . Your Highness, I beg your humble pardon. But there's no disrespect intended. And, anyhow, you know you are."

"Why, now, what am I to say?" replied

Otto. "You are a cook, and excellently well you do it; I embrace the chance of thanking you for the ragout. Well now, have you not seen good food so bedevilled by unskillful cookery that no one could be brought to eat the pudding? That is me, my dear. I am full of good ingredients, but the dish is worthless. I am—I give it you in one word—sugar in the salad."

"Well, I don't care, you're good," reiterated Ottilia, a little flushed by having failed to understand.

"I will tell you one thing," replied Otto: "you are!"

"Ah, well, that's what they all said of you," moralized the girl: "such a tongue to come round—such a flattering tongue!"

"O, you forget, I am a man of middle age," the Prince chuckled.

"Well, to speak to you, I should think you was a boy; and Prince or no Prince, if you came worrying where I was cooking, I would pin a napkin to your tails. . . . And, O Lord, I declare I hope your Highness will forgive me," the girl added. "I can't keep it in my mind."

"No more can I," cried Otto. "That is just what they complain of!"

They made a loverly-looking couple; only the heavy pouring of that horse-tail of water made them raise their voices above lovers' pitch. But to a jealous onlooker from above, their mirth and close proximity might easily give umbrage; and a rough voice out of a tuft of brambles began calling on Ottilia by name. She changed colour at that. "It is Fritz," she said. "I must go."

"Go, my dear, and I need not bid you go in peace, for I think you have discovered that I am not formidable at close quarters," said the Prince, and made her a fine gesture of dismissal.

So Ottilia skipped up the bank, and disappeared into the thicket, stopping once for a single blushing bob—blushing, because she had in the interval once more forgotten and remembered the stranger's quality.

Otto returned to his rock promontory; but his humour had in the meantime changed. The sun now shone more fairly on the pool; and over its brown, welling surface, the blue of heaven and the golden green of the spring foliage danced in fleeting arabesque. The eddies laughed and brightened with essential colour. And the beauty of the dell began to rankle in the Prince's mind; it was so near to his own borders, yet without. He had never had much of the joy of possessorship in any of the thousand and one beautiful and curious things that were his; and now he was conscious of envy for what was another's. It was, indeed, a smiling, dilettante sort of envy; but yet there it was: the passion of Ahab for the vineyard, done in little; and he was relieved when Mr. Killian appeared upon the scene.

"I hope, sir, that you have slept well under my plain roof," said the old farmer.

"I am admiring this sweet spot that you are privileged to dwell in," replied Otto, evading the inquiry.

"It is rustic," returned Mr. Gottesheim, looking around him with complacency, "a very rustic corner; and some of the land to the west is most excellent fat land, excellent deep soil. You should see my wheat in the ten-acre field. There is not a farm in Grünewald, no, nor many in Gerolstein, to match the River Farm. Some sixty—I keep thinking when I sow—some sixty, and some seventy, and some an hundredfold; and my own place, six-score! But that, sir, is partly the farming."

"And the stream has fish?" asked Otto.

"A fish-pond," said the farmer. "Ay, it is a pleasant bit. It is pleasant even here, if one had time, with the brook drumming in that black pool, and the green things hanging all about the rocks, and, dear heart, to see the very pebbles! all turned to gold and precious stones! But you have come to that time of life, sir, when, if you will excuse me, you must look to have the rheumatism set in. Thirty to forty is, as one may say, their seedtime. And this is a damp cold corner for the early morning and an empty stomach. If I might humbly advise you, sir, I would be moving."

"With all my heart," said Otto, gravely. "And so you have lived your life here?" he added, as they turned to go.

"Here I was born," replied the farmer, "and here I wish I could say I was to die. But fortune, sir, fortune turns the wheel. They say she is blind, but we will hope she only sees a little farther on. My grandfather and my father and I, we have all tilled these acres, my furrow following theirs. All the three names are on the garden bench, two Killians and one Johann. Yes, sir, good men have prepared themselves for the great change in my old garden. Well do I mind my father, in a woollen night-cap, the good soul, going round and round to see the last of it. 'Killian,' said he, 'do you see the smoke of my tobacco? Why,' said he, 'that is man's life.' It was his last pipe, and I believe he knew it; and it was a strange thing, without doubt, to leave the trees that he had planted, and the son that he had begotten, ay, sir, and even the old pipe with the Turk's head that he had smoked since he was a lad and went a-courting. But here we have no continuing city; and as for the eternal, it's a comfortable thought that we have other merits than our own. And yet you would hardly think how sore it goes against the grain with me, to die in a strange bed."

"And must you do so? For what reason?" Otto asked.

"The reason? The place is to be sold; three thousand crowns," replied Mr. Gottesheim. "Had it been a third of that, I may say without boasting that, what with my credit and my savings, I could have met the sum. But at three thousand, unless I have singular good fortune and the new proprietor continues me in office, there is nothing left me but to budge."

Otto's fancy for the place redoubled at the news, and became joined with other feelings. If all he heard were true, Grünewald was growing very hot for a sovereign Prince; it might be well to have a refuge; and if so, what more delightful hermitage could man imagine? Mr. Gottesheim, besides, had touched his sympathies. Every man loves in his soul to play the part of the stage deity. And to step down to the aid of the old farmer, who had so roughly handled him in talk, was the ideal of a Fair Revenge. Otto's thoughts brightened at the prospect, and he began to regard himself with a renewed respect.

"I can find you, I believe, a purchaser," he said, "and one who would continue to avail himself of your skill."

"Can you, sir, indeed?" said the old man. "Well, I shall be heartily obliged; for I begin to find a man may practise resignation all his days, as he takes physic, and not come to like it in the end."

"If you will have the papers drawn, you may even burthen the purchase with your interest," said Otto. "Let it be assured to you through life."

"Your friend, sir," insinuated Killian, "would not, perhaps, care to make the interest reversible? Fritz is a good lad."

"Fritz is young," said the Prince, drily; "he must earn consideration, not inherit."

"He has long worked upon the place, sir," insisted Mr. Gottesheim; "and at my great age, for I am seventy-eight come harvest, it would be a troublesome thought to the proprietor how to fill my shoes. It would be a care spared to assure yourself of Fritz. And I believe he might be tempted by a permanency."

"The young man has unsettled views," returned Otto.

"Possibly the purchaser—" began Killian.

A little spot of anger burned in Otto's cheek. "I am the purchaser," he said.

"It was what I might have guessed," replied the farmer, bowing with an aged, obsequious dignity. "You have made an old man very happy; and I may say, indeed, that I have entertained an angel unawares. Sir, the great people of this world—and by that I mean those who are great in station—if they had only hearts like yours, how they would make the fires burn and the poor sing!"

"I would not judge them hardly, sir," said Otto. "We all have our frailties."

"Truly, sir," said Mr. Gottesheim, with unction. "And by what name, sir, am I to address my generous landlord?"

The double recollection of an English traveller, whom he had received the week before at Court, and of an old English rogue called Transome, whom he had known in youth, came pertinently to the Prince's help. "Transome," he answered, "is my name. I am an English traveller. It is, today, Tuesday. On Thursday, before noon, the money shall be ready. Let us meet, if you please, in Mittwalden, at the 'Morning Star.'"

"I am, in all things lawful, your servant to command," replied the farmer. "An Englishman! You are a great race of travellers. And has your lordship some experience of land?"

"I have had some interest of the kind before," returned the Prince; "not in Gerolstein, indeed. But fortune, as you say, turns the wheel, and I desire to be beforehand with her revolutions."

"Very right, sir, I am sure," said Mr. Killian.

They had been strolling with deliberation; but they were now drawing near to the farmhouse, mounting by the trellised pathway to the level of the meadow. A little before them, the sound of voices had been some while audible, and now grew louder and more distinct with every step of their advance. Presently, when they emerged upon the top of the bank, they beheld Fritz and Ottilia some way off; he, very black and bloodshot, emphasizing his hoarse speech with the smacking of his fist against his palm; she, standing a little way off in blowsy, voluble distress.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Gottesheim, and made as if he would turn aside.

But Otto went straight towards the lovers, in whose dissension he believed himself to have a share. And, indeed, as soon as he had seen the Prince, Fritz had stood tragic, as if awaiting and defying his approach.

"O, here you are!" he cried, as soon as they were near enough for easy speech. "You are a man at least, and must reply. What were you after? Why were you two skulking in the bush? God!" he broke out, turning again upon Ottilia, "to think that I should waste my heart on you!"

"I beg your pardon," Otto cut in. "You were addressing me. In virtue of what circumstance am I to render you an account of this young lady's conduct? Are you her father? her brother? her husband?"

"O, sir, you know as well as I," returned the peasant. "We keep company, she and I. I love her, and she is by way of loving me; but all shall be aboveboard, I would have her to know. I have a good pride of my own."

"Why, I perceive I must explain to you what love is," said Otto. "Its measure is kindness. It is very possible that you are proud; but she, too, may have some self-esteem; I do not speak for myself. And perhaps, if your own doings were so curiously examined, you might find it inconvenient to reply."

"These are all set-offs," said the young man. "You know very well that a man is a man, and a woman only a woman. That holds good all over, up and down. I ask you a question, I ask it again, and here I stand." He drew a mark and toed it.

"When you have studied liberal doctrines somewhat deeper," said the Prince, "you will perhaps change your note. You are a man of false weights and measures, my young friend. You have one scale for women, another for men; one for princes, and one for farmer-folk. On the prince who neglects his wife you can be most severe. But what of the lover who insults his mistress? You use the name of love. I should think this lady might very fairly ask to be delivered from love of such a nature. For if I, a stranger, had been one-tenth part so gross and so discourteous, you would most righteously have broke my head. It would have been in your part, as lover, to protect her from such insolence. Protect her first, then, from yourself."

"Ay," quoth Mr. Gottesheim, who had been looking on with his hands behind his tall old back, "ay, that's Scripture truth."

Fritz was staggered, not only by the Prince's imperturbable superiority of manner, but by a glimmering consciousness that he himself was in the wrong. The appeal to liberal doctrines had, besides, unmanned him.

"Well," said he, "if I was rude, I'll own to it. I meant no ill, and did nothing out of my just rights; but I am above all these old vulgar notions too; and if I spoke sharp, I'll ask her pardon."

"Freely granted, Fritz," said Ottilia.

"But all this doesn't answer me," cried Fritz. "I ask what you two spoke about. She says she promised not to tell; well, then, I mean to know. Civility is civility; but I'll be no man's gull. I have a right to common justice, if I *do* keep company!"

"If you will ask Mr. Gottesheim," replied Otto, "you will find I have not spent my hours in idleness. I have, since I arose this morning, agreed to buy the farm. So far I will go to satisfy a curiosity which I condemn."

"O, well, if there was business, that's another matter," returned Fritz. "Though it beats me why you could not tell. But, of course, if the gentleman is to buy the farm, I suppose there would naturally be an end."

"To be sure," said Mr. Gottesheim, with a strong accent of conviction.

But Ottilia was much braver. "There now!" she cried in triumph. "What did I tell you? I told you I was fighting your battles. Now you see! Think shame of your suspicious temper! You should go down upon your bended knees both to that gentleman and me."

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH THE PRINCE COLLECTS OPINIONS BY THE WAY

A LITTLE before noon Otto, by a triumph of manœuvring, effected his escape. He was quit in this way of the ponderous gratitude of Mr. Killian, and of the confidential gratitude of poor Ottilia; but of Fritz he was not quit so readily. That young politician, brimming with mysterious glances, offered to lend his convoy as far as to the highroad; and Otto, in fear of some residuary jealousy and for the girl's sake, had not the courage to gainsay him; but he regarded his companion with uneasy glances, and devoutly wished the business at an end. For some time Fritz walked by the mare in silence; and they had already traversed more than half the proposed distance when, with something of a blush, he looked up and opened fire.

"Are you not," he asked, "what they call a socialist?"

"Why, no," returned Otto, "not precisely what they call so. Why do you ask?"

"I will tell you why," said the young man. "I saw from the first that you were a red progressional, and nothing but the fear of old Killian kept you back. And there, sir, you were right: old men are always cowards. But nowadays, you see, there are so many groups: you can never tell how far the likeliest kind of man may be prepared to go; and I was never sure you were one of the strong thinkers, till you hinted about women and free love."

"Indeed," cried Otto, "I never said a word of such a thing."

"Not you!" cried Fritz. "Never a word to compromise! You was sowing seed: groundbait, our president calls it. But it's hard to deceive me, for I know all the agitators and their ways, and all the doctrines; and between you and me," lowering his voice, "I am myself affiliated. O, yes, I am a secret society man, and here is my medal." And drawing out a green ribbon that he wore about his neck, he held up, for Otto's inspection, a pewter medal bearing the imprint of a Phœnix and the legend, *Libertas*. "And so now you see you may trust me," added Fritz. "I am none of your ale-house talkers; I am a convinced revolutionary." And he looked meltingly upon Otto.

"I see," replied the Prince; "that is very gratifying. Well, sir, the great thing for the good of one's country is, first of all, to be a good man. All springs from there. For my part, although you are right in thinking that I have to do with politics, I am unfit by intellect and temper for a leading *rôle*. I was intended, I fear, for a subaltern. Yet we have all something to command, Mr. Fritz, if it be only our own temper; and a man about to marry must look closely to himself. The husband's, like the prince's, is a very artificial standing; and it is hard to be kind in either. Do you follow that?"

"O, yes, I follow that," replied the young man, sadly chop-fallen over the nature of the information he had elicited; and then brightening up: "Is it," he ventured, "is it for an arsenal that you have bought the farm?"

"We'll see about that," the Prince answered, laughing. "You must not be too zealous. And in the meantime, if I were you, I would say nothing on the subject."

"O, trust me, sir, for that," cried Fritz, as he pocketed a crown. "And you've let nothing out; for I suspected—I might say I knew it—from the first. And mind you, when a guide is required," he added, "I know all the forest paths."

Otto rode away, chuckling. This talk with Fritz had vastly entertained him; nor was he altogether discontented with his bearing at the farm; men, he was able to tell himself, had behaved worse under smaller provocation. And, to harmonize all, the road and the April air were both delightful to his soul.

Up and down, and to and fro, ever mounting through the wooded foothills, the broad, white highroad wound onward into Grünewald. On either hand the pines stood coolly rooted—green moss prospering, springs welling forth between their knuckled spurs; and though some were broad and stalwart, and others spiry and slender, yet all stood firm in the same attitude and with the same expression, like a silent army presenting arms.

The road lay all the way apart from towns and villages, which it left on either hand. Here and there, indeed, in the bottom of green glens, the Prince could spy a few congregated roofs, or perhaps above him, on a shoulder, the solitary cabin of a woodman. But the highway was an international undertaking, and with its face set for distant cities, scorned the little life of Grünewald. Hence it was exceeding solitary. Near the frontier Otto met a detachment of his own troops marching in the hot dust; and he was recognized and somewhat feebly cheered as he rode by. But from that time forth and for a long while he was alone with the great woods.

Gradually the spell of pleasure relaxed; his own thoughts returned, like stinging insects, in a cloud; and the talk of the night before, like a shower of buffets, fell upon his memory. He looked east and west for any comforter; and presently he was aware of a cross-road coming steeply downhill, and a horseman cautiously descending. A human voice or presence, like a spring in the desert, was now welcome in itself, and Otto drew bridle to await the coming of this stranger. He proved to be a very red-faced, thick-lipped countryman, with a pair of fat saddle-bags and a stone bottle at his waist; who, as soon as the Prince hailed him, jovially, if somewhat thickly, answered. At the same time he gave a beery yaw in the saddle. It was clear his bottle was no longer full.

"Do you ride towards Mittwalden?" asked the Prince.

"As far as the cross-road to Tannenbrunn," the man replied. "Will you bear company?"

"With pleasure. I have even waited for you on the chance," answered Otto.

By this time they were close alongside; and the man, with the country folk instinct, turned his cloudy vision first of all on his companion's mount. "The devil!" he cried. "You ride a bonny mare, friend!" And then, his curiosity being satisfied about the essential, he turned his attention to that merely secondary matter, his companion's face. He started. "The Prince!" he cried, saluting, with another yaw that came near dismounting him. "I beg your pardon, your Highness, not to have reco'nized you at once."

The Prince was vexed out of his self-possession. "Since you know me," he said, "it is unnecessary we should ride together. I will precede you, if you please." And he was about to set spur to the grey mare, when the half-drunken fellow, reaching over, laid his hand upon the rein.

"Hark you," he said, "prince or no prince, that is not how one man should conduct himself with another. What! You'll ride with me incog. and set me talking! But if I know you, you'll preshede me, if you please! Spy!" And the fellow, crimson with drink and injured vanity, almost spat the word into the Prince's face.

A horrid confusion came over Otto. He perceived that he had acted rudely, grossly presuming on his station. And perhaps a little shiver of physical alarm mingled with his remorse, for the fellow was very powerful and not more than half in the possession of his senses. "Take your hand from my rein," he said, with a sufficient assumption of command; and when the man, rather to his wonder, had obeyed: "You should understand, sir," he added, "that while I might be glad to ride with you as one person of sagacity with another, and so receive your true opinions, it would amuse me very little to hear the empty compliments you would address to me as Prince."

"You think I would lie, do you?" cried the man with the bottle, purpling deeper.

"I know you would," returned Otto, entering entirely into his self-possession. "You would not even show me the medal you wear about your neck." For he had caught a glimpse of a green ribbon at the fellow's throat.

The change was instantaneous: the red face became mottled with yellow; a thick-fingered, tottering hand made a clutch at the tell-tale ribbon. "Medal!" the man cried, wonderfully sobered. "I have no medal."

"Pardon me," said the Prince. "I will even tell you what that medal bears: a Phœnix burning, with the word *Libertas*." The medallist remaining speechless, "You are a pretty fellow," continued Otto, smiling, "to complain of incivility from the man whom you conspire to murder."

"Murder!" protested the man. "Nay, never that; nothing criminal for me!"

"You are strangely misinformed," said Otto. "Conspiracy itself is criminal, and insures the pain of death. Nay, sir, death it is; I will guarantee my accuracy. Not that you need be so deplorably affected, for I am no officer. But those who mingle with politics should look at both sides of the medal."

"Your Highness . . ." began the knight of the bottle.

"Nonsense! you are a Republican," cried Otto; "what have you to do with highnesses? But let us continue to ride forward. Since you so much desire it, I cannot find it in my heart to deprive you of my company. And for that matter, I have a question to address to you. Why, being so great a body of men—for you are a great body—fifteen thousand, I have heard, but that will be understated; am I right?"

The man gurgled in his throat.

"Why, then, being so considerable a party," resumed Otto, "do you not come before me boldly with your wants?—what do I say? with your commands? Have I the name of being passionately devoted to my throne? I can scarce suppose it. Come, then; show me your majority, and I will instantly resign. Tell this to your friends; assure them from me of my docility; assure them that, however they conceived of my deficiencies, they cannot suppose me more unfit to be a ruler than I do myself. I am one of the worst princes in Europe; will they improve on that?"

"Far be it from me . . ." the man began.

"See, now, if you will not defend my government!" cried Otto. "If I were you, I would leave conspiracies. You are as little fit to be a conspirator as I to be a king."

"One thing I will say out," said the man. "It is not so much you that we complain of, it's your lady."

"Not a word, sir," said the Prince; and then after a moment's pause, and in tones of some anger and contempt: "I once more advise you to have done with politics," he added; "and when next I see you, let me see you sober. A morning drunkard is the last man to sit in judgment even upon the worst of princes.”

“I have had a drop, but I had not been drinking,” the man replied, triumphing in a sound distinction. “And if I had, what then? Nobody hangs by me. But my mill is standing idle, and I blame it on your wife. Am I alone in that? Go round and ask. Where are the mills? Where are the young men that should be working? Where is the currency? All paralyzed. No, sir, it's not equal; for I suffer for your faults—I pay for them, by George, out of a poor man's pocket. And what have you to do with mine? Drunk or sober, I can see my country going to hell, and I can see whose fault it is. And so now, I've said my say, and you may drag me to a stinking dungeon; what care I? I've spoke the truth, and so I'll hold hard, and not intrude upon your Highness's society.”

And the miller reined up and, clumsily enough, saluted.

“You will observe, I have not asked your name,” said Otto. “I wish you a good ride,” and he rode on hard. But let him ride as he pleased, this interview with the miller was a chokepear, which he could not swallow. He had begun by receiving a reproof in manners, and ended by sustaining a defeat in logic, both from a man whom he despised. All his old thoughts returned with fresher venom. And by three in the afternoon, coming to the cross-roads for Beckstein, Otto decided to turn aside and dine there leisurely. Nothing at least could be worse than to go on as he was going.

In the inn at Beckstein he remarked, immediately upon his entrance, an intelligent young gentleman dining, with a book in front of him. He had his own place laid close to the reader, and with a proper apology, broke ground by asking what he read.

“I am perusing,” answered the young gentleman, “the last work of the Herr Doctor Hohenstockwitz, cousin and librarian of your Prince here in Grünewald—a man of great erudition and some lambencies of wit.”

“I am acquainted,” said Otto, “with the Herr Doctor, though not yet with his work.”

“Two privileges that I must envy you,” replied the young man, politely: “an honour in hand, a pleasure in the bush.”

“The Herr Doctor is a man much respected, I believe, for his attainments?” asked the Prince.

“He is, sir, a remarkable instance of the force of intellect,” replied the reader. “Who of our young men know anything of his cousin, all reigning Prince although he be? Who but has heard of Doctor Gotthold? But intellectual merit, alone of all distinctions, has its base in nature.”

“I have the gratification of addressing a student—perhaps an author?” Otto suggested.

The young man somewhat flushed. “I have some claim to both distinctions, sir, as you suppose,” said he; “there is my card. I am the licentiate Roederer, author of several works on the theory and practice of politics.”

“You immensely interest me,” said the Prince; “the more so as I gather that here in Grünewald we are on the brink of revolution. Pray, since these have been your special studies, would you augur hopefully of such a movement?”

“I perceive,” said the young author, with a certain vinegary twitch, “that you are unacquainted with my opuscula. I am a convinced authoritarian. I share none of those illusory, Utopian fancies with which empirics blind themselves and exasperate the ignorant. The day of these ideas is, believe me, past, or at least passing.”

“When I look about me—” began Otto.

“When you look about you,” interrupted the licentiate, “you behold the ignorant. But in the laboratory of opinion, beside the studious lamp, we begin already to discard these figments. We begin to return to nature's order, to what I might call, if I were to borrow from the language of therapeutics, the expectant treatment of abuses. You will not misunderstand me,” he continued: “a country in the condition in which we find Grünewald, a prince such as your Prince Otto, we must explicitly condemn; they are behind the age. But I would look for a remedy not to brute convulsions, but to the natural supervenience of a more able sovereign. I should amuse you, perhaps,” added the licentiate, with a smile, “I think I should amuse you if I were to explain my notion of a prince. We who have studied in the closet, no longer, in this age, propose ourselves for active service. The paths, we have perceived, are incompatible. I would not have a student on the throne, though I would have one near by for an adviser. I would set forward as prince a man of a good, medium understanding, lively rather than deep; a man of courtly manner, possessed of the double art to ingratiate and to command; receptive, accommodating, seductive. I have been observing you since your first entrance. Well, sir, were I a subject of Grünewald I should pray heaven to set upon the seat of government just such another as yourself."

"The devil, you would!" exclaimed the Prince.

The licentiate Roederer laughed most heartily. "I thought I should astonish you," he said. "These are not the ideas of the masses."

"They are not, I can assure you," Otto said.

"Or rather," distinguished the licentiate, "not today. The time will come, however, when these ideas shall prevail."

"You will permit me, sir, to doubt it," said Otto.

"Modesty is always admirable," chuckled the theorist. "But yet I assure you, a man like you, with such a man as, say, Doctor Gotthold at your elbow, would be, for all practical issues, my ideal ruler."

At this rate the hours sped pleasantly for Otto. But the licentiate unfortunately slept that night at Beckstein, where he was, being dainty in the saddle and given to half-stages. And to find a convoy to Mittwalden, and thus mitigate the company of his own thoughts, the Prince had to make favour with a certain party of wood merchants from various states of the empire, who had been drinking together somewhat noisily at the far end of the apartment.

The night had already fallen when they took the saddle. The merchants were very loud and mirthful; each had a face like a nor'west moon; and they played pranks with each other's horses, and mingled songs and choruses, and alternately remembered and forgot the companion of their ride. Otto thus combined society and solitude, hearkening now to their chattering and empty talk, now to the voices of the encircling forest. The starlit dark, the faint wood airs, the clank of the horse-shoes making broken music, accorded together and attuned his mind. And he was still in a most equal temper when the party reached the top of that long hill that overlooks Mittwalden.

Down in the bottom of a bowl of forest, the lights of the little formal town glittered in a pattern, street crossing street; away by itself on the right, the palace was glowing like a factory.

Although he knew not Otto, one of the wood merchants was a native of the state. "There," said he, pointing to the palace with his whip, "there is Jezebel's inn."

"What, do you call it that?" cried another, laughing.

"Ay, that's what they call it," returned the Grünewalder; and he broke into a song, which the rest, as people well acquainted with the words and air, instantly took up in chorus. Her Serene Highness Amalia Seraphina, Princess of Grünewald, was the heroine, Gondremark the hero of this ballad. Shame hissed in Otto's ears. He reined up short and sat stunned in the saddle; and the singers continued to descend the hill without him.

The song went to a rough, swashing, popular air; and long after the words became inaudible the swing of the music, rising and falling, echoed insult in the Prince's brain. He fled the sounds. Hard by him on his right a road struck towards the palace, and he followed it through the thick shadows and branching alleys of the park. It was a busy place on a fine summer's afternoon, when the Court and burghers met and saluted; but at that hour of the night in the early spring it was deserted to the roosting birds. Hares rustled among the covert; here and there a statue stood glimmering, with its eternal gesture; here and there the echo of an imitation temple clattered ghostly to the trampling of the mare. Ten minutes brought him to the upper end of his own home garden, where the small stables opened, over a bridge, upon the park. The yard clock was striking the hour of ten; so was the big bell in the palace bell-tower; and, farther off, the belfries of the town. About the stable all else was silent but the stamping of stalled horses and the rattle of halters. Otto dismounted; and as he did so a memory came back to him: a whisper of dishonest grooms and stolen corn, once heard, long forgotten, and now recurring in the nick of opportunity. He crossed the bridge, and, going up to a window, knocked six or seven heavy blows in a particular cadence, and, as he did so, smiled. Presently a wicket was opened in the gate, and a man's head appeared in the dim starlight.

"Nothing tonight," said a voice.

"Bring a lantern," said the Prince.

"Dear heart a' mercy!" cried the groom. "Who's that?"

"It is I, the Prince," replied Otto. "Bring a lantern, take in the mare, and let me through into the garden."

The man remained silent for awhile, his head still projecting through the wicket.

"His Highness!" he said at last. "And why did your Highness knock so strange?"

"It is a superstition in Mittwalden," answered Otto, "that it cheapens corn."

With a sound like a sob the groom fled.

He was very white when he returned, even by the light of the lantern; and his hand trembled as he undid the fastenings and took the mare.

"Your Highness," he began at last, "for God's sake . . ." And there he paused, oppressed with guilt.

"For God's sake, what?" asked Otto, cheerfully. "For God's sake, let us have cheaper corn, say I. Goodnight!" And he strode off into the garden, leaving the groom petrified once more.

The garden descended by a succession of stone terraces to the level of the fish-pond. On the far side the ground rose again, and was crowned by the confused roofs and gables of the palace. The modern pillared front, the ball-room, the great library, the princely apartments, the busy and illuminated quarters of that great house, all faced the town. The garden side was much older; and here it was almost dark; only a few windows quietly lighted at various elevations. The great square tower rose, thinning by stages like a telescope; and on the top of all the flag hung motionless.

The garden, as it now lay in the dusk and glimmer of the starshine, breathed of April violets. Under night's cavern arch the shrubs obscurely bustled. Through the plotted terraces and down the marble stairs the Prince rapidly descended, fleeing before uncomfortable thoughts. But, alas! from these there is no city of refuge. And now, when he was about midway of the descent, distant strains of music began to fall upon his ear from the ball-room, where the Court was dancing. They reached him faint and broken, but they touched the keys of memory; and through and above them, Otto heard the ranting melody of the wood merchants' song. Mere blackness seized upon his mind. Here he was, coming home; the wife was dancing, the husband had been playing a trick upon a lackey; and meanwhile, all about them, they were a byword to their subjects. Such a prince, such a husband, such a man, as this Otto had become! And he sped the faster onward.

Some way below he came unexpectedly upon a sentry; yet a little farther, and he was challenged by a second; and as he crossed the bridge over the fish-pond, an officer making the rounds stopped him once more. The parade of watch was more than usual; but curiosity was dead in Otto's mind, and he only chafed at the interruption. The porter of the back postern admitted him, and started to behold him so disordered. Thence, hastening by private stairs and passages, he came at length unseen to his own chamber, tore off his clothes, and threw himself upon his bed in the dark. The music of the ball-room still continued to a very lively measure; and still, behind that, he heard in spirit the chorus of the merchants clanking down the hill.

Book II—Of Love and Politics

CHAPTER I

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LIBRARY

At a quarter before six on the following morning Doctor Gotthold was already at his desk in the library; and with a small cup of black coffee at his elbow, and an eye occasionally wandering to the busts and the long array of many-coloured books, was quietly reviewing the labours of the day before. He was a man of about forty, flaxen-haired, with refined features a little worn, and bright eyes somewhat faded. Early to bed and early to rise, his life was devoted to two things: erudition and Rhine wine. An ancient friendship existed latent between him and Otto; they rarely met, but when they did it was to take up at once the thread of their suspended intimacy. Gotthold, the virgin priest of knowledge, had envied his cousin for half a day, when he was married; he had never envied him his throne.

Reading was not a popular diversion at the Court of Grünewald; and that great, pleasant, sunshiny gallery of books and statues was, in practice, Gotthold's private cabinet. On this particular Wednesday morning, however, he had not been long about his manuscript when a door opened and the Prince stepped into the apartment. The Doctor watched him as he drew near, receiving, from each of the embayed windows in succession, a flush of morning sun; and Otto looked so gay, and walked so airily, he was so well dressed and brushed and frizzled, so point-de-vice, and of such a sovereign elegance, that the heart of his cousin, the recluse, was rather moved against him.

"Good-morning, Gotthold," said Otto, dropping in a chair.

"Good-morning, Otto," returned the

librarian. "You are an early bird. Is this an accident, or do you begin reforming?"

"It is about time, I fancy," answered the Prince.

"I cannot imagine," said the Doctor. "I am too sceptical to be an ethical adviser; and as for good resolutions, I believed in them when I was young. They are the colours of hope's rainbow."

"If you come to think of it," said Otto, "I am not a popular sovereign." And with a look he changed his statement to a question.

"Popular? Well, there I would distinguish," answered Gotthold, leaning back and joining the tips of his fingers. "There are various kinds of popularity: the bookish, which is perfectly impersonal, as unreal as the nightmare; the politician's, a mixed variety; and yours, which is the most personal of all. Women take to you; footmen adore you; it is as natural to like you as to pat a dog; and were you a saw-miller you would be the most popular citizen in Grünewald. As a prince—well, you are in the wrong trade. It is perhaps philosophical to recognize it as you do."

"Perhaps philosophical?" repeated Otto.

"Yes, perhaps. I would not be dogmatic," answered Gotthold.

"Perhaps philosophical, and certainly not virtuous," Otto resumed.

"Not of a Roman virtue," chuckled the recluse.

Otto drew his chair nearer to the table, leaned upon it with his elbow, and looked his cousin squarely in the face. "In short," he asked, "not manly?"

"Well," Gotthold hesitated, "not manly, if you will." And then with a laugh, "I did not know that you gave yourself out to be manly," he added. "It was one of the points that I inclined to like about you; inclined, I believe, to admire. The names of virtues exercise a charm on most of us; we must lay claim to all of them, however incompatible; we must all be both daring and prudent; we must all vaunt our pride and go to the stake for our humility. Not so you. Without compromise you were yourself: a pretty sight. I have always said it: none so void of all pretence as Otto."

"Pretence and effort both!" cried Otto. "A dead dog in a canal is more alive. And the question, Gotthold, the question that I have to face is this: Can I not, with effort and self-denial, can I not become a tolerable sovereign?"

"Never," replied Gotthold. "Dismiss the notion. And besides, dear child, you would not try."

"Nay, Gotthold, I am not to be put by," said Otto. "If I am constitutionally unfit to be a sovereign, what am I doing with this money, with this palace, with these guards? And I—a thief—am to execute the law on others?"

"I admit the difficulty," said Gotthold.

"Well, can I not try?" continued Otto. "Am I not bound to try? And with the advice and help of such a man as you—"

"Me!" cried the librarian. "Now, God forbid!"

Otto, though he was in no very smiling humour, could not forbear to smile. "Yet I was told last night," he laughed, "that with a man like me to impersonate, and a man like you to touch the springs, a very possible government could be composed."

"Now I wonder in what diseased imagination," Gotthold said, "that preposterous monster saw the light of day?"

"It was one of your own trade—a writer, one Roederer," said Otto.

"Roederer! an ignorant puppy!" cried the librarian.

"You are ungrateful," said Otto. "He is one of your professed admirers."

"Is he?" cried Gotthold, obviously impressed. "Come, that is a good account of the young man. I must read his stuff again. It is the rather to his credit, as our views are opposite. The east and west are not more opposite. Can I have converted him? But no; the incident belongs to Fairyland."

"You are not then," asked the Prince, "an authoritarian?"

"I? God bless me, no!" said Gotthold. "I am a red, dear child."

"That brings me then to my next point, and by a natural transition. If I am so clearly unfitted for my post," the Prince asked; "if my friends admit it, if my subjects clamour for my downfall, if revolution is preparing at this hour, must I not go forth to meet the inevitable? should I not save these horrors and be done with these absurdities? in a word, should I not abdicate? O, believe me, I feel the ridicule, the vast abuse of language," he added, wincing, "but even a principulus like me cannot resign; he must make a great gesture, and come buskined forth, and abdicate."

"Ay," said Gotthold, "or else stay where he is. What gnat has bitten you today? Do you not know that you are touching, with lay hands, the very holiest inwards of philosophy, where madness dwells? Ay, Otto, madness; for in the serene temples of the wise, the inmost shrine, which we carefully keep locked, is full of spiders' webs. All men, all, are fundamentally useless; nature tolerates, she does not need, she does not use them: sterile flowers! All—down to the fellow swinking in a byre, whom fools point out for the exception—all are useless; all weave ropes of sand; or like a child that has breathed on a window, write and obliterate, write and obliterate, idle words! Talk of it no more. That way, I tell you, madness lies." The speaker rose from his chair and then sat down again. He laughed a little laugh, and then, changing his tone, resumed: "Yes, dear child, we are not here to do battle with giants; we are here to be happy like the flowers, if we can be. It is because you could, that I have always secretly admired you. Cling to that trade; believe me, it is the right one. Be happy, be idle, be airy. To the devil with all casuistry! and leave the state to Gondremark, as heretofore. He does it well enough, they say; and his vanity enjoys the situation."

"Gotthold," cried Otto, "what is this to me? Useless is not the question; I can not rest at uselessness; I must be useful or I must be noxious—one or other. I grant you the whole thing, prince and principality alike, is pure absurdity, a stroke of satire; and that a banker or the man who keeps an inn has graver duties. But now, when I have washed my hands of it three years, and left all—labour, responsibility, and honour and enjoyment too, if there be any—to Gondremark and to—Seraphina—" He hesitated at the name, and Gotthold glanced aside. "Well," the Prince continued, "what has come of it? Taxes, army, cannon—why, it's like a box of lead soldiers! And the people sick at the folly of it, and fired with the injustice! And war, too—I hear of war—war in this teapot! What a complication of absurdity and disgrace! And when the inevitable end arrives—the revolution—who will be to blame in the sight of God, who will be gibbeted in public opinion? I! Prince Puppet!"

"I thought you had despised public opinion," said Gotthold.

"I did," said Otto, sombrely, "but now I do not. I am growing old. And then, Gotthold, there is Seraphina. She is loathed in this country that I brought her to and suffered her to spoil. Yes, I gave it her as a plaything, and she has broken it: a fine Prince, an admirable Princess! Even her life—I ask you, Gotthold, is her life safe?"

"It is safe enough today," replied the librarian; "but since you ask me seriously, I would not answer for tomorrow. She is ill-advised."

"And by whom? By this Gondremark, to whom you counsel me to leave my country," cried the Prince. "Rare advice! The course that I have been following all these years, to come at last to this. O, ill-advised! if that were all! See now, there is no sense in beating about the bush between two men: you know what scandal says of her?"

Gotthold, with pursed lips, silently nodded.

"Well, come, you are not very cheering as to my conduct as the Prince; have I even done my duty as a husband?" Otto asked.

"Nay, nay," said Gotthold, earnestly and eagerly, "this is another chapter. I am an old celibate, an old monk. I can not advise you in your marriage."

"Nor do I require advice," said Otto, rising. "All of this must cease." And he began to walk to and fro with his hands behind his back.

"Well, Otto, may God guide you!" said Gotthold, after a considerable silence. "I can not."

"From what does all this spring?" said the Prince, stopping in his walk. "What am I to call it? Diffidence? The fear of ridicule? Inverted vanity? What matter names, if it has brought me to this? I could never bear to be bustling about nothing; I was ashamed of this toy kingdom from the first; I could not tolerate that people should fancy I believed in a thing so patently absurd! I would do nothing that can not be done smiling. I have a sense of humour, forsooth! I must know better than my maker. And it was the same thing in my marriage," he added more hoarsely. "I did not believe this girl could care for me; I must not intrude; I must preserve the foppery of my indifference. What an impotent picture!"

"Ay, we have the same blood," moralized Gotthold. "You are drawing, with fine strokes, the character of the born sceptic."

"Sceptic?—coward!" cried Otto. "Coward is the word. A springless, putty-hearted, cowering coward!"

And as the Prince rapped out the words in tones of unusual vigour, a little, stout, old gentleman, opening a door behind Gotthold, received them fairly in the face. With his parrot's beak for a nose, his pursed mouth, his little goggling eyes, he was the picture of formality; and in ordinary circumstances, strutting behind the drum of his corporation, he impressed the beholder with a certain air of frozen dignity and wisdom. But at the smallest contrariety, his trembling hands and disconnected gestures betrayed the weakness at the root. And now, when he was thus surprisingly received in that library of Mittwalden Palace, which was the customary haunt of silence, his hands went up into the air as if he had been shot, and he cried aloud with the scream of an old woman.

"O!" he gasped, recovering, "Your Highness! I beg ten thousand pardons. But your Highness at such an hour in the library!—a circumstance so unusual as your Highness's presence was a thing I could not be expected to foresee."

"There is no harm done, Herr Cancellarius," said Otto.

"I came upon the errand of a moment: some papers I left over night with the Herr Doctor," said the Chancellor of Grünewald. "Herr Doctor, if you will kindly give me them, I will intrude no longer."

Gotthold unlocked a drawer and handed a bundle of manuscript to the old gentleman, who prepared, with fitting salutations, to take his departure.

"Herr Greisengesang, since we have met," said Otto, "let us talk."

"I am honoured by his Highness's commands," replied the Chancellor.

"All has been quiet since I left?" asked the Prince, resuming his seat.

"The usual business, your Highness," answered Greisengesang; "punctual trifles: huge, indeed, if neglected, but trifles when discharged. Your Highness is most zealously obeyed."

"Obeyed, Herr Cancellarius?" returned the Prince. "And when have I obliged you with an order? Replaced, let us rather say. But to touch upon these trifles; instance me a few."

"The routine of government, from which your Highness has so wisely dissociated his leisure . . ." began Greisengesang.

"We will leave my leisure, sir," said Otto. "Approach the facts."

"The routine of business was proceeded with," replied the official, now visibly twittering.

"It is very strange, Herr Cancellarius, that you should so persistently avoid my questions," said the Prince. "You tempt me to suppose a purpose in your dullness. I have asked you whether all was quiet: do me the pleasure to reply."

"Perfectly—O, perfectly quiet," jerked the ancient puppet, with every signal of untruth.

"I make a note of these words," said the Prince, gravely. "You assure me, your sovereign, that since the date of my departure nothing has occurred of which you owe me an account."

"I take your Highness, I take the Herr Doctor to witness," cried Greisengesang, "that I have had no such expression."

"Halt!" said the Prince; and then, after a pause: "Herr Greisengesang, you are an old man, and you served my father before you served me," he added. "It consists neither with your dignity nor mine, that you should babble excuses and stumble possibly upon untruths. Collect your thoughts; and then categorically inform me of all you have been charged to hide."

Gotthold, stooping very low over his desk, appeared to have resumed his labours; but his shoulders heaved with subterranean merriment. The Prince waited, drawing his handkerchief quietly through his fingers.

"Your Highness, in this informal manner," said the old gentleman at last, "and being unavoidably deprived of documents, it would be difficult, it would be impossible, to do justice to the somewhat grave occurrences which have transpired."

"I will not criticize your attitude," replied the Prince. "I desire that, between you and me, all should be done gently; for I have not forgotten, my old friend, that you were kind to me from the first, and for a period of years a faithful servant. I will thus dismiss the matters on which you waive immediate inquiry. But you have certain papers actually in your hand. Come, Herr Greisengesang, there is at least one point for which you have authority. Enlighten me on that."

"On that?" cried the old gentleman. "O, that is a trifle; a matter, your Highness, of police; a detail of a purely administrative order. These are simply a selection of the papers seized upon the English traveller."

"Seized?" echoed Otto. "In what sense? Explain yourself."

"Sir John Crabtree," interposed Gotthold, looking up, "was arrested yesterday evening."

"Is this so, Herr Cancellarius?" demanded Otto, sternly.

"It was judged right, your Highness," protested Greisengesang. "The decree was in due form, invested with your Highness's authority by procuration. I am but an agent; I had no status to prevent the measure."

"This man, my guest, has been arrested," said the Prince. "On what grounds, sir? With what colour of pretence?"

The Chancellor stammered.

"Your Highness will perhaps find the reason in these documents," said Gotthold, pointing with the tail of his pen.

Otto thanks his cousin with a look. "Give them to me," he said, addressing the Chancellor.

But that gentleman visibly hesitated to obey. "Baron von Gondremark," he said, "has made the affair his own. I am in this case a mere messenger; and as such, I am not clothed with any capacity to communicate the documents I carry. Herr Doctor, I am convinced you will not fail to bear me out."

"I have heard a great deal of nonsense," said Gotthold, "and most of it from you; but this beats all."

"Come, sir," said Otto, rising, "the papers I command."

Herr Greisengesang instantly gave way.

"With your Highness's permission," he said, "and laying at his feet my most submiss apologies, I will now hasten to attend his further orders in the Chancery."

"Herr Cancellarius, do you see this chair?" said Otto. "There is where you shall attend my further orders. O, now, no more!" he cried, with a gesture, as the old man opened his lips. "You have sufficiently marked your zeal to your employer; and I begin to weary of a moderation you abuse."

The Chancellor moved to the appointed chair and took his seat in silence.

"And now," said Otto, opening the roll, "what is all this? it looks like the manuscript of a book."

"It is," said Gotthold, "the manuscript of a book of travels."

"You have read it, Doctor Hohenstockwitz?" asked the Prince.

"Nay, I but saw the title-page," replied Gotthold. "But the roll was given to me open, and I heard no word of any secrecy."

Otto dealt the Chancellor an angry glance.

"I see," he went on. "The papers of an author seized at this date of the world's history, in a state so petty and so ignorant as Grünewald, here is indeed an ignominious folly. Sir," to the Chancellor, "I marvel to find you in so scurvy an employment. On your conduct to your Prince I will not dwell; but to descend to be a spy! For what else can it be called? To seize the papers of this gentleman, the private papers of a stranger, the toil of a life, perhaps—to open, and to read them. And what have we to do with books? The Herr Doctor might perhaps be asked for his advice; but we have no *index expurgatorius* in Grünewald. Had we but that, we should be the most absolute parody and farce upon this tawdry earth."

Yet, even while Otto spoke, he had continued to unfold the roll; and now, when it lay fully open, his eye rested on the title-page elaborately written in red ink. It ran thus:

"Memoirs
of a Visit to the Various
Courts of Europe,
by
Sir John Crabtree, Baronet."

Below was a list of chapters, each bearing the name of one of the European Courts; and among these the nineteenth and last upon the list was dedicated to Grünewald.

"Ah! The Court of Grünewald!" said Otto, "that should be droll reading." And his curiosity itched for it.

"A methodical dog, this English Baronet," said Gotthold. "Each chapter written and finished on the spot. I shall look for his work when it appears."

"I would be odd, now, just to glance at it," said Otto, wavering.

Gotthold's brow darkened, and he looked out of the window.

But though the Prince understood the reproof, his weakness prevailed. "I will," he said, with an uneasy laugh, "I will, I think, just glance at it."

So saying, he resumed his seat and spread the traveller's manuscript upon the table.

CHAPTER II

"ON THE COURT OF GRÜNEWALD," BEING A PORTION OF THE TRAVELLER'S MANUSCRIPT

It may well be asked (*it was thus the English traveller began his nineteenth chapter*) why I should have chosen Grünewald out of so many other states equally petty, formal, dull, and corrupt. Accident, indeed, decided, and not I; but I have seen no reason to regret my visit. The spectacle of this small society macerating in its own abuses was not perhaps instructive, but I have found it exceedingly diverting.

The reigning Prince, Otto Johann Friedrich, a young man of imperfect education, questionable valour, and no scintilla of capacity, has fallen into entire public contempt. It was with difficulty that I obtained an interview, for he is frequently absent from a Court where his presence is unheeded, and where his only *rôle* is to be a cloak for the amours of his wife. At last, however, on the third occasion when I visited the palace, I found this sovereign in the exercise of his inglorious function, with the wife on one hand and the lover on the other. He is not ill-looking; he has hair of a ruddy gold, which naturally curls, and his eyes are dark, a combination which I always regard as the mark of some congenital deficiency, physical or moral; his features are irregular but pleasing; the nose perhaps a little short, and the mouth a little womanish. His address is excellent, and he can express himself with point. But to pierce below these externals is to come on a vacuity of any sterling quality, a deliquescence of the moral nature, a frivolity and inconsequence of purpose that mark the nearly perfect fruit of a decadent age. He has a worthless smattering of many subjects, but a grasp of none. "I soon weary of a pursuit," he said to me, laughing; it would almost appear as if he took a pride in his incapacity and lack of moral courage. The results of his dilettanteism are to be seen in every field; he is a bad fencer, a second-rate horseman, dancer, shot; he sings—I have heard him—and he sings like a child; he writes intolerable verses in more than doubtful French, he acts like the common amateur; and in short there is no end to the number of the things that he does, and does badly. His one manly taste is for the chase. In sum, he is but a plexus of weaknesses; the singing chambermaid of the stage, tricked out in man's apparel and mounted on a circus horse. I have seen this poor phantom of a prince riding out alone or with a few huntsmen, disregarded by all, and I have been even grieved for the bearer of so futile and melancholy an existence. The last Merovingians may have looked not otherwise.

The Princess Amalia Seraphina, a daughter of the Grand Ducal house of Toggenburg-Tannhäuser, would be equally inconsiderable if she were not a cutting instrument in the hands of an ambitious man. She is much younger than the Prince, a girl of two-and-twenty, sick with vanity, superficially clever, and fundamentally a fool. She has a red-brown rolling eye, too large for her face, and with sparks of both levity and ferocity; her forehead is high and narrow, her figure thin and a little stooping. Her manners, her conversation, which she interlards with French, her very tastes and ambitions, are alike assumed; and the assumption is ungracefully apparent: Hoyden playing Cleopatra. I should judge her to be incapable of truth. In private life a girl of this description embroils the peace of families, walks attended by a troop of scowling swains, and passes, once at least, through the divorce court; it is a common and, except to the cynic, an uninteresting type. On the throne, however, and in the hands of a man like Gondremark, she may become the authoress of serious public evils.

Gondremark, the true ruler of this unfortunate country, is a more complex study. His position in Grünewald, to which he is a foreigner, is eminently false; and that he should maintain it as he does, a very miracle of impudence and dexterity. His speech, his face, his policy, are all double: heads and tails. Which of the two extremes may be his actual design he were a bold man who should offer to decide. Yet I will hazard the guess that he follows both experimentally, and awaits, at the hand of destiny, one of those directing hints of which she is so lavish to the wise.

On the one hand, as Maire de Palais to the incompetent Otto, and using the lovesick Princess for a tool and mouthpiece, he pursues a policy of arbitrary power and territorial aggrandizement. He has called out the whole capable male population of the state to military service; he has bought cannon; he has tempted away promising officers from foreign armies; and he now begins, in his international relations, to assume the swaggering port and the vague threatful language of a bully. The idea of extending Grünewald may appear absurd, but the little state is advantageously placed, its neighbours are all defenceless; and if at any moment the jealousies of the greater courts should neutralize each other, an active policy might double the principality both in population and extent. Certainly at least the scheme is entertained in the Court of Mittwalden; nor do I myself regard it as entirely desperate. The margravate of Brandenburgh has grown from as small beginnings to a formidable power; and though it is late in the day to try adventurous policies, and the age of war seems ended, fortune, we must not forget, still blindly turns her wheel for men and nations. Concurrently with, and tributary to, these warlike preparations, crushing taxes have been levied, journals have been suppressed, and the country, which three years ago was prosperous and happy, now stagnates in a forced inaction, gold has become a curiosity, and the mills stand idle on the mountain streams.

On the other hand, in his second capacity of popular tribune, Gondremark is the incarnation of the free lodges, and sits at the centre of an organized conspiracy against the state. To any such movement my sympathies were early acquired, and I would not willingly let fall a word that might embarrass or retard the revolution. But to show that I speak of knowledge, and not as the reporter of mere gossip, I may mention that I have myself been present at a meeting where the details of a republican Constitution were minutely debated and arranged; and I may add that Gondremark was throughout referred to by the speakers as their captain in action and the arbiter of their disputes. He has taught his dupes (for so I must regard them) that his power of resistance to the Princess is limited, and at each fresh stretch of authority persuades them, with specious reasons, to postpone the hour of insurrection. Thus (to give some instances of his astute diplomacy) he salved over the decree enforcing military service, under the plea that to be well drilled and exercised in arms was even a necessary preparation for revolt. And the other day, when it began to be rumoured abroad that a war was being forced on a reluctant neighbour, the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, and I made sure it would be the signal for an instant rising, I was struck dumb with wonder to find that even this had been prepared and was to be accepted. I went from one to another in the Liberal camp, and all were in the same story, all had been drilled and schooled and fitted out with vacuous argument. "The lads had better see some real fighting," they said; "and besides, it will be as well to capture Gerolstein: we can then extend to our neighbours the blessing of liberty on the same day that we snatch it for ourselves; and the republic will be all the stronger to resist, if the kings of Europe should band themselves together to reduce it." I know not which of the two I should admire the more: the simplicity of the multitude or the audacity of the adventurer. But such are the subtleties, such the quibbling reasons, with which he blinds and leads this people. How long a course so tortuous can be pursued with safety I am incapable of guessing; not long, one would suppose; and yet this singular man has been treading the mazes for five years, and his favour at Court and his popularity among the lodges still endure unbroken.

I have the privilege of slightly knowing him. Heavily and somewhat clumsily built, of a vast, disjointed, rambling frame, he can still pull himself together, and figure, not without admiration, in the saloon or the ball-room. His hue and temperament are plentifully bilious; he has a saturnine eye; his cheek is of a dark blue where he has been shaven. Essentially he is to be numbered among the man-haters, a convinced contemner of his fellows. Yet he is himself of a commonplace ambition and greedy of applause. In talk, he is remarkable for a thirst of information, loving rather to hear than to communicate; for sound and studious views; and, judging by the extreme shortsightedness of common politicians, for a remarkable prevision of events. All this, however, without grace, pleasantry, or charm, heavily set forth, with a dull countenance. In our numerous conversations, although he has always heard me with deference, I have been conscious throughout of a sort of ponderous finessing hard to tolerate. He produces none of the effect of a gentleman; devoid not merely of pleasantry, but of all attention or communicative warmth of bearing. No gentleman, besides, would so parade his amours with the Princess; still less repay the Prince for his long-suffering with a studied insolence of demeanour and the fabrication of insulting nicknames, such as Prince Featherhead, which run from ear to ear and create a laugh throughout the country. Gondremark has thus some of the clumsier characters of the self-made man, combined with an inordinate, almost a besotted, pride of intellect and birth. Heavy, bilious, selfish, inornate, he sits upon this Court and country like an incubus.

But it is probable that he preserves softer gifts for necessary purposes. Indeed, it is certain, although he vouchsafed none of it to me, that this cold and stolid politician possesses to a great degree the art of ingratiation, and can be all things to all men. Hence there has probably sprung up the idle legend that in private life he is a gross romping voluptuary. Nothing, at least, can well be more surprising than the terms of his connection with the Princess. Older than her husband, certainly uglier, and, according to the feeble ideas common among women, in every particular less pleasing, he has not only seized the complete command of all her thought and action, but has imposed on her in public a humiliating part. I do not here refer to the complete sacrifice of every rag of her reputation; for to many women these extremities are in themselves attractive. But there is about the Court a certain lady of a dishevelled reputation, a Countess von Rosen, wife or widow of a cloudy count, no longer in her second youth and already bereft of some of her attractions, who unequivocally occupies the station of the Baron's mistress. I had thought, at first, that she was but a hired accomplice, a mere blind or buffer for the more important sinner. A few hours' acquaintance with Madame von Rosen for ever dispelled the illusion. She is one rather to make than to prevent a scandal, and she values none of those bribes—money, honours, or employment—with which the situation might be gilded. Indeed, as a person frankly bad, she pleased me, in the Court of Grünewald, like a piece of nature.

The power of this man over the Princess is, therefore, without bounds. She has sacrificed to the adoration with which he has inspired her not only her marriage vow and every shred of public decency, but that vice of jealousy which is so much dearer to the female sex than either intrinsic honour or outward consideration. Nay, more: a young, although not a very attractive woman, and a Princess both by birth and fact, she submits to the triumphant rivalry of one who might be her mother as to years, and who is so manifestly her inferior in station. This is one of the mysteries of the human heart. But the rage of illicit love, when it is once indulged, appears to grow by feeding; and to a person of the character and temperament of this unfortunate young lady, almost any depth of degradation is within the reach of possibility.

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCE AND THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER

So FAR Otto read, with waxing indignation; and here his fury overflowed. He tossed the roll upon the table and stood up. "This man," he said, "is a devil. A filthy imagination, an ear greedy of evil, a ponderous malignity of thought and language: I grow like him by the reading! Chancellor, where is this fellow lodged?"

"He was committed to the Flag Tower," replied Greisengesang, "in the Gamiani appartment."

"Lead me to him," said the Prince; and then a thought striking him, "Was it for that," he asked, "that I found so many sentries in the garden?"

"Your Highness, I am unaware," answered Greisengesang, true to his policy. "The disposition of the guards is a matter distinct from my functions."

Otto turned upon the old man fiercely, but ere he had time to speak, Gotthold touched him on the arm. He swallowed his wrath with a great effort. "It is well," he said, taking the roll. "Follow me to the Flag Tower."

The Chancellor gathered himself together, and the two set forward. It was a long and complicated voyage; for the library was in the wing of the new buildings, and the tower which carried the flag was in the old schloss upon the garden. By a great variety of stairs and corridors, they came out at last upon a patch of gravelled court; the garden peeped through a high grating with a flash of green; tall, old, gabled buildings mounted on every side; the Flag Tower climbed, stage after stage, into the blue; and high over all, among the building daws, the yellow flag wavered in the wind. A sentinel at the foot of the tower stairs presented arms; another paced the first landing; and a third was stationed before the door of the extemporised prison.

"We guard this mud-bag like a jewel," Otto sneered.

The Gamiani apartment was so called from an Italian doctor who had imposed on the credulity of a former prince. The rooms were large, airy, pleasant, and looked upon the garden; but the walls were of great thickness (for the tower was old), and the windows were heavily barred. The Prince, followed by the Chancellor, still trotting to keep up with him, brushed swiftly through the little library and the long saloon, and burst like a thunderbolt into the bedroom at the further end. Sir John was finishing his toilet; a man of fifty, hard, uncompromising, able, with the eye and teeth of physical courage. He was unmoved by the irruption, and bowed with a sort of sneering ease.

"To what am I to attribute the honour of this visit?" he asked.

"You have eaten my bread," replied Otto, "you have taken my hand, you have been received under my roof. When did I fail you in courtesy? What have you asked that was not granted as to an honoured guest? And here, sir," tapping fiercely on the manuscript, "here is your return."

"Your Highness has read my papers?" said the Baronet. "I am honoured indeed. But the sketch is most imperfect. I shall now have much to add. I can say that the Prince, whom I had accused of idleness, is zealous in the department of police, taking upon himself those duties that are most distasteful. I shall be able to relate the burlesque incident of my arrest, and the singular interview with which you honour me at present. For the rest, I have already communicated with my Ambassador at Vienna; and unless you propose to murder me, I shall be at liberty, whether you please or not, within the week. For I hardly fancy the future empire of Grünewald is yet ripe to go to war with England. I conceive I am a little more than quits. I owe you no explanation; yours has been the wrong. You, if you have studied my writing with intelligence, owe me a large debt of gratitude. And to conclude, as I have not yet finished my toilet, I imagine the courtesy or a turnkey to a prisoner would induce you to withdraw."

There was some paper on the table, and Otto, sitting down, wrote a passport in the name of Sir John Crabtree.

"Affix the seal, Herr Cancellarius," he said, in his most princely manner, as he rose.

Greisengesang produced a red portfolio, and affixed the seal in the unpoetic guise of an adhesive stamp; nor did his perturbed and clumsy movements at all lessen the comedy of the performance. Sir John looked on with a malign enjoyment; and Otto chafed, regretting, when too late, the unnecessary royalty of his command and gesture. But at length the Chancellor had finished his piece of prestidigitation, and, without waiting for an order, had countersigned the passport. Thus regularized, he returned it to Otto with a bow.

"You will now," said the Prince, "order one of my own carriages to be prepared; see it, with your own eyes, charged with Sir John's effects, and have it waiting within the hour behind the Pheasant House. Sir John departs this morning for Vienna."

The Chancellor took his elaborate departure.

"Here, sir, is your passport," said Otto, turning to the Baronet. "I regret it from my heart that you have met inhospitable usage."

"Well, there will be no English war," returned Sir John.

"Nay, sir," said Otto, "you surely owe me your civility. Matters are now changed, and we stand again upon the footing of two gentlemen. It was not I who ordered your arrest; I returned late last night from hunting; and as you can not blame me for your imprisonment, you may even thank me for your freedom."

"And yet you read my papers," said the traveller, shrewdly.

"There, sir, I was wrong," returned Otto; "and for that I ask your pardon. You can scarce refuse it, for your own dignity, to one who is a plexus of weaknesses. Nor was the fault entirely mine. Had the papers been innocent, it would have been at most an indiscretion. Your own guilt is the sting of my offence."

Sir John regarded Otto with an approving twinkle; then he bowed, but still in silence.

"Well, sir, as you are now at your entire disposal, I have a favour to beg of your indulgence," continued the Prince. "I have to request that you will walk with me alone into the garden so soon as your convenience permits."

"From the moment that I am a free man," Sir John replied, this time with perfect courtesy, "I am wholly at your Highness's command; and if you will excuse a rather summary toilet, I will even follow you as I am."

"I thank you, sir," said Otto.

So without more delay, the Prince leading, the pair proceeded down through the echoing stairway of the tower, and out through the grating, into the ample air and sunshine of the morning, and among the terraces and flower-beds of the garden. They crossed the fish-pond, where the carp were leaping as thick as bees; they mounted, one after another, the various flights of stairs, snowed upon, as they went, with April blossoms, and marching in time to the great orchestra of birds. Nor did Otto pause till they had reached the highest terrace of the garden. Here was a gate into the park, and hard by, under a tuft of laurel, a marble garden seat. Hence they looked down on the green tops of many elm-trees, where the rooks were busy; and, beyond that, upon the palace roof, and the yellow banner flying in the blue. "I pray you to be seated, sir," said Otto.

Sir John complied without a word; and for some seconds Otto walked to and fro before him, plunged in angry thought. The birds were all singing for a wager.

"Sir," said the Prince at length, turning towards the Englishman, "you are to me, except by the conventions of society, a perfect stranger. Of your character and wishes I am ignorant. I have never wittingly disobliged you. There is a difference in station, which I desire to waive. I would, if you still think me entitled to so much consideration—I would be regarded simply as a gentleman. Now, sir, I did wrong to glance at these papers, which I here return to you; but if curiosity be undignified, as

I am free to own, falsehood is both cowardly and cruel. I opened your roll; and what did I find—what did I find about my wife? Lies!" he broke out. "They are lies! There are not, so help me God! four words of truth in your intolerable libel! You are a man; you are old, and might be the girl's father; you are a gentleman; you are a scholar, and have learned refinement; and you rake together all this vulgar scandal, and propose to print it in a public book! Such is your chivalry! But, thank God, sir, she has still a husband. You say, sir, in that paper in your hand, that I am a bad fencer; I have to request from you a lesson in the art. The park is close behind; yonder is the Pheasant House, where you will find your carriage; should I fall, you know, sir—you have written it in your paper—how little my movements are regarded; I am in the custom of disappearing; it will be one more disappearance, and long before it has awakened a remark, you may be safe across the border."

"You will observe," said Sir John, "that what you ask is impossible."

"And if I struck you?" cried the Prince, with a sudden menacing flash.

"It would be a cowardly blow," returned the Baronet, unmoved, "for it would make no change. I cannot draw upon a reigning sovereign."

"And it is this man, to whom you dare not offer satisfaction, that you choose to insult!" cried Otto.

"Pardon me," said the traveller, "you are unjust. It is because you are a reigning sovereign that I cannot fight with you; and it is for the same reason that I have a right to criticize your action and your wife. You are in everything a public creature; you belong to the public, body and bone. You have with you the law, the muskets of the army, and the eyes of spies. We, on our side, have but one weapon—truth."

"Truth!" echoed the Prince, with a gesture.

There was another silence.

"Your Highness," said Sir John at last, "you must not expect grapes from a thistle. I am old and a cynic. Nobody cares a rush for me; and on the whole, after the present interview, I scarce know anybody that I like better than yourself. You see, I have changed my mind, and have the uncommon virtue to avow the change. I tear up this stuff before you, here in your own garden; I ask your pardon, I ask the pardon of the Princess; and I give you my word of honour as a gentleman and an old man, that when my book of travels shall appear it shall not contain so much as the name of Grünewald. And yet it was a racy chapter! But had your Highness only read about the other Courts! I am a carrion crow; but it is not my fault, after all, that the world is such a nauseous kennel."

"Sir," said Otto, "is the eye not jaundiced?"

"Nay," cried the traveller, "very likely. I am one who goes sniffing; I am no poet. I believe in a better future for the world; or, at all accounts, I do most potently disbelieve in the present. Rotten eggs is the burden of my song. But indeed, your Highness, when I meet with any merit, I do not think that I am slow to recognize it. This is a day that I shall still recall with gratitude, for I have found a sovereign with some manly virtues; and for once—old courtier and old radical as I am—it is from the heart and quite sincerely that I can request the honour of kissing your Highness's hand?"

"Nay, sir," said Otto, "to my heart!"

And the Englishman, taken at unawares, was clasped for a moment in the Prince's arms.

"And now, sir," added Otto, "there is the Pheasant House; close behind it you will find my carriage, which I pray you to accept. God speed you to Vienna!"

"In the impetuosity of youth," replied Sir John, "your Highness has overlooked one circumstance. I am still fasting."

"Well, sir," said Otto, smiling, "you are your own master; you may go or stay. But I warn you, your friend may prove less powerful than your enemies. The Prince, indeed, is thoroughly on your side; he has all the will to help; but to whom do I speak? —you know better than I do, he is not alone in Grünewald."

"There is a deal in position," returned the traveller, gravely nodding. "Gondremark loves to temporize; his policy is below ground, and he fears all open courses; and now that I have seen you act with so much spirit, I will cheerfully risk myself on your protection. Who knows? You may be yet the better man."

"Do you indeed believe so?" cried the Prince. "You put life into my heart!"

"I will give up sketching portraits," said the Baronet. "I am a blind owl; I had misread you strangely. And yet remember this: a sprint is one thing, and to run all day another. For I still mistrust your constitution: the short nose, the hair and eyes of several complexions; no, they are diagnostic; and I must end, I see, as I began."

"I am still a singing chambermaid?" said Otto.

"Nay, your Highness, I pray you to forget what I had written," said Sir John; "I am not like Pilate; and the chapter is no more. Bury it, if you love me."

CHAPTER IV

WHILE THE PRINCE IS IN THE ANTE-ROOM . . .

Greatly comforted by the exploits of the morning, the Prince turned towards the Princess's ante-room, bent on a more difficult enterprise. The curtains rose before him, the usher called his name, and he entered the room with an exaggeration of his usual mincing and airy dignity. There were about a score of persons waiting, principally ladies; it was one of the few societies in Grünewald where Otto knew himself to be popular; and while a maid of honour made her exit by a side door to announce his arrival to the Princess, he moved round the apartment, collecting homage and bestowing compliments, with friendly grace. Had this been the sum of his duties, he had been an admirable monarch. Lady after lady was impartially honoured by his attention.

"Madam," he said to one, "how does this happen? I find you daily more adorable."

"And your Highness daily browner," replied the lady. "We began equal; O, there I will be bold: we have both beautiful complexions. But while I study mine, your Highness tans himself."

"A perfect negro, madam; and what so fitly—being beauty's slave?" said Otto. "Madame Grafinski, when is our next play? I have just heard that I am a bad actor."

"*O ciel!*" cried Madame Grafinski. "Who could venture? What a bear!"

"An excellent man, I can assure you," returned Otto.

"O, never! O, is it possible!" fluted the lady. "Your Highness plays like an angel."

"You must be right, madam; who could speak falsely and yet look so charming?" said the Prince. "But this gentleman, it seems, would have preferred me playing like an actor."

A sort of hum, a falsetto, feminine cooing, greeted the tiny sally; and Otto expanded like a peacock. This warm atmosphere of women and flattery and idle chatter pleased him to the marrow.

"Madame von Eisenthal, your coiffure is delicious," he remarked.

"Every one was saying so," said one.

"If I have pleased Prince Charming?" And Madame von Eisenthal swept him a deep curtsey with a killing glance of adoration.

"It is new?" he asked. "Vienna fashion."

"Mint new," replied the lady, "for your Highness's return. I felt young this morning; it was a premonition. But why, Prince, do you ever leave us?"

"For the pleasure of the return," said Otto. "I am like a dog; I must bury my bone, and then come back to gloat upon it."

"O, a bone! Fie, what a comparison! You have brought back the manners of the wood," returned the lady.

"Madam, it is what the dog has dearest," said the Prince. "But I observe Madame von Rosen."

And Otto, leaving the group to which he had been piping, stepped towards the embrasure of a window where a lady stood.

The Countess von Rosen had hitherto been silent, and a thought depressed, but on the approach of Otto she began to brighten. She was tall, slim as a nymph, and of a very airy carriage; and her face, which was already beautiful in repose, lightened and changed, flashed into smiles, and glowed with lovely colour at the touch of animation. She was a good vocalist; and, even in speech, her voice commanded a great range of changes, the low notes rich with tenor quality, the upper ringing, on the brink of laughter, into music. A gem of many facets and variable hues of fire; a woman who withheld the better portion of her beauty, and then, in a caressing second, flashed it like a weapon full on the beholder; now merely a tall figure and a sallow handsome face, with the evidences of a reckless temper; anon opening like a flower to life and colour, mirth and tenderness: Madame von Rosen had always a dagger in reserve for the despatch of ill-assured admirers. She met Otto with the dart of tender gaiety.

"You have come to me at last, Prince Cruel," she said. "Butterfly! Well, and am I not to kiss your hand?" she added.

"Madam, it is I who must kiss yours." And Otto bowed and kissed it.

"You deny me every indulgence," she said, smiling.

"And now what news in Court?" inquired the Prince. "I come to you for my gazette."

"Ditch-water!" she replied. "The world is all asleep, grown grey in slumber; I do not remember any waking movement since quite an eternity; and the last thing in the nature of a sensation was the last time my governess was allowed to box my ears. But yet I do myself and your unfortunate enchanted palace some injustice. Here is the last—O positively!" And she told him the story from behind her fan, with many glances, many cunning strokes of the narrator's art. The others had drawn away, for it was understood that Madame von Rosen was in favour with the Prince. None the less, however, did the Countess lower her voice at times to within a semitone of whispering; and the pair leaned together over the narrative.

"Do you know," said Otto, laughing, "you are the only entertaining woman on this earth!"

"O, you have found out so much," she cried.

"Yes, madam, I grow wiser with advancing years," he returned.

"Years!" she repeated. "Do you name the traitors? I do not believe in years; the calendar is a delusion."

"You must be right, madam," replied the Prince. "For six years that we have been good friends, I have observed you to grow younger."

"Flatterer!" cried she; and then with a change, "But why should I say so," she added, "when I protest I think the same? A week ago I had a council with my Father Director, the glass; and the glass replied, 'Not yet!' I confess my face in this way once a month. O! a very solemn moment. Do you know what I shall do when the mirror answers, 'Now'?"

"I cannot guess," said he.

"No more can I," returned the Countess. "There is such a choice! Suicide, gambling, a nunnery, a volume of memoirs, or politics —the last, I am afraid."

"It is a dull trade," said Otto.

"Nay," she replied, "it is a trade I rather like. It is, after all, first cousin to gossip, which no one can deny to be amusing. For instance, if I were to tell you that the Princess and the Baron rode out together daily to inspect the cannon, it is either a piece of politics or scandal, as I turn my phrase. I am the alchemist that makes the transmutation. They have been everywhere together since you left," she continued, brightening as she saw Otto darken; "that is a poor snippet of malicious gossip —and they were everywhere cheered—and with that addition all becomes political intelligence."

"Let us change the subject," said Otto.

"I was about to propose it," she replied, "or rather to pursue the politics. Do you know? this war is popular—popular to the length of cheering Princess Seraphina."

"All things, madam, are possible," said the Prince; "and this among others, that we may be going into war, but I give you my word of honour I do not know with whom."

"And you put up with it?" she cried. "I have no pretensions to morality; and I confess I have always abominated the lamb, and nourished a romantic feeling for the wolf. O, be done with lambiness! Let us see there is a prince, for I am weary of the distaff."

"Madam," said Otto, "I thought you were of that faction."

"I should be of yours, *mon Prince,* if you had one," she retorted. "Is it true that you have no ambition? There was a man once in England whom they call the kingmaker. Do you know," she added, "I fancy I could make a prince?"

"Some day, madam," said Otto, "I may ask you to help make a farmer."

"Is that a riddle?" asked the Countess.

"It is," replied the Prince, "and a very good one too."

"Tit for tat. I will ask you another," she returned. "Where is Gondremark?"

"The Prime Minister? In the prime ministry, no doubt," said Otto.

"Precisely," said the Countess; and she pointed with her fan to the door of the Princess's apartments. "You and I, *mon Prince,* are in the anteroom. You think me unkind," she added. "Try me and you will see. Set me a task, put me a question; there is no enormity I am not capable of doing to oblige you, and no secret that I am not ready to betray."

"Nay, madam, but I respect my friend too much," he answered, kissing her hand. "I would rather remain ignorant of all. We fraternize like foemen soldiers at the outposts, but let each be true to his own army."

"Ah," she cried, "if all men were generous like you, it would be worth while to be a woman!" Yet, judging by her looks, his generosity, if anything, had disappointed her; she seemed to seek a remedy, and, having found it, brightened once more. "And now," she said, "may I dismiss my sovereign? This is rebellion and a *cas pendable;* but what am I to do? My bear is jealous!"

"Madam, enough!" cried Otto. "Ahasuerus reaches you the sceptre; more, he will obey you in all points. I should have been a dog to come to whistling."

And so the Prince departed, and fluttered round Grafinski and von Eisenthal. But the Countess knew the use of her offensive weapons, and had left a pleasant arrow in the Prince's heart. That Gondremark was jealous—here was an agreeable revenge! And Madame von Rosen, as the occasion of the jealousy, appeared to him in a new light.

CHAPTER V

. . . GONDREMARK IS IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER

The Countess von Rosen spoke the truth. The great Prime Minister of Grünewald was already closeted with Seraphina. The toilet was over; and the Princess, tastefully arrayed, sat face to face with a tall mirror. Sir John's description was unkindly true, true in terms and yet a libel, a misogynistic masterpiece. Her forehead was perhaps too high, but it became her; her figure somewhat stooped, but every detail was formed and finished like a gem; her hand, her foot, her ear, the set of her comely head, were all dainty and accordant; if she was not beautiful, she was vivid, changeful, coloured, and pretty with a thousand various prettinesses; and her eyes, if they indeed rolled too consciously, yet rolled to purpose. They were her most attractive feature, yet they continually bore eloquent false witness to her thoughts; for while she herself, in the depths of her immature, unsoftened heart, was given altogether to manlike ambition and the desire of power, the eyes were by turns bold, inviting, fiery, melting, and artful, like the eyes of a rapacious siren. And artful, in a sense, she was. Chafing that she was not a man and could not shine by action, she had conceived a .woman's part, of answerable domination; she sought to subjugate for by-ends, to rain influence and be fancy free; and while she loved not man, loved to see man obey her. It is a common girl's ambition. Such was perhaps that lady of the glove, who sent her lover to the lions. But the snare is laid alike for male and female, and the world most artfully contrived.

Near her, in a low chair, Gondremark had arranged his limbs into a cat-like attitude, high-shouldered, stooping, and submiss. The formidable blue jowl of the man, and the dull bilious eye, set perhaps a higher value on his evident desire to please. His face was marked by capacity, temper, and a kind of bold, piratical dishonesty which it would be calumnious to call deceit. His manners, as he smiled upon the Princess, were overfine, yet hardly elegant.

"Possibly," said the Baron, "I should now proceed to take my leave. I must not keep my sovereign in the ante-room. Let us come at once to a decision."

"It cannot, cannot be put off?" she asked.

"It is impossible," answered Gondremark. "Your Highness sees it for herself. In the earlier stages, we might imitate the serpent; but for the ultimatum, there is no choice but to be bold like lions. Had the Prince chosen to remain away, it had been better; but we have gone too far forward to delay."

"What can have brought him?" she cried. "Today of all days?"

"The marplot, madam, has the instinct of his nature," returned Gondremark. "But you exaggerate the peril. Think, madam, how far we have prospered, and against what odds! Shall a Featherhead?—but no!" And he blew upon his fingers lightly with a laugh.

"Featherhead," she replied, "is still the Prince of Grünewald."

"On your sufferance only, and so long as you shall please to be indulgent," said the Baron. "There are rights of nature; power to the powerful is the law. If he shall think to cross your destiny—well, you have heard of the brazen and the earthen pot."

"Do you call me pot? You are ungallant, Baron," laughed the Princess.

"Before we are done with your glory, I shall have called you by many different titles," he replied.

The girl flushed with pleasure. "But Frédéric is still the Prince, *Monsieur le Flatteur*," she said. "You do not propose a revolution?—you of all men?"

"Dear madam, when it is already made!" he cried. "The Prince reigns indeed in the almanack; but my Princess reigns and rules." And he looked at her with a fond admiration that made the heart of Seraphina swell. Looking on her huge slave, she drank the intoxicating joys of power. Meanwhile he continued, with that sort of massive archness that so ill became him. "She has but one fault; there is but one danger in the great career that I foresee for her. May I name it? may I be so irreverent? It is in herself—her heart is soft."

"Her courage is faint, Baron," said the Princess. "Suppose we have judged ill, suppose we were defeated?"

"Defeated, madam?" returned the Baron, with a touch of ill humour. "Is the dog defeated by the hare? Our troops are all cantoned along the frontier; in five hours the vanguard of five thousand bayonets shall be hammering on the gates of Brandenau; and in all Gerolstein there are not fifteen hundred men who can manœuvre. It is as simple as a sum. There can be no resistance."

"It is no great exploit," she said. "Is that what you call glory? It is like beating a child."

"The courage, madam, is diplomatic," he replied. "We take a grave step; we fix the eyes of Europe, for the first time, on Grünewald; and in the negotiations of the next three months, mark me, we stand or fall. It is there, madam, that I shall have to depend upon your counsels," he added, almost gloomily. "If I had not seen you at work, if I did not know the fertility of your mind, I own I should tremble for the consequence. But it is in this field that men must recognize their inability. All the great negotiators, when they have not been women, have had women at their elbows. Madame de Pompadour was ill served; she had not found her Gondremark; but what a mighty politician! Catherine de Medici, too, what justice of sight, what readiness of means, what elasticity against defeat! But alas! madam, her Featherheads were her own children; and she had that one touch of vulgarity, that one trait of the good-wife, that she suffered family ties and affections to confine her liberty."

These singular views of history, strictly *ad usum Seraphinæ*, did not weave their usual soothing spell over the Princess. It was plain that she had taken a momentary distaste to her own resolutions; for she continued to oppose her counsellor, looking upon him out of half-closed eyes and with the shadow of a sneer upon her lips. "What boys men are!" she said; "what lovers of big words! Courage, indeed! If you had to scour pans, Herr von Gondremark, you would call it, I suppose, Domestic Courage?"

"I would, madam," said the Baron, stoutly, "if I scoured them well. I would put a good name upon a virtue; you will not overdo it; they are not so enchanting in themselves."

"Well, but let me see," she said. "I wish to understand your courage. Why, we asked leave, like children! Our grannie in Berlin, our uncle in Vienna, the whole family, have patted us on the head and sent us forward. Courage? I wonder when I hear you!"

"My Princess is unlike herself," returned the Baron. "She has forgotten where the peril lies. True, we have received encouragement on every hand; but my Princess knows too well on what untenable conditions; and she knows besides how, in the publicity of the diet, these whispered conferences are forgotten and disowned. The danger is very real"—he raged inwardly at having to blow the very coal he had been quenching—"none the less real in that it is not precisely military, but for that reason the easier to be faced. Had we to count upon your troops, although I share your Highness's expectations of the conduct of Alvenau, we cannot forget that he has not been proved in chief command. But where negotiation is concerned, the conduct lies with us; and with your help I laugh at danger."

"It may be so," said Seraphina, sighing. "It is elsewhere that I see danger. The people, these abominable people—suppose they should instantly rebel? What a figure we should make in the eyes of Europe to have undertaken an invasion while my own throne was tottering to its fall!"

"Nay, madam," said Gondremark, smiling, "here you are beneath yourself. What is it that feeds their discontent? What but the taxes? Once we have seized Gerolstein, the taxes are remitted, the sons return covered with renown, the houses are adorned with pillage, each tastes his little share of military glory, and behold us once again a happy family! 'Ay,' they will say, in each other's long ears, 'the Princess knew what she was about; she was in the right of it; she had a head upon her shoulders; and here we are, you see, better off than before.' But why should I say all this? It is what my Princess pointed out to me herself; it was by these reasons that she converted me to this adventure."

"I think, Herr von Gondremark," said Seraphina, somewhat tartly, "you often attribute your own sagacity to your Princess."

For a second Gondremark staggered under the shrewdness of the attack; the next, he had perfectly recovered. "Do I?" he said. "It is very possible. I have observed a similar tendency in your Highness."

It was so openly spoken, and appeared so just, that Seraphina breathed again. Her vanity had been alarmed, and the greatness of the relief improved her spirits. "Well," she said, "all this is little to the purpose. We are keeping Frédéric without, and I am still ignorant of our line of battle. Come, co-admiral, let us consult . . . How am I to receive him now? And what are we to do if he should appear at the council?"

"Now," he answered. "I shall leave him to my Princess for just now! I have seen her at work. Send him off to his theatricals! But in all gentleness," he added. "Would it, for instance, would it displease my sovereign to affect a headache?"

"Never!" said she. "The woman who can manage, like the man who can fight, must never shrink from an encounter. The knight must not disgrace his weapons."

"Then let me pray my *belle dame sans merci*," he returned, "to affect the only virtue that she lacks. Be pitiful to the poor young man; affect an interest in his hunting; be weary of politics; find in his society, as it were, a grateful repose from dry considerations. Does my Princess authorize the line of battle?"

"Well, that is a trifle," answered Seraphina. "The council—there is the point."

"The council?" cried Gondremark. "Permit me, madam." And he rose and proceeded to flutter about the room, counterfeiting Otto both in voice and gesture not unhappily. "What is there today, Herr von Gondremark? Ah, Herr Cancellarius, a new wig! You cannot deceive me; I know every wig in Grünewald; I have the sovereign's eye. What are these papers about? O, I see. O, certainly. Surely, surely. I wager none of you remarked that wig. By all means. I know nothing about that. Dear me, are there as many as all that? Well, you can sign them; you have the procuration. You see, Herr Cancellarius, I knew your wig. And so," concluded Gondremark, resuming his own voice, "our sovereign, by the particular grace of God, enlightens and supports his privy councillors."

But when the Baron turned to Seraphina for approval, he found her frozen. "You are pleased to be witty, Herr von Gondremark," she said, "and have perhaps forgotten where you are. But these rehearsals are apt to be misleading. Your master, the Prince of Grünewald, is sometimes more exacting."

Gondremark cursed her in his soul. Of all injured vanities, that of the reproved buffoon is the most savage; and when grave issues are involved, these petty stabs become unbearable. But Gondremark was a man of iron; he showed nothing; he did not even, like the common trickster, retreat because he had presumed, but held to his point bravely. "Madam," he said, "if, as you say, he prove exacting, we must take the bull by the horns."

"We shall see," she said, and she arranged her skirt like one about to rise. Temper, scorn, disgust, all the more acrid feelings, became her like jewels; and she now looked her best.

"Pray God they quarrel," thought Gondremark. "The damned minx may fail me yet, unless they quarrel. It is time to let him in. Zz—fight, dogs!" Consequent on these reflections, he bent a stiff knee and chivalrously kissed the Princess's hand. "My Princess," he said, "must now dismiss her servant. I have much to arrange against the hour of council."

"Go," she said, and rose.

And as Gondremark tripped out of a private door, she touched a bell, and gave the order to admit the Prince.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRINCE DELIVERS A LECTURE ON MARRIAGE, WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF DIVORCE

WITH what a world of excellent intentions Otto entered his wife's cabinet! how fatherly, how tender! how morally affecting were the words he had prepared! Nor was Seraphina unamiably inclined. Her usual fear of Otto as a marplot in her great designs was now swallowed up in a passing distrust of the designs themselves. For Gondremark, besides, she had conceived an angry horror. In her heart she did not like the Baron. Behind his impudent servility, behind the devotion which, with indelicate delicacy, he still forced on her attention, she divined the grossness of his nature. So a man may be proud of having tamed a bear, and yet sicken at his captive's odour. And above all, she had certain jealous intimations that the man was false, and the deception double. True, she falsely trifled with his love; but he, perhaps, was only trifling with her vanity. The insolence of his late mimicry, and the odium of her own position as she sat and watched it, lay besides like a load upon her conscience. She met Otto almost with a sense of guilt, and yet she welcomed him as a deliverer from ugly things.

But the wheels of an interview are at the mercy of a thousand ruts; and even at

Otto's entrance, the first jolt occurred. Gondremark, he saw, was gone; but there was the chair drawn close for consultation; and it pained him not only that this man had been received, but that he should depart with such an air of secrecy. Struggling with this twinge, it was somewhat sharply that he dismissed the attendant who had brought him in.

"You make yourself at home, *chez moi*," she said, a little ruffled both by his tone of command and by the glance he had thrown upon the chair.

"Madam," replied Otto, "I am here so seldom that I have almost the rights of a stranger."

"You choose your own associates, Frédéric," she said.

"I am here to speak of it," he returned. "It is now four years since we were married; and these four years, Seraphina, have not perhaps been happy either for you or for me. I am well aware I was unsuitable to be your husband. I was not young, I had no ambition, I was a trifler; and you despised me, I dare not say unjustly. But to do justice on both sides, you must bear in mind how I have acted. When I found it amused you to play the part of Princess on this little stage, did I not immediately resign to you my box of toys, this Grünewald? And when I found I was distasteful as a husband, could any husband have been less intrusive? You will tell me that I have no feelings, no preference, and thus no credit; that I go before the wind; that all this was in my character. And indeed, one thing is true, that it is easy, too easy, to leave things undone. But, Seraphina, I begin to learn it is not always wise. If I were too old and too uncongenial for your husband, I should still have remembered that I was the Prince of that country to which you came, a visitor and a child. In that relation also there were duties, and these duties I have not performed."

To claim the advantage of superior age is to give sure offence. "Duty!" laughed Seraphina, "and on your lips, Frédéric! You make me laugh. What fancy is this? Go, flirt with the maids and be a Prince in Dresden China, as you look. Enjoy yourself, *mon enfant*, and leave duty and the state to us."

The plural grated on the Prince. "I have enjoyed myself too much," he said, "since enjoyment is the word. And yet there were much to say upon the other side. You must suppose me desperately fond of hunting. But indeed there were days when I found a great deal of interest in what it was courtesy to call my government. And I have always had some claim to taste; I could tell live happiness from dull routine; and between hunting, and the throne of Austria, and your society, my choice had never wavered, had the choice been mine. You were a girl, a bud, when you were given me—"

"Heavens!" she cried, "is this to be a love scene?"

"I am never ridiculous," he said; "it is my only merit; and you may be certain this shall be a scene of marriage *à la mode*. But when I remember the beginning, it is bare courtesy to speak in sorrow. Be just, madam: you would think me strangely uncivil to recall these days without the decency of a regret. Be yet a little juster, and own, if only in complaisance, that you yourself regret that past."

"I have nothing to regret," said the Princess. "You surprise me. I thought you were so happy."

"Happy and happy, there are so many hundred ways," said Otto. "A man may be happy in revolt; he may be happy in sleep; wine, change, and travel make him happy; virtue, they say, will do the like—I have not tried; and they say also that in old, quiet, and habitual marriages there is yet another happiness. Happy, yes; I am happy if you like; but I will tell you frankly, I was happier when I brought you home."

"Well," said the Princess, not without constraint, "it seems you changed your mind."

"Not I," returned Otto, "I never changed. Do you remember, Seraphina, on our way home, when you saw the roses in the lane, and I got out and plucked them? It was a narrow lane between great trees; the sunset at the end was all gold, and the rooks were flying overhead. There were nine, nine red roses; you gave me a kiss for each, and I told myself that every rose and every kiss should stand for a year of love. Well, in eighteen months there was an end. But do you fancy, Seraphina, that my heart has altered?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," she said, like an automaton.

"It has not," the Prince continued. "There is nothing ridiculous, even from a husband, in a love that owns itself unhappy and that asks no more. I built on sand, pardon me, I do not breathe a reproach—I built, I suppose, upon my own infirmities; but I put my heart in the building, and it still lies among the ruins."

"How very poetical!" she said with a little choking laugh, unknown relentings, unfamiliar softnesses, moving within her. "What would you be at?" she added, hardening her voice.

"I would be at this," he answered; "and hard it is to say. I would be at this: Seraphina, I am your husband after all, and a poor fool that loves you. Understand," he cried almost fiercely, "I am no suppliant husband; what your love refuses I would scorn to receive from your pity. I do not ask, I would not take it. And for jealousy, what ground have I? A dog-in-the-manger jealousy is a thing the dogs may laugh at. But at least, in the world's eye, I am still your husband; and I ask you if you treat me fairly? I keep to myself, I leave you free, I have given you in everything your will. What do you in return? I find, Seraphina, that you have been too thoughtless. But between persons such as we, in our conspicuous station, particular care and a particular courtesy are owing. Scandal is perhaps not easy to avoid; but it is hard to bear."

"Scandal!" she cried, with a deep breath. "Scandal! It is for this, you have been driving!"

"I have tried to tell you how I feel," he replied. "I have told you that I love you—love you in vain—a bitter thing for a husband; I have laid myself open that I might speak without offence. And now that I have begun, I will go on and finish."

"I demand it," she said. "What is this about?"

Otto flushed crimson. "I have to say what I would fain not," he answered. "I counsel you to see less of Gondremark."

"Of Gondremark? And why?" she asked.

"Your intimacy is the ground of scandal, madam," said Otto, firmly enough—"of a scandal that is agony to me, and would be crushing to your parents if they knew it."

"You are the first to bring me word of it," said she. "I thank you."

"You have perhaps cause," he replied. "Perhaps I am the only one among your friends—"

"O, leave my friends alone," she interrupted. "My friends are of a different stamp. You have come to me here and made a parade of sentiment. When have I last seen you? I have governed your kingdom for you in the meanwhile, and there I got no help. At last, when I am weary with a man's work, when you are weary of your playthings, you return to make me a scene of conjugal reproaches—the grocer and his wife! The positions are too much reversed; and you should understand, at least, that I cannot at the same time do your work of government and behave myself like a little girl. Scandal is the atmosphere in which we live, we princes; it is what a prince should know. You play an odious part. Do you believe this rumour?"

"Madam, should I be here?" said Otto.

"It is what I want to know!" she cried, the tempest of her scorn increasing. "Suppose you did—I say, suppose you did believe it?"

"I should make it my business to suppose the contrary," he answered.

"I thought so. O, you are made of baseness!" said she.

"Madam," he cried, roused at last, "enough of this. You wilfully misunderstand my attitude; you outwear my patience. In the name of your parents, in my own name, I summon you to be more circumspect."

"Is this a request, *Monsieur mon mari?*" she demanded.

"Madam, if I chose, I might command," said Otto.

"You might, sir, as the law stands, make me a prisoner," returned Seraphina. "Short of that you will gain nothing."

"You will continue as before?" he asked.

"Precisely as before," said she. "As soon as this comedy is over, I shall request the Freiherr von Gondremark to visit me. Do you understand?" she added, rising. "For my part, I have done."

"I will then ask the favour of your hand, madam," said Otto, palpitating in every pulse with anger. "I have to request that you will visit in my society another part of my poor house. And reassure yourself—it will not take long—and it is the last obligation that you shall have the chance to lay me under."

"The last?" she cried. "Most joyfully!"

She offered her hand, and he took it; on each side with an elaborate affectation, each inwardly incandescent. He led her out by the private door, following where Gondremark had passed; they threaded a corridor or two, little frequented, looking on a court, until they came at last into the Prince's suite. The first room was an armoury, hung all about with the weapons of various countries, and looking forth on the front terrace.

"Have you brought me here to slay me?" she inquired.

"I have brought you, madam, only to pass on," replied Otto.

Next they came to a library, where an old chamberlain sat half asleep. He rose and bowed before the princely couple, asking for orders.

"You will attend us here," said Otto.

The next stage was a gallery of pictures, where Seraphina's portrait hung conspicuous, dressed for the chase, red roses in her hair, as Otto, in the first months of marriage, had directed. He pointed to it without a word; she raised her eyebrows in silence; and they passed still forward into a matted corridor where four doors opened. One led to Otto's bedroom; one was the private door to Seraphina's. And here, for the first time, Otto left her hand, and stepping forward, shot the bolt.

"It is long, madam," said he, "since it was bolted on the other side."

"One was effectual," returned the Princess. "Is this all?"

"Shall I reconduct you?" he asked, bowing.

"I should prefer," she asked, in ringing tones, "the conduct of the Freiherr von Gondremark."

Otto summoned the chamberlain. "If the Freiherr von Gondremark is in the palace," he said, "bid him attend the Princess here." And when the official had departed, "Can I do more to serve you, madam?" the Prince asked.

"Thank you, no. I have been much amused," she answered.

"I have now," continued Otto, "given you your liberty complete. This has been for you a miserable marriage."

"Miserable!" said she.

"It has been made light to you; it shall be lighter still," continued the Prince. "But one thing, madam, you must still continue to bear—my father's name, which is now yours. I leave it in your hands. Let me see you, since you will have no advice of mine, apply the more attention of your own to bear it worthily."

"Herr von Gondremark is long in coming," she remarked.

"O Seraphina, Seraphina!" he cried. And that was the end of their interview.

She tripped to a window and looked out; and a little after, the chamberlain announced the Freiherr von Gondremark, who entered some something of a wild eye and changed complexion, confounded, as he was, at this unusual summons. The Princess faced round from the window with a pearly smile; nothing but her heightened colour spoke of discomposure. Otto was pale, but he was otherwise master of himself.

"Herr von Gondremark," said he, "oblige me so far: reconduct the Princess to her own apartment."

The Baron, still at sea, offered his hand, which was smilingly accepted, and the pair sailed forth through the picture-gallery.

As soon as they were gone, and Otto knew the length and breadth of his miscarriage, and how he had done the contrary of all that he intended, he stood stupefied. A fiasco so complete and sweeping was laughable, even to himself; and he laughed aloud in his wrath. Upon this mood there followed the sharpest violence of remorse; and to that again, as he recalled his provocation, anger succeeded afresh. So he was tossed in spirit; now bewailing his inconsequence and lack of temper, now flaming up in white hot indignation and a noble pity for himself.

He paced his apartment like a leopard. There was danger in Otto, for a flash. Like a pistol, he could kill at one moment, and the next he might be kicked aside. But just then, as he walked the long floors in his alternate humours, tearing his handkerchief between his hands, he was strung to his top note, every nerve attent. The pistol, you might say, was charged. And when jealousy from time to time fetched him a lash across the tenderest of his feeling, and sent a string of her fire-pictures glancing before his mind's eye, the contraction of his face was even dangerous. He disregarded jealousy's inventions, yet they stung. In this height of his anger, he still preserved his faith in Seraphina's innocence; but the thought of her possible misconduct was the bitterest ingredient in his pot of sorrow.

There came a knock at the door, and the chamberlain brought him a note. He took it and ground it in his hand, continuing his march, continuing his bewildered thoughts; and some minutes had gone by before the circumstance came clearly to his mind. Then he paused and opened it. It was a pencil scratch from Gotthold, thus conceived:

"The council is privately summoned at once.—G. v. H."

If the council was thus called before the hour, and that privately, it was plain they feared his interference. Feared: here was a sweet thought. Gotthold, too—Gotthold, who had always used and regarded him as a mere pleasant lad, had now been at the pains to warn him; Gotthold looked for something at his hands. Well, none should be disappointed; the Prince, too long beshadowed by the uxorious lover, should now return and shine. He summoned his valet, repaired the disorder of his appearance with elaborate care; and then, curled and scented and adorned, Prince Charming in every line, but with a twitching nostril, he set forth unattended for the council.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRINCE DISSOLVES THE COUNCIL

It was as Gotthold wrote. The liberation of Sir John, Greisengesang's uneasy narrative, last of all, the scene between Seraphina and the Prince, had decided the conspirators to take a step of bold timidity. There had been a period of bustle, liveried messengers speeding here and there with notes; and at half-past ten in the morning, about an hour before its usual hour, the council of Grünewald sat around the board.

It was not a large body. At the instance of Gondremark, it had undergone a strict purgation, and was now composed exclusively of tools. Three secretaries sat at a side table. Seraphina took the head; on her right was the Baron, on her left Greisengesang; below these Grafinski the treasurer, Count Eisenthal, a couple of non-combatants, and, to the surprise of all, Gotthold. He had been named a privy councillor by Otto, merely that he might profit by the salary; and as he was never known to attend a meeting, it had occurred to nobody to cancel his appointment. His present appearance was the more ominous, coming when it did. Gondremark scowled upon him; and the non-combatant on his right, intercepting this black look, edged away from one who was so clearly out of favour.

"The hour presses, your Highness," said the Baron; "may we proceed to business?"

"At once," replied Seraphina.

"Your Highness will pardon me," said Gotthold; "but you are still, perhaps, unacquainted with the fact that Prince Otto has returned."

"The Prince will not attend the council," replied Seraphina, with a momentary blush. "The despatches, Herr Cancellarius? There is one for Gerolstein?"

A secretary brought a paper.

"Here, madam," said Greisengesang. "Shall I read it?"

"We are all familiar with its terms," replied Gondremark. "Your Highness approves?"

"Unhesitatingly," said Seraphina.

"It may then be held as read," concluded the Baron. "Will your Highness sign?"

The Princess did so; Gondremark, Eisenthal, and one of the non-combatants followed suit; and the paper was then passed across the table to the librarian. He proceeded leisurely to read.

"We have no time to spare, Herr Doctor," cried the Baron, brutally. "If you do not choose to sign on the authority of your sovereign, pass it on. Or you may leave the table," he added, his temper ripping out.

"I decline your invitation, Herr von Gondremark; and my sovereign, as I continue to observe with regret, is still absent from the board," replied the Doctor, calmly; and he resumed the perusal of the paper, the rest chafining and exchanging glances. "Madam and gentlemen," he said, at last, "what I hold in my hand is simply a declaration of war."

"Simply," said Seraphina, flashing defiance.

"The sovereign of this country is under the same roof with us," continued Gotthold, "and I insist he shall be summoned. It is needless to adduce my reasons; you are all ashamed at heart of this projected treachery."

The council waved like a sea. There were various outcries.

"You insult the Princess," thundered Gondremark.

"I maintain my protest," replied Gotthold.

At the height of this confusion the door was thrown open; an usher announced, "Gentlemen, the Prince!" and Otto, with his most excellent bearing, entered the apartment. It was like oil upon the troubled waters; everyone settled instantly into his place, and Greisengesang, to give himself a countenance, became absorbed in the arrangement of his papers; but in their eagerness to dissemble, one and all neglected to rise.

"Gentlemen," said the Prince, pausing.

They all got to their feet in a moment; and this reproof still further demoralized the weaker brethren.

The Prince moved slowly towards the lower end of the table; then he paused again, and, fixing his eye on Greisengesang, "How comes it, Herr Cancellarius," he asked, "that I have received no notice of the change of hour?"

"Your Highness," replied the Chancellor, "her Highness the Princess . . ." and there paused.

"I understood," said Seraphina, taking him up, "that you did not purpose to be present."

Their eyes met for a second, and Seraphina's fell; but her anger only burned the brighter for that private shame.

"And now, gentlemen," said Otto, taking his chair, "I pray you to be seated. I have been absent: there are doubtless some arrears; but ere we proceed to business, Herr Grafinski, you will direct four thousand crowns to be sent to me at once. Make a note, if you please," he added, as the treasurer still stared in wonder.

"Four thousand crowns?" asked Seraphina. "Pray, for what?"

"Madam," returned Otto, smiling, "for my own purposes."

Gondremark spurred up Grafinski underneath the table.

"If your Highness will indicate the destination . . ." began the puppet.

"You are not here, sir, to interrogate your Prince," said Otto.

Grafinski looked for help to his commander; and Gondremark came to his aid, in suave and measured tones.

"Your Highness may reasonably be surprised," he said; "and Herr Grafinski, although I am convinced he is clear of the intention of offending, would have perhaps done better to begin with an explanation. The resources of the State are at the present moment entirely swallowed up, or, as we hope to prove, wisely invested. In a month from now, I do not question we shall be able to meet any command your Highness may lay upon us; but at this hour I fear that, even in so small a matter, he must prepare himself for disappointment. Our zeal is no less, although our power may be inadequate."

"How much, Herr Grafinski, have we in the treasury?" asked Otto.

"Your Highness," protested the treasurer, "we have immediate need of every crown."

"I think, sir, you evade me," flashed the Prince; and then turning to the side table, "Mr. Secretary," he added, "bring me, if you please, the treasury docket."

Herr Grafinski became deadly pale; the chancellor, expecting his own turn, was probably engaged in prayer; Gondremark was watching like a ponderous cat. Gotthold, on his part, looked on with wonder at his cousin; he was certainly showing spirit, but what, in such a time of gravity, was all this talk of money? and why should he waste his strength upon a personal issue?

"I find," said Otto, with his finger on the docket, "that we have 20,000 crowns in case."

"That is exact, your Highness," replied the Baron. "But our liabilities, all of which are happily not liquid, amount to a far larger sum; and at the present point of time, it would be morally impossible to divert a single florin. Essentially, the case is empty. We have, already presented, a large note for material of war."

"Material of war?" exclaimed Otto, with an excellent assumption of surprise. "But if my memory serves me right, we settled these accounts in January."

"There have been further orders," the Baron explained. "A new park of artillery has been completed; five hundred stand of arms, seven hundred baggage mules—the details are in a special memorandum. Mr. Secretary Holtz, the memorandum, if you please."

"One would think, gentlemen, that we were going to war," said Otto.

"We are," said Seraphina.

"War!" cried the Prince. "And gentlemen, with whom? The peace of Grünewald has endured for centuries. What aggression, what insult have we suffered?"

"Here, your Highness," said Gotthold, "is the ultimatum. It was in the very article of signature, when your Highness so opportunely entered."

Otto laid the paper before him; as he read, his fingers played tattoo upon the table. "Was it proposed," he inquired, "to send this paper forth without a knowledge of my pleasure?"

One of the non-combatants, eager to trim, volunteered an answer. "The Herr Doctor von Hohenstockwitz had just entered his dissent," he added.

"Give me the rest of this correspondence," said the Prince. It was handed to him, and he read it patiently from end to end, while the councillors sat foolishly enough looking before them on the table. The secretaries, in the background, were exchanging glances of delight; a row at the council was for them a rare and welcome feature.

"Gentlemen," said Otto, when he had finished, "I have read with pain. This claim upon Obermünsterol is palpably unjust; it has not a tincture, not a show, of justice. There is not in all this ground enough for after-dinner talk, and you propose to force it as a casus belli."

"Certainly, your Highness," returned Gondremark, too wise to defend the indefensible, "the claim on Obermünsterol is simply a pretext."

"It is well," said the Prince. "Herr Cancellarius, take your pen. "'The council,'" he began to dictate—"I withhold all notice of my intervention," he said, in parenthesis and addressing himself more directly to his wife; "and I say nothing of the strange suppression by which this business has been smuggled past my knowledge. I am content to be in time—'The council,'" he resumed, "'on a further examination of the facts, and enlightened by the note in the last despatch from Gerolstein, have the pleasure to announce that they are entirely at one, both as to fact and sentiment, with the Grand Ducal Court of Gerolstein.' You have it? Upon these lines, sir, you will draw up the despatch."

"If your Highness will allow me," said the Baron, "your Highness is so imperfectly acquainted with the internal history of this correspondence, that any interference will be merely hurtful. Such a paper as your Highness proposes, would be to stultify the whole previous policy of Grünewald."

"The policy of Grünewald!" cried the Prince. "One would suppose you had no sense of humour! Would you fish in a coffee cup?"

"With deference, your Highness," returned the Baron, "even in a coffee cup there may be poison. The purpose of this war is not simply territorial enlargement; still less is it a war of glory; for, as your Highness indicates, the state of Grünewald is too small to be ambitious. But the body politic is seriously diseased; republicanism, socialism, many disintegrating ideas are abroad; circle within circle, a really formidable organization has grown up about your Highness's throne."

"I have heard of it, Herr von Gondremark," put in the Prince; "but I have reason to be aware that yours is the more authoritative information."

"I am honoured by this expression of my Prince's confidence," returned Gondremark, unabashed. "It is, therefore, with a single eye to these disorders, that our present external policy has been shaped. Something was required to divert public attention, to employ the idle, to popularize your Highness's rule, and, if it were possible, to enable him to reduce the taxes at a blow and to a notable amount. The proposed expedition—for it cannot without hyperbole be called a war—seemed to the council to combine the various characters required; a marked improvement in the public sentiment has followed even upon our preparations; and I cannot doubt that when success shall follow, the effect will surpass even our boldest hopes."

"You are very adroit, Herr von Gondremark," said Otto. "You fill me with admiration. I had not heretofore done justice to your qualities."

Seraphina looked up with joy, supposing Otto conquered; but Gondremark still waited, armed at every point; he knew how very stubborn is the revolt of a weak character.

"And the territorial army scheme, to which I was persuaded to consent—was it secretly directed to the same end?" the Prince asked.

"I still believe the effect to have been good," replied the Baron; "discipline and mounting guard are excellent sedatives. But I will avow to your Highness, I was unaware, at the date of that decree, of the magnitude of the revolutionary movement; nor did any of us, I think, imagine that such a territorial army was a part of the republican proposals."

"It was?" asked Otto. "Strange! Upon what fancied grounds?"

"The grounds were indeed fanciful," returned the Baron. "It was conceived among the leaders that a territorial army, drawn from and returning to the people, would, in the event of any popular uprising, prove lukewarm or unfaithful to the throne."

"I see," said the Prince. "I begin to understand."

"His Highness begins to understand?" repeated Gondremark, with the sweetest politeness. "May I beg of him to complete the phrase?"

"The history of the revolution," replied Otto, drily. "And now," he added, "what do you conclude?"

"I conclude, your Highness, with a simple reflection," said the Baron, accepting the stab without a quiver, "the war is popular; were the rumour contradicted tomorrow, a considerable disappointment would be felt in many classes; and in the present tension of spirits, the most lukewarm sentiment may be enough to precipitate events. There lies the danger. The revolution hangs imminent; we sit, at this council board, below the sword of Damocles."

"We must then lay our heads together," said the Prince, "and devise some honourable means of safety."

Up to this moment, since the first note of opposition fell from the librarian, Seraphina had uttered about twenty words. With a somewhat heightened colour, her eyes generally lowered, her foot sometimes nervously tapping on the floor, she had kept her own counsel and commanded her anger like a hero. But at this stage of the engagement she lost control of her impatience.

"Means!" she cried. "They have been found and prepared before you knew the need for them. Sign the despatch, and let us be done with this delay."

"Madam, I said 'honourable,'" returned Otto, bowing. "This war is, in my eyes, and by Herr von Gondremark's account, an inadmissible expedient. If we have misgoverned here in Grünewald, are the people of Gerolstein to bleed and pay for our misdoings? Never, madam; not while I live. But I attach so much importance to all that I have heard to-day for the first time—and why only to-day, I do not even stop to ask—that I am eager to find some plan that I can follow with credit to myself."

"And should you fail?" she asked.

"Should I fail, I will then meet the blow half-way," replied the Prince. "On the first open discontent, I shall convoke the States, and, when it pleases them to bid me, abdicate."

Seraphina laughed angrily. "This is the man for whom we have been labouring!" she cried. "We tell him of change; he will devise the means, he says; and his device is abdication? Sir, have you no shame to come here at the eleventh hour among those who have borne the heat and burthen of the day? Do you not wonder at yourself? I, sir, was here in my place, striving to uphold your dignity alone. I took counsel with the wisest I could find, while you were eating and hunting. I have laid my plans with foresight; they were ripe for action; and then—"she choked— "then you return—for a forenoon—to ruin all! Tomorrow, you will be once more about your pleasures; you will give us leave once more to think and work for you; and again you will come back, and again you will thwart what you had not the industry or knowledge to conceive. Oh! it is intolerable. Be modest, sir. Do not presume upon the rank you cannot worthily uphold. I would not issue my commands with so much gusto—it is from no merit in yourself they are obeyed. What are you? What have you to do in this grave council? Go," she cried, "go among your equals! The very people in the streets mock at you for a prince."

At this surprising outburst the whole council sat aghast.

"Madam," said the Baron, alarmed out of his caution, "command yourself."

"Address yourself to me, sir!" cried the Prince. "I will not bear these whisperings!"

Seraphina burst into tears.

"Sir," cried the Baron, rising, "this lady——"

"Herr von Gondremark," said the Prince, "one more observation, and I place you under arrest."

"Your Highness is the master," replied Gondremark, bowing.

"Bear it in mind more constantly," said Otto. "Herr Cancellarius, bring all the papers to my cabinet. Gentlemen, the council is dissolved."

And he bowed and left the apartment, followed by Greisengesang and the secretaries, just at the moment when the Princess's ladies, summoned in all haste, entered by another door to help her forth.

CHAPTER VIII

The Party of War Takes Action

Half an hour after, Gondremark was once more closeted with Seraphina.

"Where is he now?" she asked, on his arrival.

"Madam, he is with the Chancellor," replied the Baron. "Wonder of wonders, he is at work!"

"Ah," she said, "he was born to torture me! Oh, what a fall, what a humiliation! Such a scheme to wreck upon so small a trifle! But now all is lost."

"Madam," said Gondremark, "nothing is lost. Something, on the other hand, is found. You have found your senses; you see him as he is—see him as you see everything where your too-good heart is not in question—with the judicial, with the statesman's eye. So long as he had a right to interfere, the empire that may be was still distant. I have not entered on this course without the plain foresight of its dangers; and even for this I was prepared. But, madam, I knew two things: I knew that you were born to command, that I was born to serve; I knew that by a rare conjuncture, the hand had found the tool; and from the first I was confident, as I am confident today, that no hereditary trifler has the power to shatter that alliance."

"I, born to command!" she said. "Do you forget my tears?"

"Madam, they were the tears of Alexander." cried the Baron. "They touched, they thrilled me; I forgot myself a moment—even I! But do you suppose that I had not remarked, that I had not admired, your previous bearing? your great self-command?

Ay, that was princely!" He paused. "It was a thing to see. I drank confidence! I tried to imitate your calm. And I was well inspired; in my heart, I think that I was well inspired; that any man, within the reach of argument, had been convinced! But it was not to be; nor, madam, do I regret the failure. Let us be open; let me disclose my heart. I have loved two things, not unworthily: Grünewald and my sovereign!" Here he kissed her hand. "Either I must resign my ministry, leave the land of my adoption and the queen whom I had chosen to obey—or——" He paused again.

"Alas, Herr von Gondremark, there is no 'or,'" said Seraphina.

"Nay, madam, give me time," he replied. "When first I saw you, you were still young; not every man would have remarked your powers; but I had not been twice honoured by your conversation ere I had found my mistress. I have, madam, I believe, some genius; and I have much ambition. But the genius is of the serving kind; and to offer a career to my ambition, I had to find one born to rule. This is the base and essence of our union; each had need of the other; each recognized, master and servant, lever and fulcrum, the complement of his endowment. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven: how much more these pure, laborious, intellectual fellowships, born to found empires! Nor is this all. We found each other ripe, filled with great ideas that took shape and clarified with every word. We grew together—ay, madam, in mind we grew together like twin children. All of my life until we met was petty and groping; was it not—I will flatter myself openly—it *was* the same with you! Not till then had you those eagle surveys, that wide and hopeful sweep of intuition! Thus we had formed ourselves, and we were ready."

"It is true," she cried. "I feel it. Yours is the genius; your generosity confounds your insight; all I could offer you was the position, was this throne, to be a fulcrum. But I offered it without reserve; I entered at least warmly into all your thoughts; you were sure of me—sure of my support—certain of justice. Tell me, tell me again, that I have helped you."

"Nay, madam," he said, "you made me. In everything you were my inspiration. And as we prepared our policy, weighing every step, how often have I had to admire your perspicacity, your manlike diligence and fortitude! You know that these are not the words of flattery; your conscience echoes them; have you spared a day? have you indulged yourself in any pleasure? Young and beautiful, you have lived a life of high intellectual effort, of irksome intellectual patience with details. Well, you have your reward: with the fall of Brandenau, the throne of your Empire is founded."

"What thought have you in your mind?" she asked. "Is not all ruined?"

"Nay, my Princess, the same thought is in both our minds," he said.

"Herr von Gondremark," she replied, "by all that I hold sacred, I have none; I do not think at all; I am crushed."

"You are looking at the passionate side of a rich nature, misunderstood and recently insulted," said the Baron. "Look into your intellect, and tell me."

"I find nothing, nothing but tumult," she replied.

"You find one word branded, madam," returned the Baron: "'Abdication!'"

"O!" she cried. "The coward! He leaves me to bear all, and in the hour of trial he stabs me from behind. There is nothing in him, not respect, not love, not courage—his wife, his dignity, his throne, the honour of his father, he forgets them all!"

"Yes," pursued the Baron, "the word Abdication. I perceive a glimmering there."

"I read your fancy," she returned. "It is mere madness, midsummer madness. Baron, I am more unpopular than he. You know it. They can excuse, they can love, his weakness; but me, they hate."

"Such is the gratitude of peoples," said the Baron. "But we trifle. Here, madam, are my plain thoughts. The man who in the hour of danger speaks of abdication is, for me, a venomous animal. I speak with the bluntness of gravity, madam; this is no hour for mincing. The coward, in a station of authority, is more dangerous than fire. We dwell on a volcano; if this man can have his way, Grünewald before a week will have been deluged with innocent blood. You know the truth of what I say; we have looked unblenching into this ever-possible catastrophe. To him it is nothing: he will abdicate! Abdicate, just God! and this unhappy country committed to his charge, and the lives of men and the honour of women . . ." His voice appeared to fail him; in an instant he had conquered his emotion and resumed: "But you, madam, conceive more worthily of your responsibilities. I am with you in the thought; and in the face of the horrors that I see impending, I say, and your heart repeats it—we have gone too far to pause. Honour, duty, ay, and the care of our own lives, demand we should proceed."

She was looking at him, her brow thoughtfully knitted. "I feel it," she said. "But how? He has the power."

"The power, madam? The power is in the army," he replied; and then hastily, ere she could intervene, "we have to save ourselves," he went on; "I have to save my Princess, she has to save her minister; we have both of us to save this infatuated youth from his own madness. He in the outbreak would be the earliest victim; I see him," he cried, "torn in pieces; and Grünewald, unhappy Grünewald! Nay, madam, you who have the power must use it; it lies hard upon your conscience."

"Show me how!" she cried. "Suppose I were to place him under some constraint, the revolution would break upon us instantly."

The Baron feigned defeat. "It is true," he said. "You see more clearly than I do. Yet there should, there must be, some way." And he waited for his chance.

"No," she said; "I told you from the first there is no remedy. Our hopes are lost: lost by one miserable trifler, ignorant, fretful, fitful—who will have disappeared tomorrow, who knows? to his boorish pleasures!"

Any peg would do for Gondremark. "The thing!" he cried, striking his brow. "Fool, not to have thought of it! Madam, without perhaps knowing it, you have solved our problem."

"What do you mean? Speak!" she said.

He appeared to collect himself; and then, with a smile, "The Prince," he said, "must go once more a-hunting."

"Ay, if he would!" cried she, "and stay there!"

"And stay there," echoed the Baron. It was so significantly said, that her face changed; and the schemer, fearful of the sinister ambiguity of his expressions, hastened to explain. "This time he shall go hunting in a carriage, with a good escort of our foreign lancers. His destination shall be the Felsenburg; it is healthy, the rock is high, the windows are small and barred; it might have been built on purpose. We shall entrust the captaincy to the Scotchman Gordon; he at least will have no scruple. Who will miss the sovereign? He is gone hunting; he came home on Tuesday, on Thursday he returned; all is usual in that. Meanwhile the war proceeds; our Prince will soon weary of his solitude; and about the time of our triumph, or, if he prove very obstinate, a little later, he shall be released upon a proper understanding, and I see him once more directing his theatricals."

Seraphina sat gloomy, plunged in thought. "Yes," she said suddenly, "and the despatch? He is now writing it."

"It cannot pass the council before Friday," replied Gondremark; "and as for any private note, the messengers are all at my disposal. They are picked men, madam. I am a person of precaution."

"It would appear so," she said, with a flash of her occasional repugnance to the man; and then after a pause, "Herr von Gondremark," she added, "I recoil from this extremity."

"I share your Highness's repugnance," answered he. "But what would you have? We are defenceless, else."

"I see it, but this is sudden. It is a public crime," she said, nodding at him with a sort of horror.

"Look but a little deeper," he returned, "and whose is the crime?"

"His!" she cried. "His, before God! And I hold him liable. But still——"

"It is not as if he would be harmed," submitted Gondremark.

"I know it," she replied, but it was still unheartily.

And then, as brave men are entitled, by prescriptive right as old as the world's history, to the alliance and the active help of Fortune, the punctual goddess stepped down from the machine. One of the Princess's ladies begged to enter; a man, it appeared, had brought a line for the Freiherr von Gondremark. It proved to be a pencil billet, which the crafty Greisengesang had found the means to scribble and despatch under the very guns of Otto; and the daring of the act bore testimony to the terror of the actor. For Greisengesang had but one influential motive: fear. The note ran thus:

"At the first council, procuration to be withdrawn. CORN. GREIS."

So, after three years of exercise, the right of signature was to be stript from Seraphina. It was more than an insult; it was a public disgrace; and she did not pause to consider how she had earned it, but morally bounded under the attack as bounds the wounded tiger.

"Enough," she said; "I will sign the order. When shall he leave?"

"It will take me twelve hours to collect my men, and it had best be done at night.

To-morrow midnight, if you please?" answered the Baron.

"Excellent," she said. "My door is always open to you, Baron. As soon as the order is prepared, bring it me to sign."

"Madam," he said, "alone of all of us you do not risk your head in this adventure. For that reason, and to prevent all hesitation, I venture to propose the order should be in your hand throughout."

"You are right," she replied.

He laid a form before her, and she wrote the order in a clear hand, and re-read it. Suddenly a cruel smile came on her face. "I had forgotten his puppet," said she. "They will keep each other company." And she interlined and initialed the condemnation of Doctor Gotthold.

"Your Highness has more memory than your servant," said the Baron; and then he, in his turn, carefully perused the fateful paper. "Good!" said he.

"You will appear in the drawing-room, Baron?" she asked.

"I thought it better," said he, "to avoid the possibility of a public affront. Anything that shook my credit might hamper us in the immediate future."

"You are right," she said; and she held out her hand as to an old friend and equal.

[*To be concluded*]

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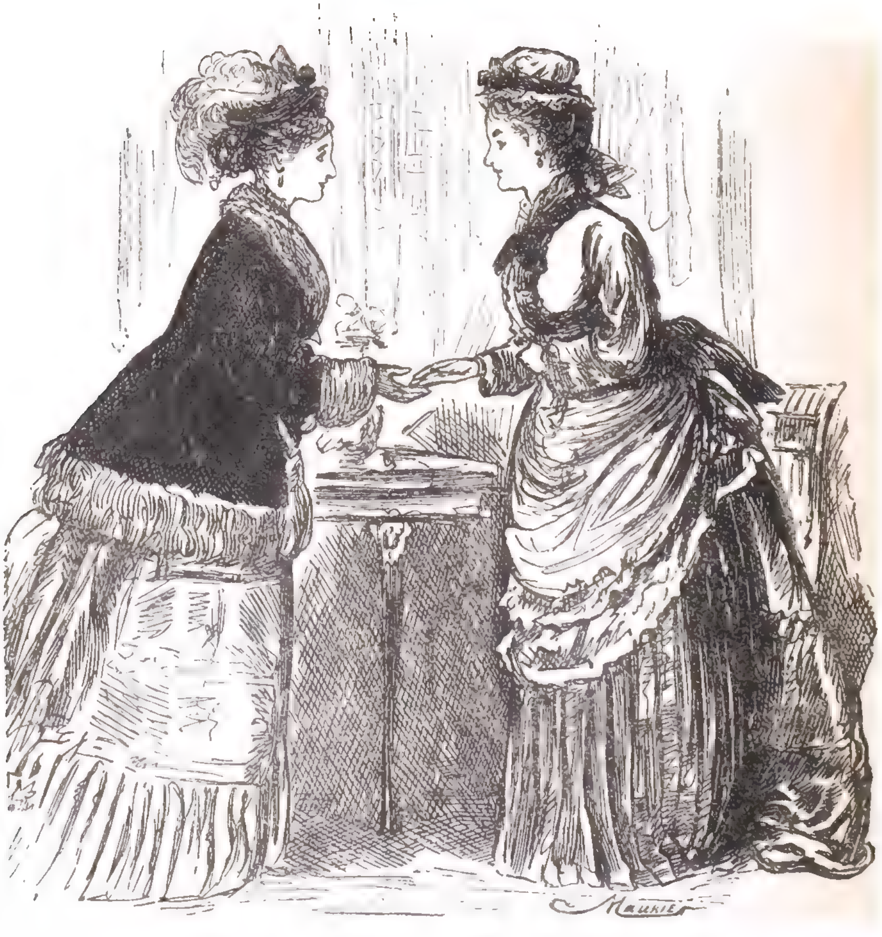

A REASON FOR CALLING

Visitor (*naïvely.*) "Well, I certainly never Dreamt I should find you at home on such a lovely Afternoon as this!"

With the Main Guard

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Der jungere Uhlanen
Sit round mit open mouth
While Breitmann tell dem stdories
Of fightin' in the South;
Und gif dem moral lessons,
How before der battle pops,
Take a little prayer to Himmel
Und a goot long drink of Schnapps.
—*Hans Breitmann's Ballads.*

Sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling

"MARY, Mother av Mercy, fwhat the divil possist us to take an' kape this melancolious counthry? Answer me that, Sorr."

It was Mulvaney who was speaking. The time was one o'clock of a stifling June night, and the place was the main gate of Fort Amara, most desolate and least desirable of all fortresses in India. What I was doing there at that hour is a question which only concerns M'Grath, the Sergeant of the Guard, and the men on the gate.

"Slape," said Mulvaney, "is a shuparfluous necessity. This gyard'll shtay lively till relieved." He himself was stripped to the waist; Learoyd on the next bedstead was dripping from the skinful of water which Ortheris, clad only in white trousers, had just sluiced over his shoulders; and a fourth private was muttering uneasily as he dozed open-mouthed in the glare of the great guard-lantern. The heat under the bricked archway was terrifying.

"The worrst night that iver I remimber. Eyah! Is all Hell loose this tide?" said Mulvaney. A puff of burning wind lashed through the wicket-gate like a wave of the sea, and Ortheris swore.

"Are ye more heasy, Jock?" he said to Learoyd. "Put yer 'ead between your legs. It'll go orf in a minute."

"Ah don't care. Ah would not care, but ma heart is plaayin' tivvy-tivvy on ma ribs. Let me die! Oh, leave me die!" groaned the huge Yorkshireman, who was feeling the heat acutely, being of fleshy build.

The sleeper under the lantern roused for a moment and raised himself on his elbow.—"Die and be damned then!" he said. "*I*'m damned and I can't die!"

"Who's that?" I whispered, for the voice was new to me.

"Gentleman born," said Mulvaney; "Corp'ril wan year, Sargint nex'. Red-hot on his C'mission, but dhrinks like a fish. He'll be gone before the cowld weather's here. So!"

He slipped his boot, and with the naked toe just touched the trigger of his Martini. Ortheris misunderstood the movement, and the next instant the Irishman's rifle was dashed aside, while Ortheris stood before him, his eyes blazing with reproof.

"You!" said Ortheris. "My Gawd, *you!* If it was you, wot would *we* do?"

"Kape quiet, little man," said Mulvaney, putting him aside, but very gently; "'tis not me, nor will ut be me whoile Dinah Shadd's here. I was but showin' something."

Learoyd, bowed on his bedstead, groaned, and the gentleman-ranker sighed in his sleep. Ortheris took Mulvaney's tendered pouch and we three smoked gravely for a space while the dust-devils danced on the glacis and scoured the red-hot plain.

"Pop?" said Ortheris, wiping his forehead.

"Don't tantalise wid talkin' av dhrink, or I'll shtuff you into your own breech-block an'—fire you off!" grunted Mulvaney.

Ortheris chuckled, and from a niche in the veranda produced six bottles of gingerade.

"Where did ye get ut, ye Machiavel?" said Mulvaney. "'Tis no bazar pop."

"'Ow do *Hi* know wot the Orf'cers drink?" answered Ortheris. "Arst the mess-man."

"Ye'll have a Disthrict Coort-martial settin' on ye yet, me son," said Mulvaney, "but"—he opened a bottle—"I will not report ye this time. Fwhat's in the mess-kit is mint for the belly, as they say, 'specially whin that mate is dhrink. Here's luck! A bloody war or a—no, we've got the sickly season. War, thin!"—he waved the innocent "pop" to the four quarters of heaven. "Bloody war! North, East, South, an' West! Jock, ye quakin' hayrick, come an' dhrink."

But Learoyd, half mad with the fear of death presaged in the swelling veins in his neck, was begging his Maker to strike him dead, and fighting for more air between his prayers. A second time Ortheris drenched the quivering body with water, and the giant revived.

"An' Ah divn't see thot a mon is i' fettle for gooin' on to live; an' Ah divin't see thot there is owt for t' livin' for. Here now, lads! Ah'm tired—tired. There's nobbut watter i' ma bones. Let me die!"

The hollow of the arch gave back Learoyd's broken whisper in a bass boom. Mulvaney looked at me hopelessly, but I remembered how the madness of despair had once fallen upon Ortheris, that weary, weary afternoon on the banks of the Khemi River, and how it had been exorcised by the skillful magician Mulvaney

"Talk, Terence!" I said, "or we shall have Learoyd slinging loose, and he'll be worse than Ortheris was. Talk! He'll answer to your voice."

Almost before Ortheris had deftly thrown all the rifles of the Guard on Mulvaney's bedstead, the Irishman's voice was uplifted as that of one in the middle of a story, and, turning to me, he said—

"In barricks or out of it, as *you* say, Sorr, an Oirish rig'mint is the divil an' more. 'Tis only fit for a young man wid eddicated fisteses. Oh the crame av disruption is an Oirish rig'mint, an' rippin', tearin', ragin' scattherers in the field av war! My first rig'mint was Oirish—Faynians an' rebils to the heart av their marrow was they, an' *so* they fought for the Widdy betther than most, bein' contrairy—Oirish. They was the Black Tyrone. You've heard av thim, Sorr?"

Heard of them! I knew the Black Tyrone for the choicest collection of unmitigated blackguards, dog-stealers, robbers of hen-roosts, assaulters of innocent citizens, and recklessly daring heroes in the Army List. Half Europe and half Asia has had cause to know the Black Tyrone—good luck be with their tattered Colours as Glory has ever been!

"They *was* hot pickils an' ginger! I cut a man's head tu deep wid my belt in the days av my youth, an', afther some circumstances which I will oblitherate, I came to the Ould Rig'mint, bearin' the character av a man wid hands an' feet. But, as I was goin' to tell you, I fell acrost the Black Tyrone agin wan day whin we wanted thim powerful bad. Orth'ris, me son, fwhat was the name av that place where they sint wan comp'ny av us an' wan av the Tyrone roun' a hill an' down again, all for to tache the Paythans something they'd never learned before? Afther Ghunzi 'twas."

"Don't know what the bloomin' Paythans called it. We called it Silver's Theayter. You know that, sure!"

"Silver's Theatre—so 'twas. A gut betune two hills, as black as a bucket, an' as thin as a girl's waist. There was overmany Paythans for our convaynience in the gut, an' begad they called thimselves a Reserve—bein' impident by nature! Our Scotchies an' lashins av Gurkeys was poundin' into some Paythan rig'mints, I think 'twas. Scotchies an' Gurkeys are twins bekaze they're so onlike, an' they get dkrunk together whin God plazes. As I was sayin', they sint wan comp'ny av the Ould an' wan of the Tyrone to double up the hill an' clane out the Paythan Reserve. Orf'cers was scarce in thim days, fwhat with dysintry an' not takin' care av thimselves, an' we was sint out wid only wan orf'cer for the comp'ny; but he was a Man that had his feet beneath him, an' all his teeth in their sockuts."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Captain O'Neil—Old Crook—Cruiknabulleen—him that I tould ye that tale av whin he was in Burma.* Hah! He was a Man! The Tyrone tuk a little orf'cer bhoy, but divil a bit was he in command, as I'll dimonstrate presintly. We an' they came over the brow av the hill, wan on each side av the gut, an' there was that ondacint Reserve waitin' down below like rats in a pit.

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* Now first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone
Was Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone.
The Ballad of Boh Da Thone.

"'Howld on, men,' sez Crook, who tuk a mother's care av us always. 'Rowl some rocks on thim by way av visitin' kyards.' We hadn't rowled more than twinty bowlders, an' the Paythans was beginnin' to swear tremenjus, whin the little orf'cer bhoy av the Tyrone shqueaks out across the valley:—'Fwhat the devil an' all are you doin', shpoilin' the fun for my men? Do ye not see they'll stand?'

"'Faith, that's a rare pluckt wan!' sez Crook. 'Niver mind the rocks, men. Come along down an' take tay wid thim!'

"'There's damned little sugar in ut!' sez my rear-rank man; but Crook heard.

"'Have ye not all got spoons?' he sez, laughin', an' down we wint as fast as we cud. Learoyd bein' sick at the Base, he, of coorse, was not there."

"Thot's a lie!" said Learoyd, dragging his bedstead nearer. "Ah gotten *thot* theer, an' you knaw it, Mulvaney." He threw up his arms, and from the right armpit ran, diagonally through the fell of his chest, a thin white line terminating near the fourth left rib.

"My mind's goin'," said Mulvaney, the unabashed. "Ye were there. Fwhat was I thinkin' of! 'Twas another man, av coorse. Well, you'll remember thin, Jack, how we an' the Tyrone met wid a bang at the bottom an' got jammed past all movin' among the Paythans."

"Ow! It *was* a tight 'ole. I was squeezed till I thought I'd bloomin' well bust,' said Ortheris, rubbing his stomach meditatively.

"'Twas no place for a little man, but *wan* little man"—Mulvaney put his hand on Ortheris's shoulder—"saved the life av me. There we shtuck, for divil a bit did the Paythans flinch, an' divil a bit dare we; our business bein' to clear 'em out. An' the most exthryordinar' thing av all was that we an' they just rushed into each other's arrums, an' there was no firing for a long time. Nothin' but knife an' bay'nit when we cud get our hands free: an' that was not often. We was breast-on to thim, an' the Tyrone was yelpin' behind av us in a way I didn't see the lean av at first. But I knew later, an' so did the Paythans.

"'Knee to knee!' sings out Crook, wid a laugh whin the rush av our comin' into the gut shtopped, an' he was huggin' a hairy great Paythan, neither bein' able to do anything to the other, tho' both was wishful.

"'Breast to breast!' he sez, as the Tyrone was pushin' us forward closer an' closer.

"'An' hand over back!' sez a Sargint that was behin'. I saw a sword lick out past Crook's ear, an' the Paythan was tuk in the apple av his throat like a pig at Dromeen fair.

"'Thank ye, Brother Inner Guard,' sez Crook, cool as a cucumber widout salt. 'I wanted that room.' An' he wint forward by the thickness av a man's body, havin' turned the Paythan undher him. The man bit the heel off Crook's boot in his death-bite.

"'Push, men!' sez Crook. 'Push, ye paper-backed beggars!' he sez. 'Am I to pull ye through?' So we pushed, an' we kicked, an' we swung, an' we swore, an' the grass bein' slippery, our heels wouldn't bite, an' God help the front-rank man that wint down that day!"

"'Ave you ever bin in the Pit hentrance o' the Vic, on a thick night?" interrupted Ortheris. "It was worse nor that, for they was goin' one way an' we wouldn't 'ave it. Leastways, I 'adn't much to say."

"Faith, me son, ye said ut, thin. I kep' the little man betune my knees as long as I cud, but he was pokin' roun' wid his bay'nit, blindin' an' stiffin' feroshus. The devil of a man is Orth'ris in a ruction—aren't ye?" said Mulvaney.

"Don't make game!" said the Cockney. "I knowed I wasn't no good then, but I guv 'em compot from the lef' flank when we opened out. No!" he said, bringing down his hand with a thump on the bedstead, "a bay'nit ain't no good to a little man—might as well 'ave a bloomin' fishin'-rod! I 'ate a clawin', maulin' mess, but gimme a breech that's wore out a bit, an' hamminition one year in store, to let the powder kiss the bullet, an' put me somewheres where I ain't trod on by 'ulkin swine like you, an' s' 'elp me Gawd, I could bowl you over five times outer seven at height 'undred. Would yer try, you lumberin' Hirishman."

"No, ye wasp. I've seen ye do ut. I say there's nothin' better than the bay'nit, wid a long reach, a double twist av ye can, an' a slow recover."

"Dom the bay'nit," said Learoyd, who had been listening intently. "Look a-here!" He picked up a rifle an inch below the foresight with an underhand action, and used it exactly as a man would use a dagger.

"Sitha," said he softly, "thot's better than owt, for a mon can bash t' faace wi' thot, an', if he divn't, he can breeak t' forearm o' t' gaard. 'Tis not i' t' books, though. Gie me t' butt."

"Each does ut his own way, like makin' love," said Mulvaney quietly; "the butt or the bay'nit or the bullet accordin' to the natur' av the man. Well, as I was sayin', we shtuck there breathin' in each other's faces and swearin' powerful; Orth'ris cursin' the mother that bore him bekaze he was not three inches taller.

"Prisintly he sez:—'Duck, ye lump, an' I can get at a man over your shouldher!'

"'You'll blow me head off,' I sez, throwin' my arm clear; 'go through under my armpit, ye bloodthirsty little scutt,' sez I, 'but don't shtick me or I'll wring your ears round.'

"Fwhat was ut ye gave the Paythan man forninst me, him that cut at me whin I cudn't move hand or foot? Hot or cowld was ut?"

"Cold," said Ortheris, "up an' under the rib-jint. 'E come down flat. Best for you 'e did."

"Thrue, my son! This jam thing that I'm talkin' about lasted for five minutes good, an' thin we got our arms clear an' wint in. I misremimber exactly fwhat I did, but I didn't want Dinah to be a widdy at the Depôt. Thin, after some promishkuous hackin' we shtuck again, an' the Tyrone behin' was callin' us dogs an' cowards an' all manner av names; we barrin' their way.

"'Fwhat ails the Tyrone?' thinks I; 'they've the makin's av a most convanient fight here.'

"A man behind me sez beseechful an' in a whisper:—'Let me get at thim! For the Love av Mary give me room beside ye, ye tall man!'

"'An' who are you that's so anxious to be kilt?' sez I, widout turnin' my head, for the long knives was dancin' in front like the sun on Donegal Bay whin ut's rough.

"'We've seen our dead,' he sez, squeezin' into me; 'our dead that was men two days gone! An' me that was his cousin by blood could not bring Tim Coulan off! Let me get on,' he sez, 'let me get to thim or I'll run ye through the back!'

"'My troth,' thinks I, 'if the Tyrone have seen their dead, God help the Paythans this day!' An' thin I knew why the Oirish was ragin' behind us as they was.

"I gave room to the man, an' he ran forward wid the Haymaker's Lift on his bay'nit an' swung a Paythan clear off his feet by the belly-band av the brute, an' the iron bruk at the lockin'-ring.

"'Tim Coulan'll slape easy to-night,' sez he wid a grin; an' the next minut his head was in two halves and he wint down grinnin' by sections.

"The Tyrone was pushin' an' pushin' in, an' our men was swearin' at thim, an' Crook was workin' away in front av us all, his sword-arm swingin' like a pump-handle an' his revolver spittin' like a cat. But the strange thing av ut was the quiet that lay upon. 'Twas like a fight in a drame—except for thim that was dead.

"Whin I gave room to the Orishman I was expinded an' forlorn in my inside. 'Tis a way I have, savin' your presince, Sorr, in action. 'Let me out, bhoys,' sez I, backin' in among thim. 'I'm going to be onwell!' Faith they gave me room at the wurrud, though they would not ha' givin room for all Hell wid the chill off. When I got clear, I was, savin' your presince, Sorr, outragis sick bekaze I had dhrunk heavy that day.

"Well an' far out av harm was a Sargint of the Tyrone sittin' on the little orf'cer bhoy who had stopped Crook from rowlin' the rocks. Oh, he was a beautiful bhoy, an' the long black curses was slidin' out av his innocint mouth like mornin'-jew from a rose!

"'Fwhat have you got there?' sez I to the Sargint.

"'Wan av Her Majesty's bantams wid his spurs up,' sez he. 'He's goin' to Coort-martial me.'

"'Let me go!' sez the little orf'cer bhoy. 'Let me go and command my men!' manin' thereby the Black Tyrone which was beyond any command—ay, even av they had made the Divil a Field-orf'cer.

"'His father howlds my mother's cow-feed in Clonmel,' sez the man that was sittin' on him. 'Will I go back to *his* mother an' tell her that I've let him throw himself away? Lie still, ye little pinch av dynamite, an' Coort-martial me aftherwards.'

"Good," sez I; "'tis the likes av him makes the likes av the Commandher-in-Chief, but we must presarve thim. Fwhat d' you want to do, Sorr?" sez I, very politeful.

"'Kill the beggars—kill the beggars!' he shqueaks; his big blue eyes brimmin' wid tears.

"'An' how'll ye do that?' sez I. 'You've shquibbed off your revolver like a child wid a cracker; you can make no play wid that fine large sword av yours; an' your hand's shakin' like an asp on a leaf. Lie still an' grow,' sez I.

"'Get back to your comp'ny,' sez he; 'you're insolint!'

"'All in good time,' sez I, 'but I'll have a dhrink first.'

"Just thin Crook comes up, blue an' white all over where he wasn't red.

"'Wather!' sez he; 'I'm dead wid drouth! Oh, but it's a gran' day!'

"He dhrank half a skinful, and the rest he tilts into his chest, an' it fair hissed on the hairy hide av him. He sees the little orf'cer bhoy undher the Sargint.

"'Fwhat's yonder?' sez he.

"'Mutiny, Sorr,' sez the Sargint, an' the orf'cer bhoy begins pleadin' pitiful to Crook to be let go: but divil a bit wud Crook budge.

"'Kape him there,' he sez, ''tis no child's work this day. By the same token,' sez he, 'I'll confishcate that iligant nickel-plated scent-sprinkler av yours, for my own has been vomitin' dishgraceful!'

"The fork av his hand was black wid the backspit av the machine. So he tuk the orf'cer bhoy's revolver. Ye may look, Sorr, by my faith, *there'a dale more done in the field than iver gets into Field Ordhers!*

"'Come on, Mulvaney,' sez Crook; 'is this a Coort-martial?' The two av us wint back together into the mess an' the Paythans were still standin' up. They was not *too* impart'nint though, for the Tyrone was callin' wan to another to remimber Tim Coulan.

"Crook stopped outside av the strife an' looked anxious, his eyes rowlin' roun'.

"'Fwhat is ut, Sorr?' sez I; 'can I get ye anything?'

"'Where's bugler?' sez he.

"I wint into the crowd—our men was dhrawin' breath behin' the Tyrone who was fightin' like sowls in tormint—an' prisintly I came acrost little Frehan, our bugler bhoy, pokin' roun' among the best wid a rifle an' bay'nit.

"'Is amusin' yoursilf fwhat you're paid for, ye limb?' sez I, catchin' him by the scruff. 'Come out av that an' attind to your duty,' I sez; but the bhoy was not pleased.

"'I've got wan,' sez he, grinnin', 'big as you, Mulvaney, an' fair half as ugly. Let me go get another.'

"I was displeased at the personality av that remark, so I tucks him under my arm an' carries him to Crook who was watchin' how the fight wint. Crook cuffs him till the bhoy cries, an' thin sez nothin' for a whoile.

"The Paythans began to flicker onaisy, an' our men roared. 'Opin ordher! Double!' sez Crook. 'Blow, child, blow for the honour of the British Arrmy!'

"That bhoy blew like a typhoon, an' the Tyrone an' we opined out as the Paythans broke, an' I saw that fwhat had gone before wud be kissin' an' huggin' to fwhat was to come. We'd dhruv thim into a broad part av the gut whin they gave, an' thin we opined out an' fair danced down the valley, dhrivin' thim before us. Oh, 'twas lovely, an' stiddy, too! There was the Sargints on the flanks av what was left av us, kapin' touch, an' the fire was runnin' from flank to flank, an' the Paythans was dhroppin'. We opined out wid the widenin' av the valley, an' whin the valley narrowed we closed again like the shticks on a lady's fan, an' at the fair ind av the gut where they thried to stand, we fair blew them off their feet, for we had expinded very little ammunition by reason av the knife work.

"Hi used thirty rounds goin' down that valley," said Ortheris, "an' it was gentleman's work. Might 'a' done it in a white 'anderchief an' pink silk stockin's, that part. Hi was on in that piece."

"You could ha' heard the Tyrone yellin' a mile away," said Mulvaney, "an' 'twas all their Sargints cud do to get thim off. They was mad—mad—mad! Crook sits down in the quiet that fell whin we had gone down the valley, an' covers his face wid his hands. Prisintly we all came back again accordin' to our natures and disposishins, for they, mark you, show through the hide av a man in that hour.

"'Bhoys! bhoys!' sez Crook himself. 'I misdoubt we could ha' engaged at long range an' saved betther men than me.' He looked at our dead an' said no more.

"'Captain dear,' sez a man av the Tyrone, comin' up wid his mouth bigger than iver his mother kissed ut, spittin' blood like a whale; 'Captain dear,' sez he, 'if wan or two in the shtalls have been discommoded, the gallery enjoyed the performinces av a Roshus.'

"Thin I knew that man for the Dublin dock-rat he was—wan av the bhoys that made the lessee av Silver's Theatre gray before his time wid tearin' out the bowils av the benches an' t'rowin' thim into the pit. So I passed the wurrud that I knew when I was in the Tyrone an' we lay in Dublin. 'I don't know who 'twas,' I whispers, 'an' I don't care, but anyways I'll knock the face av you, Tim Kelly.'

"'Eyah!' sez the man, 'was you there too? We'll call ut Silver's Theatre.' Half the Tyrone, knowin' the ould place, tuk it up: so we called ut Silver's Theatre.

"The little orf'cer bhoy av the Tyrone

was thremblin' an' cryin'. He had no heart for the Coort-martials that he talked so big upon. 'Ye'll do well later,' sez Crook, very quiet, 'for not bein' allowed to kill yourself for amusemint.'

"'I'm a dishgraced man!' sez the little orf'cer bhoy.

"'Put me undher arrest, Sorr, if you will, but, by my sowl, I'd do ut again sooner than face your mother wid you dead,' sez the Sargint that had sat on his head, standin' to attention an' salutin'. But the young wan only cried as tho' his little heart was breakin'.

"Thin another man av the Tyrone came up, wid the fog av fightin' on him."

"The what, Mulvaney?"

"Fog av fightin'. You know, Sorr, that, like makin' love, ut takes each man diff'rint. Now I can't help bein' powerful sick whin I'm in action. Orth'ris, here, niver stops swearin' from ind to ind, an' the only time that Learoyd opins his mouth to sing is whin he is messin' wid other people's head; for he's a dhirty fighter, is Jock. Recruities sometime cry, an' sometime they don't know fwhat they do, an' sometime they are all for cuttin' throats an' such like dirtiness; but some men get heavy-dead-dhrunk on the fightin'. This man was. He was staggerin', an' his eyes were half shut, an' we cud hear him dhraw breath twinty yards away. He sees the little orf'cer bhoy, an' comes up, talkin' thick an' drowsy to himsilf. 'Blood the young whelp!' he sez; 'blood the young whelp'; an' wid that he threw up his arms, shpun roun', an' dropped at our feet, dead as a Paythan, an' there was niver sign or scratch on him. They said 'twas his heart was rotten, but oh, 'twas a quare thing to see!

"Thin we wint to bury our dead, for we wud not lave thim to the Paythans, an' in movin' among the haythen we nearly lost that little orf'cer bhoy. He was for givin' wan divil wather and layin' him aisy against a rock. 'Be careful, Sorr,' sez I; 'a wounded Paythan's worse than a live wan.' My troth, before the words was out of my mouth, the man on the ground fires at the orf'cer bhoy lanin' over him, an' I saw the helmit fly. I dropped the butt on the face av the man an' tuk his pistol. The little orf'cer bhoy turned very white, for the hair av half his head was singed away.

"'I tould you so, Sorr!" sez I; an', afther that, whin he wanted to help a Paythan I stud wid the muzzle contagious to the ear. They dare not do anythin' but curse. The Tyrone was growlin' like dogs over a bone that had been taken away too soon, for they had seen their dead an' they wanted to kill ivry sowl on the ground.' Crook tould thim that he'd blow the hide off any man that misconducted himself; but, seeing that ut was the first time the Tyrone had iver seen their dead, I do not wondher they were on the sharp. 'Tis a shameful sight! Whin I first saw ut I wud niver ha' given quarter to any man north of the Khaibar—no, nor woman either, for the women used to come out afther dhark—Auggrh!

"Well evenshually we buried our dead an' tuk away our wounded, an' come over the brow av the hills to see the Scotchies an' the Gurkeys taking tay with the Paythans in bucketfuls. We were a gang av dissolute ruffians, for the blood had caked the dust, an' the sweat had cut the cake, an' our bay'nits was hangin' like butchers' steels betune ur legs, an' most av us were marked one way or another.

"A Staff Orf-cer man, clean as a new rifle, rides up an' sez: 'What damned scarecrows are you?'

"'A comp'ny av Her Majesty's Black Tyrone an' wan av the Ould Rig'mint,' sez Crook very quiet, givin' our visitors the flure as 'twas.

"'Oh!' sez the Staff Orf'cer; 'did you dislodge that Reserve?'

"'No!' sez Crook, an' the Tyrone laughed.

"'Thin fwhat the divil have ye done?'

"'Disthroyed ut,' sez Crook, an' he took us on, but not before Toomey that was in the Tyrone sez aloud, his voice somewhere in his stummick: 'Fwhat in the name av misfortune does this parrit widout a tail mane by shtoppin' the road av his betthers?'

"The Staff Orf'cer wint blue, an' Toomey makes him pink by changin' to the voice av a minowderin' woman an' sayin': 'Come an' kiss me, Major dear, for me husband's at the wars an' I'm all alone at the Depôt.'

"The Staff Orf'cer wint away, an' I cud see Crook's shoulthers shakin'.

"His Corp'ril checks Toomey. 'Lave me alone,' sez Toomey, widout a wink. 'I was his bâtman before he was married an' he knows fwhat I mane, av you don't. There's nothin' like livin' in the hoight av society.' D'you remimber that, Orth'ris!"

"Hi do. Toomey, 'e died in 'orspital, next week it was, 'cause I bought 'arf his kit; an' I remember after that——"

"GUARRD, TURN OUT!"

The Relief had come; it was four o'clock.

"I'll catch a kyart for you, Sorr," said Mulvaney, diving hastily into his accoutrements. "Come up to the top av the Fort an' we'll pershue our invistigations into M'Grath's shtable." The relieved Guard strolled round the main bastion on its way to the swimming-bath, and Learoyd grew almost talkative. Ortheris looked into the Fort ditch and across the plain. "Ho! it's weary waitin' for Ma-ary!" he hummed; "but I'd like to kill some more bloomin' Paythans before my time's up. War! Bloody war! North, East, South, and West."

"Amen," said Learoyd slowly.

"Fwhat's here?" said Mulvaney, checking at a blur of white by the foot of the old sentry-box. He stopped and touched it. "It's Norah—Norah M'Taggart! Why, Nonie darlin', fwhat are ye doin' out av your mother's bed at this time?"

The two-year-old child of Sergeant M'Taggart must have wandered for a breath of cool air to the very verge of the parapet of the Fort ditch. Her tiny night-shift was gathered into a wisp round her neck and she moaned in her sleep. "See there!" said Mulvaney; "poor lamb! Look at the heat-rash on the innocint skin av her. 'Tis hard—crool hard even for us. Fwhat must it be for these? Wake up, Nonie, your mother will be woild about you. Begad, the child might ha' fallen into the ditch!"

He picked her up in the growing light, and set her on his shoulder, and her fair curls touched the grizzled stubble of his temples. Ortheris and Learoyd followed snapping their fingers, while Norah smiled at them a sleepy smile. Then carolled Mulvaney, clear as a lark, dancing the baby on his arm—

"If any young man should marry you,
Say nothin' about the joke;
That iver ye slep' in a sinthry-box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak."

"Though, on my sowl, Nonie," he said gravely, "there was not much cloak about you. Niver mind, you won't dhress like this ten years to come. Kiss your friends an' run along to your mother."

Nonie, set down close to the Married Quarters, nodded with the quiet obedience of the soldier's child, but, ere she pattered off over the flagged path, held up her lips to be kissed by the Three Musketeers. Ortheris wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and swore sentimentally; Learoyd turned pink; and the two walked away together. The Yorkshireman lifted up his voice and gave in thunder the chorus of *The Sentry-Box*, while Ortheris piped at his side.

"'Bin to a bloomin' sing-song, you two?" said the Artilleryman, who was taking his cartridge down to the Morning Gun. "You're over merry for these dashed days."

"I bid ye take care o' the brat, said he,
For it comes of a noble race,"

Learoyd bellowed. The voices died out in the swimming-bath.

"Oh, Terence!" I said, dropping into Mulvaney's speech, when we were alone, "it's you that have the Tongue!"

He looked at me wearily; his eyes were sunk in his head, and his face was drawn and white. "Eyah!" said he; "I've blandandhered thim through the night somehow, but can thim that helps others help thimselves? Answer me that, Sorr!"

And over the bastions of Fort Amara broke the pitiless day.

Of Fear

By

MICHEL YQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

Translated by H. L.

Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit.
Stupefied, my hair on end, my tongue clave to my jaws. VIRGIL.

I AM not an expert naturalist (as they call it), and I hardly know by what springs fear acts within us; but, however that may be, it is a strange passion: and the physicians declare there is none which more swiftly unseats our judgment. Indeed, I have seen many people lose their wits from fear; and even in the more composed, while its fit lasts it certainly creates terrible dazes. I say nothing of the common herd, to whom it presents, sometimes their great grandfathers wrapped in shrouds, sometimes were-wolves, hobgoblins and chimeras; but even among soldiers, where it should find least place, how often has it transformed a flock of sheep into a squadron of cuirassiers? of reeds and canes into men-at-arms and lancers? our friends into our enemies? and the white cross to the red?

When Monsieur de Bourbon took Rome, a standard-bearer, on guard at St. Peter's borough was seized with such terror at the first alarm that, banner in hand, he leaped through a breach in the wall, outside the town, right amid the enemy, fancying he was retreating into the heart of the city; and hardly regaining his wits at last, since he took the troops advancing to the support of M. de Bourbon for a sortie from the town, he about-faced and re-entered by the same breach, having gone more than three hundred paces into the country. Matters did not come off so fortunately for Captain Julle's standard-bearer when Saint Paul was taken from us by Count de Bures and Monsieur de Reu; for, being so carried away by fright as to cast his standard abroad through a loophole, he was cut to pieces by the assailants; and the same siege is memorable for the fear which so choked, gripped and froze the heart of one gentleman that he fell stark dead at the breach, without any wound whatever.

Such a frenzy at times runs through a whole multitude; in one of Germanicus' battles with the Germans, two large bodies of troops fled in opposite directions; one ran away from the same place the other fled. At one time it lends wings to our feet, as with those just mentioned; at another it pins and fetters them, as one reads of the Emperor Theophilus, who, in a battle he lost against the Agarenes, became so confused and carried away that he could not resolve to fly, "so much does fright fear succor itself"; till Manuel, one of his chief generals, having grasped him and shaken him as from a deep sleep, said:

"If you do not follow me, I will kill you; for it would be better that you should lose your life than, becoming a prisoner, lose your empire."

This passion exhibits its final power when it calls forth a valor deaf to our duty and honor. In the first real battle which the Romans lost against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a troop of fully ten thousand foot soldiers, seeing no other escape for its cowardice, threw itself against the main body of the enemy, which, by a marvellous effort, it pierced, with great slaughter of the Carthaginians; achieving a shameful flight at the same price as of a glorious victory.

It is fear of which I have most fear: for it exceeds all other mischances in sharpness. What emotion could be more violent and called for than that of Pompey's friends in his fleet, spectators of that horrible massacre? Yet the fear of the Egyptian sails, which began to draw near, so stifled this that it was noted they busied themselves only in urging the seamen to press on and save them all by oar-strokes; until, arriving at Tyr, freed from terror, they had leisure to turn their thoughts to the loss they had sustained and give free rein to the lamentations and tears which this other stronger passion had checked.

"For fear drives all wisdom from my heart."—ERRIUS.

Those who have been thoroughly battered in some melée of war, still all wounded and bloody, may well be led to the charge next day; but such as have conceived actual fear of the enemy cannot even be brought to look him in the face. Those who are in urgent apprehension of losing their goods, of being exiled, of being mastered, live in perpetual anguish, unable to drink, eat or sleep; in which the poor, the banished, the slaves are often as happy as anybody. And so many people have, from the unendurable agonies of fear, hung, drowned or cast themselves to death, to destruction, that we are well certified it is more importunate and unsupportable than death itself.

The Greeks recognized another form of fear, not caused by any error of our mortal judgment, but springing, they declared, from no perceptible source by some celestial impulsion; whole peoples and armies are often seized with it. Such was the cause that brought Carthage to an unparalleled desolation; there were heard but shrieks and cries of terror; the folk rushed from their houses as upon an alerte, and charged at one another, mutually wounding and slaying as if each had been an enemy assaulting the city; all was disorder and fury until, by prayers and sacrifices, they had appeased the wrath of the gods.

They call that *panic terror.*

The Notorious Jumping Frog

By
MARK TWAIN

S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; and that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way what suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horserace, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he'd bet on *any* thing—the dangest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit' mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half she don't anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards starts, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'-castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprized, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for not putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take a holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all of them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him.

"Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quick'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor agin as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"'What might be that you've got in the box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?'

"'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad-like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—*git*,' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprized, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, '*I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l up by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!' and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——"

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Jest set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

Sayings that Make Men Immortal

SOME FRENCH KINGS

CLOVIS THE GREAT 496 A. D.	[When the missionary priest, who was trying to convert him, described how the Jews and Roman soldiers laid hold of Jesus in the Mount of Olives]: *"Why was I not there with my Franks?"*
CLOTAIRE I On his deathbed, 560 A. D.	*"What great God is this who pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings?"*
LOUIS VI "THE FAT" 1108-1137	[When summoned to surrender after his defeat at Brennville] *"The King is never taken, even at chess."*
PHILIP VI During the Hundred Years War, 1339-1453	[Summoning the town of Arbroie, from the gates, to admit him]: *"Open! Here are the fortunes of France!"*
JOHN II Captured by the Black Prince at Poitiers, Sept. 19, 1356	[Answering doubts of his safety when a prisoner in England]: *"If good faith were banished from the rest of the world, it should be found in the mouths of Kings."*
LOUIS XI Reigning 1461-1483	*"Divide in order to rule." And: "He who can not dissimulate is unfit to reign."*
LOUIS XII "The Father of the People". 1498-1515	[When the Pope issued a Bull excommunicating him]: *"Is it his business to curse?"*
FRANCIS I of the Field of the Cloth of Gold 1515-1547	[When on February 24, 1525, his brilliant career was checked by the crushing defeat at Pavia, all his greatest generals killed, himself captured]: *"All is lost save honour."*
CHARLES IX 1560-1574	[During the St. Bartholomew Massacre, Aug. 24, 1572]: *"Kill! Kill! Let none be left to reproach me!"*
HENRY IV Henry of Navarre 1589-1610	*"Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We have gained the day without you."* *"Rally to my white plumes: you will always find them on the road to honour and victory."* *"After all, Paris is well worth a Mass."*
LOUIS XIV "The Great Monarch" 1643-1715	*"The State, it is I."* *"The last argument of Kings" (inscribed on his cannon).* *"There are no more Pyrenees."*
LOUIS XV 1715-1774	*"After me the deluge."*
LOUIS XVI 1774-1792	*"O God, guide us, protect us! We are too young to reign."*
NAPOLEON I 1804-1814	*"The word Impossible is not French."* [To his soldiers, in the Egyptian Campaign]: *"From the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you."* *"There are but two powers in the world, the sword and the mind. In the long run the sword is always beaten by the mind."*
LOUIS XVIII 1814-1824	*"Punctuality is the politeness of Kings."*
LOUIS PHILIPPE 1830-1848	*"He is best served who can act as his own valet."*

Specimen Jones

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

EPHRAIM, the proprietor of Twenty Mile, had wasted his day in burying a man. He did not know the man. He had found him, or what the Apaches had left of him, sprawled among some charred sticks just outside the Cañon del Oro. It was a useful discovery in its way, for otherwise Ephraim might have gone on hunting his strayed horses near the cañon, and ended among charred sticks himself. Very likely the Indians were far away by this time, but he returned to Twenty Mile with the man tied to his saddle, and his pony nervously snorting. And now the day was done, and the man lay in the earth, and they had even built a fence round him; for the hole was pretty shallow, and coyotes have a way of smelling this sort of thing a long way off when they are hungry, and the man was not in a coffin. They were always short of coffins in Arizona.

Day was done at Twenty Mile, and the customary activity prevailed inside that flat-roofed cube of mud. Sounds of singing, shooting, dancing, and Mexican tunes on the concertina came out of the windows hand in hand, to widen and die among the hills. A limber, pretty boy, who might be nineteen, was dancing energetically, while a grave old gentleman, with tobacco running down his beard, pointed a pistol at the boy's heels, and shot a hole in the earth now and then to show that the weapon was really loaded. Everybody was quite used to all of this—excepting the boy. He was an Eastern new-comer, passing his first evening at a place of entertainment.

Night in and night out every guest at Twenty Mile was either happy and full of whiskey, or else his friends were making arrangements for his funeral. There was water at Twenty Mile—the only water for twoscore of miles. Consequently it was an important station on the road between the southern country and Old Camp Grant, and the new mines north of the Mescal Range. The stunt, liquor-perfumed adobe cabin lay on the gray floor of the desert like an isolated slab of chocolate. A corral, two desolate stable-sheds, and the slowly turning windmill were all else. Here Ephraim and one or two helpers abode, armed against Indians, and selling whiskey. Variety in their vocation of drinking and killing was brought them by the travellers. These passed and passed through the glaring vacant months—some days only one ragged fortune-hunter, riding a pony; again by twos and threes, with high-loaded burros; and sometimes they came in companies, walking beside their clanking freight-wagons. Some were young, and some were old, and all drank whiskey, and wore knives and guns to keep each other civil. Most of them were bound for the mines, and some of them sometimes returned. No man trusted the next man, and their names, when they had any, would be O'Rafferty, Angus, Schwartzmeyer, José Maria, and Smith. All stopped for one night; some longer, remaining drunk and profitable to Ephraim; now and then one stayed permanently, and had a fence built round him. Whoever came, and whatever befell them, Twenty Mile was chronically hilarious after sundown—a dot of riot in the dumb Arizona night.

On this particular evening they had a tenderfoot. The boy, being new in Arizona, still trusted his neighbor. Such people turned up occasionally. This one had paid for everybody's drink several times, because he felt friendly, and never noticed that nobody ever paid for his. They had played cards with him, stolen his spurs, and now they were making him dance. It was an ancient pastime; yet two or three were glad to stand round and watch it, because it was some time since they had been to the opera. Now the tenderfoot had misunderstood these friends at the beginning, supposing himself to be among good fellows, and they therefore naturally set him down as a fool. But even while dancing you may learn much, and suddenly. The boy, besides being limber, had good tough black hair, and it was not in fear, but with a cold blue eye, that he looked at the old gentleman. The trouble had been that his own revolver had somehow hitched, so he could not pull it from the holster at the necessary moment.

"Tried to draw on me, did yer?" said the old gentleman. "Step higher! Step, now, or I'll crack open yer kneepans, ye robin's egg."

"Thinks he's having a bad time," remarked Ephraim. "Wonder how he'd like to have been that man the Injuns had sport with?"

"Weren't his ear funny?" said one who had helped bury the man.

"Ear?" said Ephraim. "You boys ought to been along when I found him, and seen the way they'd fixed up his mouth." Ephraim explained the details simply, and the listeners shivered. But Ephraim was a humorist. "Wonder how it feels," he continued, "to have—"

Here the boy sickened at his comments and the loud laughter. Yet a few hours earlier these same half-drunken jesters had laid the man to rest with decent humanity. The boy was taking his first dose of Arizona. By no means was everybody looking at his jig. They had seen tenderfeet so often. There was a Mexican game of cards; there was the concertina; and over in the corner sat Specimen Jones, with his back to the company, singing to himself. Nothing had been said or done that entertained him in the least. He had seen everything quite often.

"Higher! skip higher, you elegant calf," remarked the old gentleman to the tenderfoot. "High-yer!" And he placidly fired a fourth shot that scraped the boy's boot at the ankle and threw earth over the clock, so that you could not tell the minute from the hour hand.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'" sang Specimen Jones, softly. They did not care much for his songs in Arizona. These lyrics were all, or nearly all, that he retained of the days when he was twenty, although he was but twenty-six now.

The boy was cutting pigeon-wings, the concertina played "Matamoras," Jones continued his lyric, when two Mexicans leaped at each other, and the concertina stopped with a quack.

"Quit it!" said Ephraim from behind the bar, covering the two with his weapon. "I don't want any greasers scrapping round here to-night. We've just got cleaned up."

It had been cards, but the Mexicans made peace, to the regret of Specimen Jones. He had looked round with some hopes of a crisis, and now for the first time he noticed the boy.

"Blamed if he ain't neat," he said. But interest faded from his eye, and he turned again to the wall. "'Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,'" he melodiously observed. His repertory was wide and refined. When he sang he was always grammatical.

"Ye kin stop, kid," said the old gentleman, not unkindly, and he shoved his pistol into his belt.

The boy ceased. He had been thinking matters over. Being lithe and strong, he was not tired nor much out of breath, but he was trembling with the plan and the prospect he had laid out for himself. "Set 'em up," he said to Ephraim. "Set 'em up again all round."

His voice caused Specimen Jones to turn and look once more, while the old gentleman, still benevolent, said, "Yer langwidge means pleasanter than it sounds, kid." He glanced at the boy's holster, and knew he need not keep a very sharp watch as to that. Its owner had bungled over it once already. All the old gentleman did was to place himself next the boy on the off side from the holster; any move the tenderfoot's hand might make for it would be green and unskillful, and easily anticipated. The company lined up along the bar, and the bottle slid from glass to glass. The boy and his tormentor stood together in the middle of the line, and the tormentor, always with half a thought for the holster, handled his drink on the wet counter, waiting till all should be filled and ready to swallow simultaneously, as befits good manners.

"Well, my regards," he said, seeing the boy raise his glass; and as the old gentleman's arm lifted in unison, exposing his waist, the boy reached down a lightning hand, caught the old gentleman's own pistol, and jammed it in his face.

"Now you'll dance," said he.

"Whoop!" exclaimed Specimen Jones, delighted. "*Blamed* if he ain't neat!" And Jones's handsome face lighted keenly.

"Hold on!" the boy sang out, for the amazed old gentleman was mechanically drinking his whiskey out of sheer fright. The rest had forgotten their drinks. "Not one swallow," the boy continued. "No you'll not put it down either. You'll keep hold of it, and you'll dance all round this place. Around and around. And don't you spill any. And I'll be thinking what you'll do after that."

Specimen Jones eyed the boy with growing esteem. "Why, he ain't bigger than a pint of cider," said he.

"Prance away!" commanded the tenderfoot, and fired a shot between the old gentleman's not widely straddled legs.

"You hev the floor, Mr. Adams," Jones observed, respectfully, at the old gentleman's agile leap. "I'll let no man here interrupt you." So the capering began, and the company stood back to make room. "I've saw juicy things in this Territory," continued Specimen Jones, aloud, to himself, "but this combination fills my bill."

He shook his head sagely, following the black-haired boy with his eye. That youth was steering Mr. Adams round the room with the pistol, proud as a ring-master. Yet not altogether. He was only nineteen, and though his heart beat stoutly, it was beating alone in a strange country. He had come straight to this from hunting squirrels along the Susquehanna, with his mother keeping supper warm for him in the stone farm-house among the trees. He had read books in which hardy heroes saw life, and always triumphed with precision on the last page, but he remembered no receipt for this particular situation. Being good game American blood, he did not think now about the Susquehanna, but he did long with all his might to know what he ought to do next to prove himself a man. His buoyant rage, being glutted with the old gentleman's fervent skipping, had cooled, and a stress of reaction was falling hard on his brave young nerves. He imagined everybody against him. He had no notion that there was another American wanderer there, whose reserved and whimsical nature he had touched to the heart.

The fickle audience was with him, of course, for the moment, since he was upper dog and it was a good show; but one in that room was distinctly against him. The old gentleman was dancing with an ugly eye; he had glanced down to see just where his knife hung at his side, and he had made some calculations. He had fired four shots the boy had fired one. "Four and one hez always made five," the old gentleman told himself with much secret pleasure, and pretended that he was going to stop his double-shuffle. It was an excellent trap, and the boy fell straight into it. He squandered his last precious bullet on the spittoon near which Mr. Adams happened to be at the moment, and the next moment Mr. Adams had him by the throat. They swayed and gulped for breath, rutting the earth with sharp heels; they rolled to the floor and floundered with legs tight tangled, the boy blindly striking at Mr. Adams with the pistol-butt, and the audience drawing closer to lose nothing, when the bright knife flashed suddenly. It poised, and flew across the room, harmless, for a foot had driven into Mr. Adams's arm, and he felt a cold ring grooving his temple. It was the smooth, chilly muzzle of Specimen Jones's six-shooter.

"That's enough," said Jones. "More than enough."

Mr. Adams, being mature in judgment, rose instantly, like a good old sheep, and put his knife back obedient to orders. But in the brain of the overstrained, bewildered boy universal destruction was whirling. With a face stricken lean with ferocity, he staggered to his feet, plucking at his obstinate holster, and glaring for a foe. His eye fell first on his deliverer leaning easily against the bar watching him, while the more and more curious audience scattered, and held themselves ready to murder the boy if he should point his pistol their way. He was dragging at it clumsily, and at last it came. Specimen Jones sprang like a cat, and held the barrel vertical and gripped the boy's wrist.

"Go easy, son," said he. "I know how you're feelin'."

The boy had been wrenching to get a shot at Jones, and now the quietness of the man's voice reached his brain, and he looked at Specimen Jones. He felt a potent brotherhood in the eyes that were considering him, and he began to fear he had been a fool. There was his dwarf Eastern revolver, slack in his inefficient fist, and the singular person still holding its barrel and tapping one derisive finger over the end, careless of the risk to his first joint.

"Why, you little —— ——," said Specimen Jones, caressingly, to the hypnotized youth, "if you was to pop that squirt off at me, I'd turn you up and spank y'u. Set 'em up, Ephraim."

But the commercial Ephraim hesitated, and Jones remembered. His last cent was gone. It was his third day at Ephraim's. He had stopped, having a little money, on his way to Tucson, where a friend had a job for him, and was waiting. He was far too experienced a character ever to sell his horse or his saddle on these occasions, and go on drinking. He looked as if he might, but he never did; and this was what disappointed business men like Ephraim in Specimen Jones.

But now, here was this tenderfoot he had undertaken to see through and Ephraim reminding him that he had no more of the wherewithal. "Why, so I haven't," he said, with a short laugh, and his face flushed. "I guess," he continued, hastily, "this is worth a dollar or two." He drew a chain up from below his flannel shirt-collar and over his head. He drew it a little slowly. It had not been taken off for a number of years—not, indeed, since it had been placed there originally. "It ain't brass," he added, lightly, and strewed it along the counter without looking at it. Ephraim did look at it, and, being satisfied, began to uncork a new bottle, while the punctual audience came up for its drink.

"Won't you please let me treat?" said the boy, unsteadily. "I ain't likely to meet you again, sir." Reaction was giving him trouble inside.

"Where are you bound, kid?"

"Oh, just a ways up the country," answered the boy, keeping a grip on his voice.

"Well, you *may* get there. Where did you pick up that—that thing? Your pistol, I mean."

"It's a present from a friend," replied the tenderfoot, with dignity.

"Farewell gift, wasn't it, kid? Yes; I thought so. Now I'd hate to get an affair like that from a friend. It would start me wondering if he liked me as well as I'd always thought he did. Put up that money, kid. You're drinking with me. Say, what's yer name?"

"Cumnor—J. Cumnor."

"Well, J. Cumnor, I'm glad to know y'u. Ephraim, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cumnor. Mr. Adams, if you're rested from your quadrille, you can shake hands with my friend. Step around, you Miguels and Serapios and Cristobals, whatever y'u claim your names are. This is Mr. J. Cumnor."

The Mexicans did not understand either the letter or the spirit of these American words, but they drank their drink, and the concertina resumed its acrid melody. The boy had taken himself off without being noticed.

"Say, Spec," said Ephraim to Jones, "I'm no hog. Here's yer chain. You'll be along again."

"Keep it till I'm along again," said the owner.

"Just as you say, Spec," answered Ephraim, smoothly, and he hung the pledge over an advertisement chromo of a nude cream-colored lady with bright straw hair holding out a bottle of somebody's champagne. Specimen Jones sang no more songs, but smoked, and leaned in silence on the bar. The company were talking of bed, and Ephraim plunged his glasses into a bucket to clean them for the morrow.

"Know anything about that kid?" inquired Jones, abruptly.

Ephraim shook his head as he washed.

"Travelling alone, ain't he?"

Ephraim nodded.

"Where did y'u say y'u found that fellow layin' the Injuns got?"

"Mile this side the cañon. 'Mong them sand-humps."

"How long had he been there, do y'u figure?"

"Three days, anyway."

Jones watched Ephraim finish his cleansing. "Your clock needs wiping," he remarked. "A man might suppose it was nine, to see that thing the way the dirt hides the hands. Look again in half an hour and it 'll say three. That's the kind of clock gives a man the jams. Sends him crazy."

"Well, that ain't a bad thing to be in this country," said Ephraim, rubbing the glass case and restoring identity to the hands. "If that man had been crazy he'd been livin' right now. Injuns 'll never touch lunatics."

"That band have passed here and gone north," Jones said. "I saw a smoke among the foot-hills as I come along day before yesterday. I guess they're aiming to cross the Santa Catalina. Most likely they're that band from round the San Carlos that were reported as raiding down in Sonora."

"I seen well enough," said Ephraim, "when I found him that they wasn't going to trouble us any, or they'd have been around by then."

He was quite right, but Specimen Jones was thinking of something else. He went out to the corral, feeling disturbed and doubtful. He saw the tall white freight-wagon of the Mexicans, looming and silent, and a little way off the new fence where the man lay. An odd sound startled him, though he knew it was no Indians at this hour, and he looked down into a little dry ditch. It was the boy, hidden away flat on his stomach among the stones, sobbing.

"Oh, snakes!" whispered Specimen Jones, and stepped back. The Latin races embrace and weep, and all goes well; but among Saxons tears are a horrid event. Jones never knew what to do when it was a woman, but this was truly disgusting. He was well seasoned by the frontier, had tried a little of everything: town and country, ranches, saloons, stage-driving, marriage occasionally, and latterly mines. He had sundry claims staked out, and always carried pieces of stone in his pockets, discoursing upon their mineral-bearing capacity, which was apt to be very slight. That is why he was called Specimen Jones. He had exhausted all the important sensations, and did not care much for anything any more. Perfect health and strength kept him from discovering that he was a saddened, drifting man. He wished to kick the boy for his baby performance, and yet he stepped carefully away from the ditch so the boy should not suspect his presence. He found himself standing still, looking at the dim, broken desert.

"Why, hell," complained Specimen Jones, "he played the little man to start with. He did so. He scared that old horse-thief, Adams, just about dead. Then he went to kill me, that kep' him from bein' buried early to-morrow. I've been wild that way myself, and wantin' to shoot up the whole outfit." Jones looked at the place where his middle finger used to be, before a certain evening in Tombstone. "But I never—" He glanced towards the ditch, perplexed. "What's that mean? Why in the world does he git to cryin' for *now*, do you suppose?" Jones took to singing without knowing it. "'Ye shepherds, tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?'" he murmured. Then a thought struck him. "Hello, kid!" he called out. There was no answer. "Of course," said Jones. "Now, he's ashamed to hev me see him come out of there." He walked with elaborate slowness round the corral and behind a shed. "Hello, you kid!" he called again.

"I was thinking of going to sleep," said the boy, appearing quite suddenly. "I—I'm not used to riding all day. I'll get used to it, you know," he hastened to add.

"'Ha-ve you seen my Flo'—? Say, kid, where y'u bound, anyway?"

"San Carlos."

"San Carlos? Oh. Ah. 'Flo-ra pass this way?'"

"Is it far, sir?"

"Awful far, sometimes. It's always liable to be far through the Arivaypa Cañon."

"I didn't expect to make it between meals," remarked Cumnor.

"No. Sure. What made you come this route?"

"A man told me."

"A man? Oh. Well, it *is* kind o' difficult, I admit, for an Arizonan not to lie to a stranger. But I think I'd have told you to go by Tres Alamos and Point of Mountain. It's the road the man that told you would choose himself every time. Do you like Injuns, kid?"

Cumnor snapped eagerly.

"Of course y'u do. And you've never saw one in the whole minute-and-a-half you've been alive. I know all about it."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy.

"Not afraid? Of course y'u ain't. What's your idea in going to Carlos? Got town lots there?"

"No," said the literal youth, to the huge internal diversion of Jones. "There's a man there I used to know back home. He's in the cavalry. What sort of a town is it for sport?" asked Cumnor, in a gay Lothario tone.

"*Town?*" Specimen Jones caught hold of the top rail of the corral. "*Sport?* Now I'll tell y'u what sort of a town it is. There ain't no streets. There ain't no houses. There ain't any land and water in the usual meaning of them words. There's Mount Turnbull. It's pretty near a usual mountain, but y'u don't want to go there. The Creator didn't make San Carlos. It's a heap older than Him. When He got around to it after slickin' up Paradise and them fruit-trees, He just left it to be as He found it, as a sample of the way they done business before He come along. He 'ain't done any work around that spot at all, He 'ain't. Mix up a barrel of sand and ashes and thorns, and jam scorpions and rattlesnakes along in, and dump the outfit on stones, and heat yer stones red-hot, and set the United States army loose over the place chasin' Apaches, and you've got San Carlos."

Cumnor was silent for a moment. "I don't care," he said. "I want to chase Apaches."

"Did you see that man Ephraim found by the cañon?" Jones inquired.

"Didn't get here in time."

"Well, there was a hole in his chest made by an arrow. But there's no harm in that if you die at wunst. That chap didn't, y'u see. You heard Ephraim tell about it. They'd done a number of things to the man before he could die. Roastin' was only one of 'em. Now your road takes you through the mountains where these Injuns hev gone. Kid, come along to Tucson with me," urged Jones, suddenly.

Again Cumnor was silent. "Is my road different from other people's?" he said, finally.

"Not to Grant, it ain't. These Mexicans are hauling freight to Grant. But what's the matter with your coming to Tucson with me?"

"I started to go to San Carlos, and I'm going," said Cumnor.

"You're a poor chuckle-headed fool!" burst out Jones, in a rage. "And y'u can go, for all I care—you and your Christmas-tree pistol. Like as not you won't find your cavalry friend at San Carlos. They've killed a lot of them soldiers huntin' Injuns this season. Good-night."

Specimen Jones was gone. Cumnor walked to his blanket-roll, where his saddle was slung under the shed. The various doings of the evening had bruised his nerves. He spread his blankets among the dry cattle-dung, and sat down, taking off a few clothes slowly. He lumped his coat and overalls under his head for a pillow, and, putting the despised pistol alongside, lay between the blankets. No object showed in the night but the tall freight-wagon. The tenderfoot thought he had made altogether a fool of himself upon the first trial trip of his manhood, alone on the open sea of Arizona. No man, not even Jones now, was his friend. A stranger, who could have had nothing against him but his inexperience, had taken the trouble to direct him on the wrong road. He did not mind definite enemies. He had punched the heads of those in Pennsylvania, and would not object to shooting them here; but this impersonal, surrounding hostility of the unknown was new and bitter: the cruel, assassinating, cowardly Southwest, where prospered those jail-birds whom the vigilantes had driven from California. He thought of the nameless human carcass that lay near, buried that day, and of the jokes about its mutilations. Cumnor was not an innocent boy, either in principles or in practice, but this laughter about a dead body had burned into his young, unhardened soul. He lay watching with hot, dogged eyes the brilliant stars. A passing wind turned the windmill, which creaked a forlorn minute, and ceased. He must have gone to sleep and slept soundly, for the next he knew it was the cold air of dawn that made him open his eyes. A numb silence lay over all things, and the tenderfoot had that moment of curiosity as to where he was now which comes to those who have journeyed for many days. The Mexicans had already departed with their freight-wagon. It was not entirely light, and the embers where these early starters had cooked their breakfast lay glowing in the sand across the road. The boy remembered seeing a wagon where now he saw only chill, distant peaks, and while he lay quiet and warm, shunning full consciousness, there was a stir in the cabin, and at Ephraim's voice reality broke upon his drowsiness, and he recollected Arizona and the keen stress of shifting for himself. He noted the gray paling round the grave. Indians? He would catch up with the Mexicans, and travel in their company to Grant. Freighters made but fifteen miles in the day, and he could start after breakfast and be with them before they stopped to noon. Six men need not worry about Apaches, Cumnor thought. The voice of Specimen Jones came from the cabin, and sounds of lighting the stove, and the growling conversation of men getting up. Cumnor, lying in his blankets, tried to overhear what Jones was saying, for no better reason than that this was the only man he had met lately who had seemed to care whether he were alive or dead. There was the clink of Ephraim's whiskey-bottles, and the cheerful tones of old Mr. Adams, saying, "It's better 'n brushin' yer teeth"; and then further clinking, and an inquiry from Specimen Jones.

"Whose spurs?" said he.

"Mine." This from Mr. Adams.

"How long have they been yourn?"

"Since I got 'em, I guess."

"Well, you've enjoyed them spurs long enough." The voice of Specimen Jones now altered in quality. "And you'll give 'em back to that kid."

Muttering followed that the boy could not catch. "You'll give 'em back," repeated Jones. "I seen y'u lift 'em from under that chair when I was in the corner."

"That's straight, Mr. Adams," said Ephraim. "I noticed it myself, though I had no objections, of course. But Mr. Jones has pointed out—"

"Since when have you growed so honest, Jones?" cackled Mr. Adams, seeing that he must lose his little booty. "And why didn't you raise yer objections when you seen me do it?"

"I didn't know the kid," Jones explained.

"And if it don't strike you that game blood deserves respect, why it does strike me."

Hearing this, the tenderfoot, outside in his shed, thought better of mankind and life in general, arose from his nest, and began preening himself. He had all the correct trappings for the frontier, and his toilet in the shed gave him pleasure. The sun came up, and with a stroke struck the world to crystal. The near sand-hills went into rose, the crabbed yucca and the mesquite turned transparent, with lances and pale films of green, like drapery graciously veiling the desert's face, and distant violet peaks and edges framed the vast enchantment beneath the liquid exhalations of the sky. The smell of bacon and coffee from open windows filled the heart with bravery and yearning, and Ephraim, putting his head round the corner, called to Cumnor that he had better come in and eat. Jones, already at table, gave him the briefest nod; but the spurs were there, replaced as Cumnor had left them under a chair in the corner. In Arizona they do not say much at any meal, and at breakfast nothing at all; and as Cumnor swallowed and meditated, he noticed the cream-coloured lady and the chain, and he made up his mind he should assert his identity with regard to that business, though how and when was not clear to him. He was in no great haste to take up his journey. The society of the Mexicans whom he must sooner or later overtake did not tempt him. When breakfast was done he idled in the cabin, like the other guests, while Ephraim and his assistant busied about the premises. But the morning grew on, and the guests, after a season of smoking and tilted silence against the wall, shook themselves and their effects together, saddled, and were lost among the waste thorny hills. Twenty Mile became hot and torpid. Jones lay on three consecutive chairs, occasionally singing, and old Mr. Adams had not gone away either, but watched him, with more tobacco running down his beard.

"Well," said Cumnor, "I'll be going."

"Nobody's stopping y'u," remarked Jones.

"You're going to Tucson?" the boy said, with the chain problem still unsolved in his mind. "Good-bye, Mr. Jones. I hope I'll—we'll—"

"That 'll do," said Jones; and the tenderfoot, thrown back by this severity, went to get his saddle-horse and his burro.

Presently Jones remarked to Mr. Adams that he wondered what Ephraim was doing, and went out. The old gentleman was left alone in the room, and he swiftly noticed that the belt and pistol of Specimen Jones were left alone with him. The accoutrement lay by the chair its owner had been lounging in. It is an easy thing to remove cartridges from the chambers of a revolver, and replace the weapon in its holster so that everything looks quite natural. The old gentleman was entertained with the notion that somewhere in Tucson Specimen Jones might have a surprise, and he did not take a minute to prepare this, drop the belt as it lay before, and saunter innocently out of the saloon. Ephraim and Jones were criticizing the tenderfoot's property as he packed his burro.

"Do y'u make it a rule to travel with ice-cream?" Jones was inquiring.

"They're for water," Cumnor said. "They told me at Tucson I'd need to carry water for three days on some trails."

It was two good-sized milk-cans that he had, and they bounced about on the little burro's pack, giving him as much amazement as a jackass can feel. Jones and Ephraim were hilarious.

"Don't go without your spurs, Mr. Cumnor," said the voice of old Mr. Adams, as he approached the group. His tone was particularly civil.

The tenderfoot had, indeed, forgotten his spurs, and he ran back to get them. The cream-coloured lady still had the chain hanging upon her, and Cumnor's problem was suddenly solved. He put the chain in his pocket, and laid the price of one round of drinks for last night's company on the shelf below the chromo. He returned with his spurs on, and went to his saddle that lay beside that of Specimen Jones under the shed. After a moment he came with his saddle to where the men stood talking by his pony, slung it on, and tightened the cinches; but the chain was now in the saddle-bag of Specimen Jones, mixed up with some tobacco, stale bread, a box of matches, and a hunk of fat bacon. The men at Twenty Mile said good-day to the tenderfoot, with monosyllables and indifference, and watched him depart into the heated desert. Wishing for a last look at Jones, he turned once, and saw the three standing, and the chocolate brick of the cabin, and the windmill white and idle in the sun.

"He'll be gutted by night," remarked Mr. Adams.

"I ain't buryin' him, then," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," said Specimen Jones. "Well, it's time I was getting to Tucson."

He went to the saloon, strapped on his pistol, saddled, and rode away. Ephraim and Mr. Adams returned to the cabin; and here is the final conclusion they came to after three hours of discussion as to who took the chain and who had it just then:

Ephraim. Jones, he hadn't no cash.

Mr. Adams. The kid, he hadn't no sense.

Ephraim. The kid, he lent the cash to Jones.

Mr. Adams. Jones, he goes off with his chain.

Both. What damn fools everybody is, anyway!

And they went to dinner. But Mr. Adams did not mention his relations with Jones's pistol. Let it be said, in extenuation of that performance, that Mr. Adams supposed Jones was going to Tucson, where he said he was going, and where a job and a salary were awaiting him. In Tucson an unloaded pistol in the holster of so handy a man on the drop as was Specimen would keep people civil, because they would not know, any more than the owner, that it was unloaded; and the mere possession of it would be sufficient in nine chances out of ten—though it was undoubtedly for the tenth that Mr. Adams had a sneaking hope. But Specimen Jones was not going to Tucson. A contention in his mind as to whether he would do what was good for himself, or what was good for another, had kept him sullen ever since he got up. Now it was settled, and Jones in serene humor again. Of course he had started on the Tucson road, for the benefit of Ephraim and Mr. Adams.

The tenderfoot rode along. The Arizona sun beat down upon the deadly silence, and the world was no longer of crystal, but a mesa, dull and gray and hot. The pony's hoofs grated in the gravel, and after a time the road dived down and up among lumpy hills of stone and cactus, always nearer the fierce glaring Sierra Santa Catalina. It dipped so abruptly in and out of the shallow sudden ravines that, on coming up from one of these into sight of the country again, the tenderfoot's heart jumped at the close apparition of another rider quickly bearing in upon him from gullies where he had been moving unseen. But it was only Specimen Jones.

"Hello!" said he, joining Cumnor. "Hot, ain't it?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Cumnor.

"Up here a ways." And Jones jerked his finger generally towards the Sierra, where they were heading.

"Thought you had a job in Tucson."

"That's what I have."

Specimen Jones had no more to say, and they rode for a while, their ponies' hoofs always grating in the gravel, and the milk-cans lightly clanking on the burro's pack. The bunched blades of the yuccas bristled steel-stiff, and as far as you could see it was a grey waste of mounds and ridges sharp and blunt, up to the forbidding boundary walls of the Tortilita one way and the Santa Catalina the other. Cumnor wondered if Jones had found the chain. Jones was capable of not finding it for several weeks, or of finding it at once and saying nothing.

"You'll excuse my meddling with your business?" the boy hazarded.

Jones looked inquiring.

"Something's wrong with your saddle-pocket."

Specimen saw nothing apparently wrong with it, but perceiving Cumnor was grinning, unbuckled the pouch. He looked at the boy rapidly, and looked away again, and as he rode, still in silence, he put the chain back round his neck below the flannel shirt-collar.

"Say, kid," he remarked, after some time, "what does J stand for?"

"J? Oh, my name! Jock."

"Well, Jock, will y'u explain to me as a friend how y'u ever come to be such a fool as to leave yer home—wherever and whatever it was—in exchange for this here God-forsaken and iniquitous hole?"

"If you'll explain to me," said the boy, greatly heartened, "how you come to be ridin' in the company of a fool, instead of goin' to your job at Tucson."

The explanation was furnished before Specimen Jones had framed his reply. A burning freight-wagon and five dismembered human stumps lay in the road. This was what had happened to the Miguels and Serapios and the concertina. Jones and Cumnor, in their dodging and struggles to exclude all expressions of growing mutual esteem from their speech, had forgotten their journey, and a sudden bend among the rocks where the road had now brought them revealed the blood and fire staring them in the face. The plundered wagon was three parts empty; its splintered, blazing boards slid down as they burned into the fiery heap on the ground; packages of soda and groceries and medicines slid with them, bursting into chemical spots of green and crimson flame; a wheel crushed in and sank, spilling more packages that flickered and hissed; the garbage of combat and murder littered the earth, and in the air hung an odor that Cumnor knew, though he had never smelled it before. Morsels of dropped booty up among the rocks showed where the Indians had gone, and one horse remained, groaning, with an accidental arrow in his belly.

"We'll just kill him," said Jones; and his pistol snapped idly, and snapped again, as his eye caught a motion—a something—two hundred yards up among the bowlders on the hill. He whirled round. The enemy was behind them also. There was no retreat. "Yourn's no good!" yelled Jones, fiercely, for Cumnor was getting out his little, foolish revolver. "Oh, what a trick to play on a man! Drop off yer horse, kid; drop, and do like me. Shootin's no good here, even if I was loaded. *They* shot, and look at them now. God bless them ice-cream freezers of yourn, kid! Did y'u ever see a crazy man? If you 'ain't, *make it up as y'u go along!*"

More objects moved up among the bowlders. Specimen Jones ripped off the burro's pack, and the milk-cans rolled on the ground. The burro began grazing quietly, with now and then a step towards new patches of grass. The horses stood where their riders had left them, their reins over their heads, hanging and dragging. From two hundred yards on the hill the ambushed Apaches showed, their dark, scattered figures appearing cautiously one by one, watching with suspicion. Specimen Jones seized up one milk-can, and Cumnor obediently did the same.

"You kin dance, kid, and I kin sing, and we'll go to it," said Jones. He rambled in a wavering loop, and diving eccentrically at Cumnor, clashed the milk-cans together. "'Es schallt ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,'" he bawled, beginning the song of "Die Wacht am Rhein." "Why don't you dance?" he shouted, sternly. The boy saw the terrible earnestness of his face, and, clashing his milk-cans in turn, he shuffled a sort of jig. The two went over the sand in loops, toe and heel; the donkey continued his quiet grazing, and the flames rose hot and yellow from the freight-wagon. And all the while the stately German hymn pealed among the rocks, and the Apaches crept down nearer the bowing, scraping men. The sun shone bright, and their bodies poured with sweat. Jones flung off his shirt; his damp, matted hair was half in ridges and half glued to his forehead, and the delicate gold chain swung and struck his broad, naked breast. The Apaches drew nearer again, their bows and arrows held uncertainly. They came down the hill, fifteen or twenty, taking a long time, and stopping every few yards. The milk-cans clashed, and Jones thought he felt the boy's strokes weakening. "Die Wacht am Rhein" was finished, and now it was "'Ha-ve you seen my Flora pass this way?'" "Y'u mustn't play out, kid," said Jones, very gently. "Indeed y'u mustn't"; and he at once resumed his song. The silent Apaches had now reached the bottom of the hill. They stood some twenty yards away, and Cumnor had a good chance to see his first Indians. He saw them move, and the color and slim shape of their bodies, their thin arms, and their long, black hair. It went through his mind that if he had no more clothes on than that, dancing would come easier. His boots were growing heavy to lift, and his overalls seemed to wrap his sinews in wet, strangling thongs. He wondered how long he had been keeping this up. The legs of the Apaches were free, with light moccasins only half-way to the thigh, slenderly held up by strings from the waist. Cumnor envied their unencumbered steps as he saw them again walk nearer to where he was dancing. It was long since he had eaten, and he noticed a singing dulness in his brain, and became frightened at his thoughts, which were running and melting into one fixed idea. This idea was to take off his boots, and offer to trade them for a pair of moccasins. It terrified him—this endless, molten rush of thoughts; he could see them coming in different shapes from different places in his head, but they all joined immediately, and always formed the same fixed idea. He ground his teeth to master this encroaching inebriation of his will and judgment. He clashed his can more loudly to wake him to reality, which he still could recognize and appreciate. For a time he found it a good plan to listen to what Specimen Jones was singing, and tell himself the name of the song, if he knew it. At present it was "Yankee Doodle," to which Jones was fitting words of his own. These ran, "Now I'm going to try a bluff, and mind you do what I do"; and then again, over and over. Cumnor waited for the word "bluff"; for it was hard and heavy, and fell into his thoughts, and stopped them for a moment. The dance was so long now he had forgotten about that. A numbness had been spreading through his legs, and he was glad to feel a sharp pain in the sole of his foot. It was a piece of gravel that had somehow worked its way in, and was rubbing through the skin into the flesh. "That's good," he said, aloud. The pebble was eating the numbness away, and Cumnor drove it hard against the raw spot, and relished the tonic of its burning friction. The Apaches had drawn into a circle. Standing at some interval apart, they entirely surrounded the arena. Shrewd, half convinced, and yet with awe, they watched the dancers, who clashed their cans slowly now in rhythm to Jones's hoarse, parched singing. He was quite master of himself, and led the jig round the still blazing wreck of the wagon, and circled in figures of eight between the corpses of the Mexicans, clashing the milk-cans above each one. Then, knowing his strength was coming to an end, he approached an Indian whose splendid fillet and trappings denoted him of consequence; and Jones was near shouting with relief when the Indian shrank backward. Suddenly he saw Cumnor let his can drop, and without stopping to see why, he caught it up, and slowly rattling both, approached each Indian in turn with tortuous steps. The circle that had never uttered a sound till now receded, chanting almost in a whisper some exorcising song which the man with the fillet had begun. They gathered round him, retreating always, and the strain, with its rapid muttered words, rose and fell softly among them. Jones had supposed the boy was overcome by faintness, and looked to see where he lay. But it was not faintness. Cumnor, with his boots off, came by and walked after the Indians in a trance. They saw him, and quickened their pace, often turning to be sure he was not overtaking them. He called to them unintelligibly, stumbling up the sharp hill, and pointing to the boots. Finally he sat down. They continued ascending the mountain, herding close round the man with the feathers, until the rocks and the filmy tangles screened them from sight; and like a wind that hums uncertainly in grass, their chanting died away.

The sun was half behind the western range when Jones next moved. He called, and, getting no answer, he crawled painfully to where the boy lay on the hill. Cumnor was sleeping heavily; his head was hot, and he moaned. So Jones crawled down, and fetched blankets and the canteen of water. He spread the blankets over the boy, wet a handkerchief and laid it on his forehead; then he lay down himself.

The earth was again magically smitten to crystal. Again the sharp cactus and the sand turned beautiful, and violet floated among the mountains, and rose-colored orange in the sky above them.

"Jock," said Specimen at length.

The boy opened his eyes.

"Your foot is awful, Jock. Can y'u eat?"

"Not with my foot."

"Ah, God bless y'u, Jock! Y'u ain't turruble sick. But *can* y'u eat?"

Cumnor shook his head.

"Eatin's what y'u need, though. Well, here." Specimen poured a judicious mixture of whiskey and water down the boy's throat, and wrapped the awful foot in his own flannel shirt.

"They'll fix y'u over to Grant. It's maybe twelve miles through the cañon. It ain't a town any more than Carlos is, but the soldiers 'll be good to us. As soon as night comes you and me must somehow git out of this."

Somehow they did, Jones walking and leading his horse and the imperturbable little burro, and also holding Cumnor in the saddle. And when Cumnor was getting well in the military hospital at Grant, he listened to Jones recounting to all that chose to hear how useful a weapon an ice-cream freezer can be, and how if you'll only chase Apaches in your stocking feet they are sure to run away. And then Jones and Cumnor both enlisted; and I suppose Jones's friend is still expecting him in Tucson.

* * *

"My friend, why do you say that? I am frank."
"What do you call being frank? You know that a woman is bound to lie."
She hesitated, then:
"A woman," she said, "is frank when she does not lie uselessly." Anatole France.

Brown of Calaveras

By BRET HARTE

Bret Harte

A SUBDUED tone of conversation, and the absence of cigar-smoke and boot-heels at the windows of the Wingdam stage-coach, made it evident that one of the inside passengers was a woman. A disposition on the part of loungers at the stations to congregate before the window, and some concern in regard to the appearance of coats, hats, and collars, further indicated that she was lovely. All of which Mr. Jack Hamlin, on the box-seat, noted with the smile of cynical philosophy. Not that he depreciated the sex, but that he recognized therein a deceitful element, the pursuit of which sometimes drew mankind away from the equally uncertain blandishments of poker — of which it may be remarked that Mr. Hamlin was a professional exponent.

So that, when he placed his narrow boot on the wheel and leaped down, he did not even glance at the window from which a green veil was fluttering, but lounged up and down with that listless and grave indifference of his class, which was, perhaps, the next thing to good-breeding. With his closely buttoned figure and self-contained air he was a marked contrast to the other passengers, with their feverish restlessness, and boisterous emotion; and even Bill Masters, a graduate of Harvard, with his slovenly dress, his overflowing vitality, his intense appreciation of lawlessness and barbarism, and his mouth filled with crackers and cheese, I fear cut but an unromantic figure beside this lonely calculator of chances, with his pale Greek face and Homeric gravity.

The driver called "All aboard!" and Mr. Hamlin returned to the coach. His foot was upon the wheel, and his face raised to the level of the open window, when, at the same moment, what appeared to him to be the finest eyes in the world suddenly met his. He quietly dropped down again, addressed a few words to one of the inside passengers, effected an exchange of seats, and as quietly took his place inside. Mr. Hamlin never allowed his philosophy to interfere with decisive and prompt action.

I fear that this irruption of Jack cast some restraint upon the other passengers, particularly those who were making themselves most agreeable to the lady. One of them leaned forward, and apparently conveyed to her information regarding Mr. Hamlin's profession in a single epithet. Whether Mr. Hamlin heard it, or whether he recognized in the informant a distinguished jurist, from whom, but a few evenings before, he had won several thousand dollars, I can not say. His colorless face betrayed no sign; his black eyes, quietly observant, glanced indifferently past the legal gentleman, and rested on the much more pleasing features of his neighbor. An Indian stoicism—said to be an inheritance from his maternal ancestor—stood him in good service, until the rolling wheels rattled upon the river-gravel at Scott's Ferry, and the stage drew up at the International Hotel for dinner. The legal gentleman and a member of Congress leaped out, and stood ready to assist the descending goddess, while Colonel Starbottle, of Siskiyou, took charge of her parasol and shawl. In this multiplicity of attention there was a momentary confusion and delay. Jack Hamlin quietly opened the *opposite* door of the coach, took the lady's hand—with that decision and positiveness which a hesitating and undecided sex know how to admire—and in an instant had dexterously and gracefully swung her to the ground, and again lifted her to the platform. An audible chuckle on the box, I fear, came from that other cynic, "Yuba Bill," the driver. "Look keerfully arter that baggage, Kernel," said the expressman, with affected concern, as he looked after Colonel Starbottle, gloomily bringing up the rear of the triumphant procession to the waiting-room.

Mr. Hamlin did not stay for dinner. His horse was already saddled, and awaiting him.

He dashed over the ford, up the gravelly hill, and out into the dusty perspective of Wingdam road, like one leaving an unpleasant fancy behind him. The inmates of dusty cabins by the roadside shaded their eyes with their hands, and looked after him, recognizing the man by his horse, and speculating what "was up with Comanche Jack." Yet much of this interest centered in the horse, in a community where the time made by "French Pete's" mare, in his run from the Sheriff of Calaveras, eclipsed all concern in the ultimate fate of that worthy.

The sweating flanks of his gray at length recalled him to himself. He checked his speed, and, turning into a by-road, sometimes used as a cut-off, trotted leisurely along, the reins hanging listlessly from his fingers. As he rode on, the character of the landscape changed, and became more pastoral. Openings in groves of pine and sycamore disclosed some rude attempts at cultivation—a flowering vine trailed over the porch of one cabin, and a woman rocked her cradled babe under the roses of another. A little farther on Mr. Hamlin came upon some barelegged children, wading in the willowy creek, and so wrought upon them with a badinage peculiar to himself that they were emboldened to climb up his horse's legs and over his saddle, until he was fain to develop an exaggerated ferocity of demeanor, and to escape, leaving behind some kisses and coin. And then, advancing deeper into the woods, where all signs of habitation failed, he began to sing—uplifting a tenor so singularly sweet, and shaded by a pathos so subduing and tender, that I wot the robins and linnets stopped to listen. Mr. Hamlin's voice was not cultivated; the subject of his song was some sentimental lunacy, borrowed from the negro minstrels; but there thrilled through all some occult quality of tone and expression that was unspeakably touching. Indeed, it was a wonderful sight to see this sentimental blackleg, with a pack of cards in his pocket and a revolver at his back, sending his voice before him through the dim woods with a plaint about his "Nelly's grave," in a way that overflowed the eyes of the listener. A sparrow-hawk, fresh from his sixth victim possibly recognizing in Mr. Hamlin a kindred spirit, stared at him in surprise, and was fain to confess the superiority of man. With a superior predatory capacity, *he* couldn't sing.

But Mr. Hamlin presently found himself again on the high-road, and at his former pace. Ditches and banks of gravel, denuded hillsides, stumps, and decayed trunks of trees took the place of woodland and ravine, and indicated his approach to civilization. Then a church-steeple came in sight, and he knew that he had reached home. In a few moments he was clattering down the single narrow street that lost itself in a chaotic ruin of races, ditches, and tailings at the foot of the hill, and dismounted before the gilded windows of the "Magnolia" saloon. Passing through the long bar-room, he pushed open a green-baize door, entered a dark passage, opened another door with a pass-key, and found himself in a dimly lighted room, whose furniture, though elegant and costly for the locality, showed signs of abuse. The inlaid center-table was overlaid with stained disks that were not contemplated in the original design. The embroidered arm-chairs were discolored, and the green velvet lounge, on which Mr. Hamlin threw himself, was soiled at the foot with the red soil of Wingdam.

Mr. Hamlin did not sing in his cage. He lay still, looking at a highly colored painting above him, representing a young creature of opulent charms. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that he had never seen exactly that kind of a woman, and that, if he should, he would not, probably, fall in love with her. Perhaps he was thinking of another style of beauty. But just then some one knocked at the door. Without rising, he pulled a cord that apparently shot back a bolt, for the door swung open, and a man entered.

The new-comer was broad-shouldered and robust,—a vigor not borne out in the face, which, though handsome, was singularly weak, and disfigured by dissipation. He appeared to be also under the influence of liquor, for he started on seeing Mr. Hamlin, and said, "I thought Kate was here"; stammered, and seemed confused and embarrassed.

Mr. Hamlin smiled the smile which he had before worn on the Wingdam coach, and sat up, quite refreshed and ready for business.

"You didn't come up on the stage," continued the newcomer, "did you?"

"No," replied Hamlin; "I left it at Scott's Ferry. It isn't due for half an hour yet. But how's luck, Brown?"

"D—— bad," said Brown, his face suddenly assuming an expression of weak despair; "I'm cleaned out again. Jack," he continued, in a whining tone, that formed a pitiable contrast to his bulky figure, "can't you help me with a hundred till to-morrow's clean-up? You see I've got to send money home to the old woman, and—you've won twenty times that amount from me."

The conclusion was, perhaps, not entirely logical, but Jack overlooked it, and handed the sum to his visitor. "The old woman business is about played out, Brown," he added, by way of commentary; "why don't you say you want to buck agin' faro? You know you ain't married!"

"Fact, sir," said Brown, with a sudden gravity, as if the mere contact of the gold with the palm of the hand had imparted some dignity to his frame. "I've got a wife—a d—— good one too, if I do say it—in the States. It's three year since I've seen her, and a year since I've writ to her. When things is about straight, and we get down to the lead, I'm going to send for her."

"And Kate?" queried Mr. Hamlin, with his previous smile.

Mr. Brown, of Calaveras, essayed an archness of glance, to cover his confusion, which his weak face and whiskey-muddled intellect but poorly carried out, and said,—

"D—— it, Jack, a man must have a little liberty, you know. But come, what do you say to a little game? Give us a show to double this hundred."

Jack Hamlin looked curiously at his fatuous friend. Perhaps he knew that the man was predestined to lose the money, and preferred that it should flow back into his own coffers rather than any other. He nodded his head, and drew his chair toward the table. At the same moment there came a rap upon the door.

"It's Kate," said Mr. Brown.

Mr. Hamlin shot back the bolt, and the door opened. But, for the first time in his life, he staggered to his feet, utterly unnerved and abashed, and for the first time in his life the hot blood crimsoned his colorless cheeks to his forehead. For before him stood the lady he had lifted from the Wingdam coach, whom Brown—dropping his cards with a hysterical laugh—greeted as "My old woman, by thunder!"

They say that Mrs. Brown burst into tears, and reproaches of her husband. I saw her, in 1857, at Marysville, and disbelieve the story. And the Wingdam Chronicle, of the next week, under the head of "Touching Reunion," said: "One of those beautiful and touching incidents, peculiar to California life, occurred last week in our city. The wife of one of Wingdam's eminent pioneers, tired of the effete civilization of the East and its inhospitable climate, resolved to join her noble husband upon these golden shores. Without informing him of her intention, she undertook the long journey, and arrived last week. The joy of the husband may be easier imagined than described. The meeting is said to have been indescribably affecting. We trust her example may be followed."

Whether owing to Mrs. Brown's influence, or to some more successful speculations, Mr. Brown's financial fortune from that day steadily improved. He bought out his partners in the "Nip and Tuck" lead, with money which was said to have been won at poker, a week or two after his wife's arrival, but which rumor, adopting Mrs. Brown's theory that Brown had forsworn the gaming-table, declared to have been furnished by Mr. Jack Hamlin. He built and furnished the "Wingdam House," which pretty Mrs. Brown's great popularity kept overflowing with guests. He was elected to the Assembly, and gave largess to churches. A street in Wingdam was named in his honor.

Yet it was noted that in proportion as he waxed wealthy and fortunate, he grew pale, thin, and anxious. As his wife's popularity increased, he became fretful and impatient. The most uxorious of husbands, he was absurdly jealous. If he did not interfere with his wife's social liberty, it was because it was maliciously whispered that his first and only attempt was met by an outburst from Mrs. Brown that terrified him into silence. Much of this kind of gossip came from those of her own sex whom she had supplanted in the chivalrous attentions of Wingdam, which, like most popular chivalry, was devoted to an admiration of power, whether of masculine force or feminine beauty. It should be remembered, too, in her extenuation, that, since her arrival, she had been the unconscious priestess of a mythological worship, perhaps not more ennobling to her womanhood than that which distinguished an older Greek democracy. I think that Brown was dimly conscious of this. But his only confidant was Jack Hamlin, whose *infelix* reputation naturally precluded any open intimacy with the family, and whose visits were infrequent.

It was midsummer, and a moonlit night; and Mrs. Brown, very rosy, large-eyed, and pretty, sat upon the piazza, enjoying the fresh incense of the mountain breeze, and, it is to be feared, another incense which was not so fresh, nor quite as innocent. Beside her sat Colonel Starbottle and Judge Boompointer, and a later addition to her court, in

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the shape of a foreign tourist. She was in good spirits.

"What do you see down the road?" inquired the gallant Colonel, who had been conscious, for the last few minutes, that Mrs. Brown's attention was diverted.

"Dust," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh. "Only Sister Anne's 'flock of sheep.'"

The Colonel, whose literary recollections did not extend farther back than last week's paper, took a more practical view. "It ain't sheep," he continued; "it's a horseman. Judge, ain't that Jack Hamlin's gray?"

But the Judge didn't know; and, as Mrs. Brown suggested the air was growing too cold for further investigations, they retired to the parlor.

Mr. Brown was in the stable, where he generally retired after dinner. Perhaps it was to show his contempt for his wife's companions; perhaps, like other weak natures, he found pleasure in the exercise of absolute power over inferior animals. He had a certain gratification in the training of a chestnut mare, whom he could beat or caress as pleased him, which he couldn't do with Mrs. Brown. It was here that he recognized a certain gray horse which had just come in, and, looking a little farther on, found his rider. Brown's greeting was cordial and hearty; Mr. Hamlin's somewhat restrained. But at Brown's urgent request, he followed him up the back stairs to a narrow corridor, and thence to a small room looking out upon the stable-yard. It was plainly furnished with a bed, a table, a few chairs, and a rack for guns and whips.

"This yer's my home, Jack," said Brown, with a sigh, as he threw himself upon the bed, and motioned his companion to a chair. "Her room's t' other end of the hall. It's more'n six months since we've lived together, or met, except at meals. It's mighty rough papers on the head of the house, ain't it?" he said, with a forced laugh. "But I'm glad to see you, Jack, d—— glad," and he reached from the bed, and again shook the unresponsive hand of Jack Hamlin.

"I brought ye up here, for I didn't want to talk in the stable; though, for the matter of that, it's all round town. Don't strike a light. We can talk here in the moonshine. Put up your feet on that winder, and sit here beside me. Thar's whiskey in that jug."

Mr. Hamlin did not avail himself of the information. Brown, of Calaveras, turned his face to the wall, and continued:—

"If I didn't love the woman, Jack, I wouldn't mind. But it's loving her, and seeing her, day arter day, goin' on at this rate, and no one to put down the brake; that's what gits me! But I'm glad to see ye, Jack, d—— glad."

In the darkness he groped about until he had found and wrung his companion's hand again. He would have detained it, but Jack slipped it into the buttoned breast of his coat and asked listlessly, "How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since she came here; ever since the day she walked into the Magnolia. I was a fool then; Jack, I'm a fool now; but I didn't know how much I loved her till then. And she hasn't been the same woman since.

"But that ain't all, Jack; and it's what I wanted to see you about, and I'm glad you've come. It ain't that she doesn't love me any more; it ain't that she fools with every chap that comes along, for, perhaps, I staked her love and lost it, as I did everything else at the Magnolia; and, perhaps, foolin' is nateral to some women, and thar ain't no great harm done, 'cept to the fools. But, Jack, I think,—I think she loves somebody else. Don't move, Jack; don't move; if your pistol hurts ye, take it off.

"It's been more'n six months now that she's seemed unhappy and lonesome, and kinder nervous and scared like. And sometimes I've ketched her lookin' at me sort of timid and pitying. And she writes to somebody. And for the last week she's been gathering her own things,—trinkets, and furbelows, and jew'lry,—and, Jack, I think she's goin' off. I could stand all but that. To have her steal away like a thief—" He put his face downward to the pillow, and for a few moments there was no sound but the ticking of a clock on the mantel. Mr. Hamlin lit a cigar, and moved to the open window. The moon no longer shone into the room, and the bed and its occupant were in shadow. "What shall I do, Jack?" said the voice from the darkness.

The answer came promptly and clearly from the window-side,—"Spot the man, and kill him on sight."

"But, Jack?"

"He's took the risk!"

"But will that bring *her* back?"

Jack did not reply, but moved from the window towards the door.

"Don't go yet, Jack; light the candle, and sit by the table. It's a comfort to see ye, if nothin' else."

Jack hesitated, and then complied. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them, glancing at the bed. But Brown's face was turned to the wall. When Mr. Hamlin had shuffled the cards, he cut them, and dealt one card on the opposite side of the table and towards the bed, and another on his side of the table for himself. The first was a deuce; his own card, a king. He then shuffled and cut again. This time "dummy" had a queen, and himself a four-spot. Jack brightened up for the third deal. It brought his adversary a deuce, and himself a king again. "Two out of three," said Jack, audibly.

"What's that, Jack?" said Brown.

"Nothing."

Then Jack tried his hand with dice; but he always threw sixes, and his imaginary opponent aces. The force of habit is sometimes confusing.

Meanwhile, some magnetic influence in Mr. Hamlin's presence, or the anodyne of liquor, or both, brought surcease of sorrow, and Brown slept. Mr. Hamlin moved his chair to the window, and looked out on the town of Wingdam, now sleeping peacefully—its harsh outlines softened and subdued, its glaring colors mellowed and sobered in the moonlight that flowed over all. In the hush he could hear the gurgling of water in the ditches, and the sighing of the pines beyond the hill. Then he looked up at the firmament, and as he did so a star shot across the twinkling field. Presently another, and then another. The phenomenon suggested to Mr. Hamlin a fresh augury. If in another fifteen minutes another star should fall—He sat there, watch in hand, for twice that time, but the phenomenon was not repeated.

The clock struck two, and Brown still slept. Mr. Hamlin approached the table, and took from his pocket a letter, which he read by the flickering candle-light. It contained only a single line, written in pencil, in a woman's hand,—

"Be at the corral, with the buggy, at three."

The sleeper moved uneasily, and then awoke. "Are you there, Jack?"

"Yes."

"Don't go yet. I dreamed just now, Jack,—dreamed of old times. I thought that Sue and me was being married agin, and that the parson, Jack, was—who do you think?—you!"

The gambler laughed, and seated himself on the bed,—the paper still in his hand.

"It's a good sign, ain't it?" queried Brown.

"I reckon. Say, old man, hadn't you better get up?"

The "old man," thus affectionately appealed to, rose, with the assistance of Hamlin's outstretched hand.

"Smoke?"

Brown mechanically took the proffered cigar.

"Light?"

Jack had twisted the letter into a spiral, lit it, and held it for his companion. He continued to hold it until it was consumed, and dropped the fragment—a fiery star—from the open window. He watched it as it fell, and then returned to his friend.

"Old man," he said, placing his hands upon Brown's shoulders, "in ten minutes I'll be on the road, and gone like that spark. We won't see each other agin; but, before I go, take a fool's advice: sell out all you've got, take your wife with you, and quit the country. It ain't no place for you, nor her. Tell her she must go; make her go, if she won't. Don't whine because you can't be a saint, and she ain't an angel. Be a man,—and treat her like a woman. Don't be a d—— fool. Good-by."

He tore himself from Brown's grasp, and leaped down the stairs like a deer. At the stable-door he collared the half-sleeping hostler, and backed him against the wall. "Saddle my horse in two minutes, or I'll—" The ellipsis was frightfully suggestive.

"The missis said you was to have the buggy," stammered the man.

"D——n the buggy!"

The horse was saddled as fast as the nervous hands of the astounded hostler could manipulate buckle and strap.

"Is anything up, Mr. Hamlin?" said the man, who, like all his class, admired the *élan* of his fiery patron, and was really concerned in his welfare.

"Stand aside!"

The man fell back. With an oath, a bound, and clatter, Jack was into the road. In another moment, to the man's half-awakened eyes, he was but a moving cloud of dust in the distance, towards which a star just loosed from its brethren was trailing a stream of fire.

But early that morning the dwellers by the Wingdam turnpike, miles away, heard a voice, pure as a sky-lark's, singing afield. They who were asleep turned over on their rude couches to dream of youth and love and olden days. Hard-faced men and anxious gold-seekers, already at work, ceased their labors and leaned upon their picks, to listen to a romantic vagabond ambling away against the rosy sunrise.

The Sundays of a Parisian

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

l'assurance de mes sentiments
les plus distingués

Guy de Maupassant

I. Preparations for the Excursion

M. PATISSOT, born in Paris, after having failed in his examinations at the Collège Henri IV, like many others, had entered the government service through the influence of one of his aunts, who kept a tobacco store where the head of one of the departments bought his provisions.

He advanced very slowly, and would, perhaps, have died a fourth-class clerk without the aid of a kindly Providence, which sometimes watches over our destiny. He is to-day fifty-two years old, and it is only at this age that he is beginning to explore, as a tourist, all that part of France which lies between the fortifications and the Province.

The story of his advance might be useful to many employees, just as the tale of his excursions may be of value to many Parisians who will take them as a model for their own outings, and will thus, through his example, avoid certain mishaps which occurred to him.

In 1854 he enjoyed a salary of only 1800 francs. Through a peculiar trait of his character he was unpopular with all his superiors, who let him languish in the eternal and hopeless expectation of the clerk's ideal, an increase of salary. Nevertheless, he worked; but he did not know how to make himself appreciated: he had too much self-respect, he claimed. His self-respect consisted in never bowing to his superiors in a low and servile manner, as did, according to him, certain of his colleagues, whom he would not mention. He added that his frankness embarrassed many people, for, like all the rest, he protested against injustice and the favoritism shown to persons entirely foreign to the bureaucracy. But his indignant voice never passed beyond the little cage where he worked.

First as a government clerk, then as a Frenchman, and finally as a man of order, he would adhere to whatever government was established, having a holy reverence for power, except for that of his chiefs.

Each time that he got the chance he would place himself where he could see the Emperor pass, in order to have the honor of taking his hat off to him; and he would go away puffed up with pride at having bowed to the head of the State.

From his habit of observing the sovereign he became very much like him; he imitated the way he trimmed his beard or arranged his hair, the cut of his clothes, his walk, his mannerisms. Indeed, how many men in each country seemed to be the living images of the head of the government! Perhaps he vaguely resembled Napoleon III, but his hair was black; therefore he dyed it, and then the likeness was complete; and when he met another gentleman in the street also imitating the imperial countenance, he was jealous and looked at him disdainfully. This need of imitation soon became his hobby, and, having heard an usher at the Tuileries imitate the voice of the Emperor, he also acquired the same intonations and studied slowness.

He thus became so much like his model that they might easily have been mistaken for each other, and certain high dignitaries were heard to remark that they found it unseeming and even vulgar; the matter was mentioned to the prime minister, who ordered that the employee should appear before him. But at the sight of him he began to laugh and repeated two or three times: "That's funny, really funny!" This was repeated, and the following day Patissot's immediate superior recommended that his subordinate receive an increase of salary of three hundred francs. He received it immediately.

From that time on his promotions came regularly, thanks to his apelike faculty of imitation. The presentiment that some high honor might come to him some day caused his chiefs to speak to him with deference.

When the Republic was proclaimed it was a disaster for him. He felt lost, done for, and, losing his head, he stopped dyeing his hair, shaved himself completely, and had his hair cut short, thus giving him a paternal and benevolent expression which could not cause him any embarrassment.

Then his chief took revenge for the long time during which he had imposed upon them, and, having all turned Republican through an instinct of preservation, they cut down his salary and delayed his promotion. He, too, changed his opinions. But the Republic not being a palpable and living person whom one can resemble, and the presidents succeeding each other with rapidity, he found himself plunged in great embarrassment, in a terrible distress, and, after an unsuccessful attempt toward his last ideal, M. Thiers, he felt himself impeded in his occupation of imitation. He needed a new manifestation of his personality. He searched for a long time, then, one morning, he arrived at the office wearing a new hat which had on the side a small red, white, and blue rosette. His colleagues were astounded; they laughed all that day, the next day, the week, and the month. But the seriousness of his demeanor at last disconcerted them; and once more his superiors became anxious. What mystery could be hidden under this sign? Was it a simple manifestation of patriotism? or an affirmation of his allegiance to the Republic? or, perhaps, the secret sign of some powerful connection? But to wear it so obstinately he must surely have some powerful and hidden protection. It would be well, perhaps, to be on one's guard, especially as he received all pleasantries with unruffled calmness. After that he was treated with respect, and his sham courage saved him; he was appointed head clerk on the first of January, 1880. His whole life had been spent indoors. He hated noise and bustle, and because of this love of rest and quiet he had remained a bachelor. He spent his Sundays reading tales of adventures and carefully arranging transparencies which he afterward offered to his colleagues. In his whole existence he had only taken three vacations of a week each, when he was changing his quarters. But sometimes, on a holiday, he would leave by an excursion train for Dieppe to Havre, in order to elevate his mind by contact with the imposing scenery of the ocean.

He was full of that common sense which borders on stupidity. For a long time he had been living quietly, with economy, temperate through prudence, chaste by temperament, when suddenly he was assailed by a terrible apprehension. One evening in the street he suddenly felt an attack of dizziness which made him fear a stroke of apoplexy. He hastened to a physician, and for five francs obtained the following prescription:

> "M. P——, fifty-five years old, bachelor, clerk. Full-blooded, danger of apoplexy. Cold-water applications, moderate nourishment, plenty of exercise. "MONTELLIER, M.D."

Patissot was dazed, and for a whole month, in his office, he kept a wet towel wrapped around his head like a turban while the water continually dripped on his work, which he would have to do over again. Every once in a while he would read the prescription over, probably in the hope of finding some hidden meaning, of penetrating into the secret thought of the physician, and also of discovering some form of exercise which might, perhaps, make him immune from apoplexy.

Then he consulted his friends, showing them the fateful paper. One advised boxing. He immediately hunted up an instructor, and, on the first day, he received a punch in the nose which immediately took away all his ambition in this direction. Singlestick made him gasp for breath, and he grew so stiff from fencing that for two days and two nights he could not get to sleep. Then a bright idea struck him. It was to walk, every Sunday, to some suburb of Paris and even to certain places in the capital which he did not know.

For a whole week his mind was occupied with thoughts of the equipment which you need for these excursions; and on Sunday, the thirtieth of May, he began his preparation. After reading all the extraordinary advertisements which poor, blind and halt beggars distribute on the street corners, he began to visit the stores with the intention of looking around only and of buying later on. First of all, he visited a so-called American shoe store, where heavy travelling shoes were shown him. The clerk brought out a kind of ironclad contrivance, studded with spikes like a harrow, which he claimed to be made from Rocky Mountain bison skin. He was so carried away with them that he would willingly have bought two pairs, but one was sufficient. He took it and carried it away under his arm, which soon became numb from the weight. He next invested in a pair of corduroy trousers, such as carpenters wear, and a pair of oiled canvas leggings. Then he needed a knapsack for his provisions, a telescope so as to recognize villages perched on the slope of distant hills, and finally a government survey map to enable him to find his way about without asking the toiling farmers. Lastly, in order more comfortably to stand the heat, he decided to purchase a light alpaca jacket offered by the famous firm of Raminau, according to their advertisements, for the modest sum of six francs and fifty centimes. He went to this store and was welcomed by a distinguished-looking young man with a marvellous head of hair, nails as pink as those of a lady, and a pleasant smile. He showed him the garment. It did not correspond with the glowing style of the advertisement. Then Patissot hesitatingly asked: "Well, Monsieur, will it wear well?" The young man turned his eyes away in well-feigned embarrassment, like an honest man who does not wish to deceive a customer, and, lowering his eyes, he said in a hesitating manner: "Dear me, Monsieur, you understand that for six francs fifty we cannot turn out an article like this for instance. . . ." And he showed him a much finer jacket than the first one. Patissot examined it and asked the price. "Twelve francs fifty." It was very tempting, but before deciding, he once more questioned the big young man, who was observing him attentively. "And—is that good? Do you guarantee it?" "Oh! certainly, Monsieur, it is quite good! But, of course, you must not get it wet! Yes, it's really quite good; but you understand that there are goods and goods. It's excellent for the price. Twelve francs fifty, just think. Why, that's nothing at all. Naturally a twenty-five-franc coat is much better. For twenty-five francs you get a superior quality, as strong as linen, and which wears even better. If it gets wet a little ironing will fix it right up. The color never fades, and it does not turn red in the sunlight. It is the warmest and lightest material out." He unfolded his wares, holding them up, shaking them, crumpling and stretching them in order to show the excellent quality of the cloth. He talked on convincingly, dispelling all hesitation by words and gesture. Patissot was convinced; he bought the coat. The pleasant salesman, still talking, tied up the bundle and continued praising the value of the purchase. When it was paid for he was suddenly silent. He bowed with a superior air, and, holding the door open, he watched his customer disappear, both arms filled with bundles and vainly trying to reach his hat to bow.

M. Patissot returned home and carefully studied the map; he wished to try on his shoes, which were more like skates than shoes, owing to the spikes. He slipped and fell, promising himself to be more careful in the future. Then he spread out all his purchases on a chair and looked at them for a long time. He went to sleep with this thought: "Isn't it strange that I didn't think before of taking an excursion to the country?"

II. The First Excursion

During the whole week Patissot worked without ambition. He was dreaming of the outing which he had planned for the following Sunday, and he was seized by a sudden longing for the country, a desire of growing tender over nature, that thirst for rustic scenes which overwhelms the Parisians in springtime.

Saturday night he went to bed early, and at daybreak he was up. His window opened on a narrow, dark little courtyard, a sort of shaft which served as a flue for all the evil smells of the poor families living on the floors below. He immediately lifted his eye to the square patch of sky which appeared at the top, and he saw that it was already deep blue from the sunlight. Swallows were continually darting over it, but they only could be seen for a second. He surmised that from up there they ought to be able to see the distant country, the green hills, and the great expanse of the horizon. Then a wild desire came to him to lose himself among the fresh leaves. He dressed quickly, drew on his unwieldy boots, and spent a long time lacing up his gaiters, articles to which he was not accustomed. He filled his knapsack with meat, cheese, and several bottles of wine (for the exercise would undoubtedly make him hungry), and he harnessed it on his back. He took his cane and left.

He started off with a lively, well-regulated step (like that of the soldiers, he thought), and whistling gay tunes which would make the walking easier. People turned around to look at him; a dog barked; a passing coachman called out: "Good luck, Mr. Legs!" But he paid not the least attention to them and walked along briskly, swinging his stick.

The city was awakening joyfully to the warmth and sunlight of a beautiful spring day. The fronts of the houses were shining, canaries were gayly singing in their cages, happiness seemed to be everywhere, on the faces of all was an expression of joy and content.

He was heading for the Seine in order to take the boat for Saint-Cloud. Amid the surprised looks of the passers-by, he followed the Chaussée-d'Antin, the Boulevard, the Rue Royale, mentally comparing himself to the Wandering Jew. On stepping up to the sidewalk the nails in his shoes once more caused him to slip, and he fell down, with a terrible noise in his haversack. Some people lifted him up and he started out again, more slowly this time. He reached the river and waited for a boat.

He saw it appear under a bridge, in the distance, seeming very small at first and then growing larger. In his mind it took the proportions of an ocean greyhound, and he felt as though he were leaving for a long journey across the seas to see new people and unknown things. The boat glided up to the landing, and he got on board. Everywhere were people dressed up in their Sunday clothes, women with flashy gowns and gaudy ribbons. Patissot, in order to make people think that he was accustomed to boats, took his position up near the bow and stood there with his legs spread apart like a sailor. But, as he feared the motion of the boat, he leaned on his stick in order not to lose his balance.

After the station of Point-du-Jour, the river broadened out and flowed calmly under the shining sun. Soon the boat passed between two islands and followed a wooded hill covered with little white houses. A voice called out Bas-Meudon, then Sèvres, and lastly Saint-Cloud, and there Patissot debarked.

As soon as he was on the quay he opened his map in order to make no mistake. The way was quite clear: he would take a road to La Celle Saint-Cloud, turn to the left, then again a little to the right, and by following this road he could reach Versailles and visit the park before eating.

The road went up a steep hill, and Patissot was puffing and blowing, weighted down under the heavy bag of provisions, his legs sore from his tightly laced gaiters, and dragging in the dust his thick boots which felt heavier than lead. Suddenly he stopped with a gesture of despair. In his hurried departure he had forgotten his telescope.

At last he saw the woods. Then, notwithstanding the terrific heat, the perspiration which was dripping from him, the weight from his harness, and the jerks of his haversack, he ran, or, rather, trotted, through the grass like a tired old nag.

At last he was in the cool shade, and he felt seized by a sudden tenderness before the multitude of different flowers, yellow, red, blue, purple, slender and dainty, blooming along the wayside at the ends of their long stems. Insects of every color and shape, fat and slim, wonderfully built, terrible and tiny monsters, were wending their troubled way up the tiny blades of grass which bent under their weight. Patissot sincerely admired creation. But, as he was tired out, he sat down.

Then he decided to eat, but when he opened his bag he looked at it in amazement. One of the bottles had broken, probably when he fell, and the liquid, unable to get through the oilcloth, had made a regular wine mush of his large stock of victuals. Nevertheless he managed to clean off and eat a piece of cold lamb and a slice of ham, some soft, red pieces of bread, and to drink some fermented claret, covered with an unappetizing pink foam.

After resting a few hours he once more consulted his map and started on his way.

Soon he found himself at an unexpected crossroad. He looked at the sun, tried to locate himself, thought the matter over, studied all the little lines which crossed the paper and which stood for roads, and soon came to the conclusion that he was absolutely lost.

Before him lay a delightful little valley whose thin foliage allowed little beams of sunlight to strike the earth and light up the pretty daisies hidden in the grass. It stretched out in the distance, deserted and calm. A solitary bumblebee buzzed around, stopping on a flower and then starting off again, soon to stop on another flower. His enormous body seemed to be made of brown velvet streaked with yellow and carried by transparent wings which appeared to be absurdly small. Patissot was watching it with deep interest when something moved at his feet. At first he was frightened and jumped aside, then, cautiously leaning over, he noticed a large frog which was taking enormous leaps. He stooped in order to pick it up, but it slipped through his hands. Then, with infinite precautions, he crawled up to it on all fours, advancing slowly, while the bag on his back made him look like an enormous turtle. When near the place where the little animal had stopped, he measured the distance with his eye, stretched out both hands, and fell with his nose in the grass; he got up again with his hands full of earth but no frog. Search as he would, he could not find it again.

As soon as he stood up he noticed, in the distance, two persons coming toward him and making signs. A woman was waving a parasol and a man, in his shirt-sleeves, was carrying his coat over his arm. Then the woman began to run, calling: "Monsieur! Monsieur!" He wiped his forehead and answered: "Madame!"

"Monsieur, we are lost, completely lost," she said.

Shame would not allow him to admit that he was in the same predicament, and he answered gravely: "You are on the road to Versailles."

"What! On the road to Versailles! But we want to go to Rueil," she said.

He was bewildered, but, nevertheless, he answered brazenly: "Madame, I will show you with my government survey map that you are on the road to Versailles." The husband approached. He looked bewildered, distressed. The woman, young and pretty, a lively brunette, flew into a passion as soon as he got near her: "Come here and see what you have done—we are now in Versailles. Just look at the map which Monsieur will be kind enough to show you. Do you think you will even be able to read? Goodness gracious! What fools some people are! I told you to keep to the right, but you didn't want to; you always think you know everything."

The poor young fellow seemed to despair. He answered: "But my dear, it's you. . ."

She did not give him time to finish, and she reproached him with everything he had done since they had married up to the present time. He kept casting despairing glances toward the underbrush, which he seemed to pierce with his eyes, and, from time to time, as though seized by insanity, he would let out a shrill cry, something which sounded like "t-i-i-i-t" which did not disturb his wife in the least, but which filled Patissot with astonishment.

The young woman suddenly turned to the clerk and said, with a smile: "If Monsieur will allow us, we will walk along with him so as not to be lost again and run the risk of sleeping in the woods." Being unable to refuse, he bowed, his heart filled with dread, and not knowing where he would lead them.

They walked for a long time; the man kept on crying "t-i-i-i-t"; night fell. The veil which covers the country at dusk was slowly settling down, and a charming and peculiar coolness, which seems to descend over the woods at nightfall, lent to everything a strange sensation of poetry. The little woman had taken Patissot's arm, and with her rosy mouth she continued to heap reproaches on her husband who paid no attention to her and kept on calling: "t-i-i-i-t," louder and louder. At last the clerk asked him: "Why do you yell like that?" The other one, with tears in his eyes, answered: "I have lost my poor dog."

"What! You have lost your dog?"

"Yes, we had brought him up in Paris; he had never been to the country, and when he saw the leaves he was so happy that he began to run around as though he were crazy. He ran into the woods, and, no matter how I call, I can't seem to find him. He will starve to death in there—t-i-i-i-t—"

His wife shrugged her shoulders, and said: "When a man is such a fool as you are he doesn't need a dog!'?

Suddenly he stopped and felt all his pockets feverishly. She looked at him, and asked: "Well, what's the matter now?"

He answered: "When I threw my coat over my arm I forgot to take my pocketbook out—I have lost it—all my money was in it!"

This time she nearly choked with anger: "Well, go look for it!"

He answered quietly: "Yes, my dear. Where shall I meet you?"

Patissot answered bravely: "Why, at Versailles, of course!"

As he had heard some one speak of the Hôtel des Reservoirs, he mentioned it.

The husband turned around, and, scanning the ground with eager eye, he kept yelling "t-i-i-i-t." After a while he was swallowed up in the darkness, and his voice could still be heard in the distance uttering his "t-i-i-i-t," the cry growing sharper and sharper as the night grew darker and his hopes fainter.

Patissot felt delightfully moved when he found himself along in the thick shadow of the woods at this sentimental hour of dusk, with this pretty little unknown woman leaning on his arm. For the first time in his selfish life he had an inkling of the delight of poetical love, the sweetness of surrender and of the participation of nature in our tenderness. He searched in vain for some amiable word. Soon a highway appeared and he saw some houses to the right. A man passed by, and Patissot, trembling, asked the name of the place. The man answered: "Bougival!"

"What? Bougival! Are you sure?"

"Of course I am! That's where I live."

The woman burst out laughing. The idea of her lost husband convulsed her with laughter. They dined near the water in a rustic restaurant. She was lively, charming, told any number of funny stories, which upset the mind of her neighbor. At last, when it was time to leave, she exclaimed: "But I just thought—I haven't got a penny with me, since my husband has lost his pocketbook!"

Patissot immediately offered her a louis, thinking that he could not lend her less. She said nothing, but held out her hand, took the money with a dignified "Thank you, Monsieur," which was soon followed by a smile. Then she put on her hat before the mirror, allowed no one to accompany her now that she knew the way, and at last disappeared like a vanishing bird, while Patissot, very sad, was mentally adding up his expense of the day's outing.

The following day he had a headache and did not go to his office.

Hector

By H. C. BUNNER

IT WAS such a quiet old home, so comfortably covered with wistaria from basement to chimney-tops, and it stood on the cor nerof two such quiet, old-fashioned streets on the East Side of New York that you would never have imagined that it held six of the most agitated and perturbed women in the great city. But the three Miss Pellicoes, their maid, their waitress and their cook, could not have been more troubled in their feminine minds had they been six exceptionally attractive Sabines with the Roman soldiery in full cry.

For twenty years—ever since the death of old Mr. Pellicoe—these six women had lived in mortal fear of the marauding man, and the Man had come at last. That very evening, at a quarter past eight o'clock, a creature who called himself a book-agent had rung the front door bell. Honora, the waitress, had opened the door a couple of inches, inquired the stranger's business, learned it, told him to depart, tried to close the door, and discovered that the man had inserted his toe in the opening. She had closed the door violently, and the man had emitted a single oath of deep and sincere profanity. He had then kicked the door and departed, with a marked limp.

At least this was the story as Honora first related it. But as she stood before the assembled household and recounted it for the seventh time, it had assumed proportions that left no room for the charitable hypothesis that an innocent vender of literature had been the hapless victim of his own carelessness or clumsiness.

"And whin he had the half of his big ugly body in the crack o' th' dure," she said, in excited tones and with fine dramatic action, "and him yellin' an' swearin' and cussin' iv'ry holy name he could lay his black tongue to, and me six years cook in a convent, and I t'rew th' whole weight o' me on th' dure, an'—"

"That will do, Honora," said Miss Pellicoe, who was the head of the household. She perceived that the combat was deepening too rapidly. "You may go. We will decide what is to be done."

And Miss Pellicoe had decided what was to be done.

"Sisters," she said to her two juniors, "we must keep a dog."

"A dog!" cried Miss Angela, the youngest; "oh, how nice!"

"I do not think it is nice at all," said Miss Pellicoe, somewhat sternly, "nor would you, Angela, if you had any conception of what it really meant. I do not propose to keep a lap-dog, or a King Charles spaniel, but a *dog*—a mastiff, or a bloodhound, or some animal of that nature, such as would spring at the throat of an invader, and bear him to the ground!"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Miss Angela. "I should be afraid of him!"

"You do not understand as yet, Angela," Miss Pellicoe explained, knitting her brows. "My intention is to procure the animal as a—in fact—a puppy, and thus enable him to grow up and to regard us with affection, and be willing to hold himself at all times in readiness to afford us the protection we desire. It is clearly impossible to have a man in the house. I have decided upon a mastiff."

When Miss Pellicoe decided upon a thing, Miss Angela Pellicoe and her other sister promptly acquiesced. On this occasion they did not, even in their inmost hearts, question the wisdom of the decision of the head of the house. A man, they knew, was not to be thought of. For twenty years the Pellicoe house had been a bower of virginity. The only men who ever entered it were the old family doctor, the older family lawyer, and annually, on New Year's Day, in accordance with an obsolete custom, Major Kitsedge, their father's old partner, once junior of the firm of Pellicoe & Kitsedge. Not even the butcher or the baker or the candlestick-maker forced an entrance to that innocent dovecote. They handed in their wares through a wicketgate in the back yard and were sent about their business by the chaste Honora.

The next morning, having awakened to find themselves and the silver still safe, Miss Pellicoe and Miss Angela set out for a dog store which they had seen advertised in the papers. It was in an unpleasantly low and ill-bred part of the town, and when the two ladies reached it, they paused outside the door, and listened, with lengthened faces, to the combined clamor and smell that emanated from its open door.

"This," said Miss Pellicoe, after a brief deliberation, "is not a place for *us*. If we are to procure a dog, he must be procured in some other way. It need not entail a loss of self-respect.

"I have it!" she added with a sudden inspiration. "I will write to Hector."

Hector was the sole male representative of the Pellicoe family. He was a second cousin of the Misses Pellicoe. He lived out West—his address varying from year to year. Once in a long while Miss Pellicoe wrote to him, just to keep herself in communication with the Man of the family. It made her feel more secure, in view of possible emergencies. She had not seen Hector since he was nineteen. He was, perhaps, the last person of any positive virility who had had the freedom of the Pellicoe household. He had used that freedom mainly in making attempts to kiss Honora, who was then in her buxom prime, and in decorating the family portraits with cork moustaches and whiskers. Miss Pellicoe clung to the Man of the family as an abstraction; but she was always glad that he lived in the West. Addressing him in his capacity of Man of the family, she wrote to him and asked him to supply her with a young mastiff, and to send her bill therefor. She explained the situation to him, and made him understand that the dog must be of a character to be regarded as a male relative.

Hector responded at once. He would send a mastiff pup within a week. The pup's pedigree was, unfortunately, lost, but the breed was high. Fifty dollars would cover the cost and expenses of transportation. The pup was six months old.

For ten days the Pellicoe household was in a fever of expectation. Miss Pellicoe called in a carpenter, and, chaperoned by the entire household, held an interview with him, and directed him how to construct a dog-house in the back-yard—a dog-house with one door about six inches square, to admit the occupant in his innocent puphood, and with another door about four feet in height to emit him, when, in the pride of his mature masculinity, he should rush forth upon the burglar and the book-agent. The carpenter remarked that he "never seen no such a dorg as that"; but Miss Pellicoe thought him at once ignorant and ungrammatical, and paid no heed to him.

In conclave assembled, the Misses Pellicoe decided to name the dog Hector. Besides the consideration of the claims of gratitude and family affection, they remembered that Hector was a classical hero.

The ten days came to an end when, just at dusk of a dull January day, two stalwart expressmen, with much open grumbling and smothered cursing, deposited a huge packing-case in the vestibule of the Pellicoe house, and departed, slamming the doors behind them. From this box proceeded such yelps and howls that the entire household rushed affrighted to peer through the slats that gridironed the top. Within was a mighty black beast, as high as a table, that flopped itself wildly about, clawed at the sides of the box, and swung in every direction a tail as large as a policeman's night-club.

It was Hector. There was no mistake about it, for Mr. Hector Pellicoe's card was nailed to a slat. It was Hector, the six-months-old pup, for whose diminutive proportions the small door in the dog-house had been devised; Hector, for whom a saucer of lukewarm milk was even then waiting by the kitchen range.

"Oh, Sister!" cried Miss Angela, "we *never* can get him out! You'll have to send for a *man!*"

"I certainly shall not send for a *man* at this hour of the evening," said Miss Pellicoe, white, but firm; "and I shall not leave the poor creature imprisoned during the night." Here Hector yawped madly.

"I shall take him out," exclaimed Miss Pellicoe, "*myself!*"

They hung upon her neck, and entreated her not to risk her life; but Miss Pellicoe had made up her mind. The three maids shoved the box into the butler's pantry, shrieking with terror every time that Hector leaped at the slats, and, at last, with the two younger Pellicoes holding one door a foot open, and the three maids holding the other door an inch open, Miss Pellicoe seized the household hatchet, and began her awful task. One slat! Miss Pellicoe was white but firm. Two slats! Miss Pellicoe was whiter and firmer. Three slats!—and a vast black body leaped high in the air. With five simultaneous shrieks, the two doors were slammed to, and Miss Pellicoe and Hector were left together in the butler's pantry.

The courage of the younger Pellicoes asserted itself after a moment, and they flung open the pantry door. Miss Pellicoe, looking as though she needed aromatic vinegar, leaned against the wall. Hector had his fore-paws on her shoulders, and was licking her face in exuberant affection.

"Sisters," gasped Miss Pellicoe, "will you kindly remove him? I should like to faint."

But Hector had already released her to dash at Miss Angela, who frightened him by going into such hysterics that Miss Pellicoe was obliged to deny herself the luxury of a faint. Then he found the maids, and, after driving them before him like chaff for five minutes, succeeded in convincing Honora of the affectionate purpose of his demonstrations, and accepted her invitation to the kitchen, where he emptied the saucer of milk in three laps.

"I think, Honora," suggested Miss Pellicoe, who had resumed command, "that you might, perhaps, give him a slice or two of last night's leg of mutton. Perhaps he needs something more sustaining."

Honora produced the mutton-leg. It was clearly what Hector wanted. He took it from her without ceremony, bore it under the sink and ate all of it except about six inches of the bone, which he took to bed with him.

The next day, feeling the need of masculine advice, Miss Pellicoe resolved to address herself to the policeman on the beat, and she astonished him with the following question:

"Sir," she said, in true Johnsonian style, "what height should a mastiff dog attain at the age of six months?"

The policeman stared at her in utter astonishment.

"They do be all sizes, Mum," he replied, blankly, "like a piece of cheese."

"My relative in the West," explained Miss Pellicoe, "has sent me a dog, and I am given to understand that his age is six months. As he is phenomenally large, I have thought it best to seek for information. Has my relative been imposed upon?"

"It's har-r-rd to tell, Mum," replied the policeman, dubiously. Then his countenance brightened. "Does his feet fit him?" he inquired.

"What—what do you mean?" asked Miss Pellicoe, shrinking back a little.

"Is his feet like blackin' boxes on th' ind of his legs?"

"They are certainly very large."

"Thin 'tis a pup. You see, Mum, with a pup, 'tis this way. The feet starts first, an' the pup grows up to 'em like. Av they match him, he's grown. Av he has artics on, he's a pup."

. . . .

Hector's growth in the next six months dissipated all doubts as to his puphood. He became a four-legged Colossus, martial toward cats, aggressive toward the tradesmen at the wicket-gate, impartially affectionate toward all the household, and voracious beyond all imagining. But he might have eaten the gentle ladies out of house and home, and they would never have dreamed of protesting. The house had found a Head—even a Head above Miss Pellicoe.

The deposed monarch gloried in her

subjection. She said, "Hector likes this," or "Hector likes that," with the tone of submissive deference in which you may hear a good wife say, "Mr. Smith *will not* eat cold boiled mutton," "or Mr. Smith is very particular about his shirt-bosoms."

As for Miss Angela, she never looked at Hector, gamboling about the back-yard in all his superabundance of strength and vitality, without feeling a half-agreeable nervous shock, and a flutter of the heart. He stood for her as the type of that vast outside world of puissant manhood of which she had known but two specimens—her father and Cousin Hector. Perhaps, in the old days, if Cousin Hector had not been so engrossed in frivolity and making of practical jokes, he might have learned of something to his advantage. But he never did.

. . . .

For the first time in her life, Miss Angela found herself left to watch the house through the horrors of the Fourth of July. This had always been Miss Pellicoe's duty; but this year Miss Pellicoe failed to come back from the quiet place in the Catskills, where no children were admitted, and where the Pellicoe family, two at a time, spent the Summer in the society of other old maids and of aged widows.

"I feel that you are safe with Hector," she wrote.

Alack and alack for Miss Pellicoe's faith in Hector! The first fire-cracker filled him with excitement, and before the noises of the day had fairly begun, he was careering around the yard, barking in uncontrollable frenzy. At twelve o'clock, when the butcher-boy came with the chops for luncheon, Hector bounded through the open wicket, right into the arms of a dog-catcher. Miss Angela wrung her hands as she gazed from her window and saw the Head of the House cast into the cage with a dozen curs of the street and driven rapidly off.

In her lorn anguish she sought the functionary who was known in the house as "Miss Pellicoe's policeman."

"Be aisy, Miss," he said. "Av the dog is worth five dollars, say, to yez, I have a friend will get him out for th' accommodation."

"Oh, take it, take it!" cried Miss Angela, trembling and weeping.

. . . .

After six hours of anxious waiting, Miss Angela received Hector at the front door, from a boy who turned and fled as soon as his mission was accomplished. Hector was extremely glad to be at home, and his health seemed to be unimpaired; but to Miss Angela's delicate fancy, contact with the vulgar of his kind had left a vague aroma of degradation about him. With her own hands she washed him in tepid water and sprinkled him with eau de cologne. And even then she could not help feeling that to some extent the bloom had been brushed from the peach.

. . . .

Hector was ill—very ill. The family conclave assembled every night and discussed the situation with knit brows and tearful eyes. They could not decide whether the cause of his malady was the unwholesomeness of the Summer air in the city, or whether it was simply overfeeding. He was certainly shockingly fat, and much indisposed to exertion. He had lost all his activity; all his animal spirits. He spent most of the time in his house. Even his good-nature was going. He had actually snapped at Honora. They had tried to make up their minds to reduce his rations; but their hearts had failed them. They had hoped that the cool air of September would help him; but September was well nigh half gone; and Hector grew worse and worse.

"Sisters," said Miss Pellicoe, at last, "we shall have to send for a Veterinary!" She spoke as though she had just decided to send for an executioner. And even as the words left her lips there came from Hector such a wail of anguish that Miss Pellicoe's face turned a ghastly white.

"He is going mad!" she cried.

There was no sleep in the Pellicoe household that night, although Hector wailed no more. At the break of day, Miss Pellicoe led five other white-faced women into the back-yard.

Hector's head lay on the sill of his door. He seemed too weak to rise, but he thrashed his tail pleasantly against the walls, and appeared amiable and even cheerful. The six advanced.

Miss Pellicoe knelt down and put her hand in to pet him. Then a strange expression came over her face.

"Sisters," she said, "I *think*—a cat has got in and bitten him."

She closed her hand on something soft, lifted it out and laid it on the ground. It was small, it was black, it was dumpy. It moved a round head in an uncertain, inquiring way, and tried to open its tightly-closed eyes. Then it squeaked.

Thrice more did Miss Pellicoe thrust her hand into the house. Thrice again did she bring out an object exactly similar.

"Wee-e-e-e!" squeaked the four objects. Hector thrashed her tail about and blinked joyfully, all unconscious of the utter wreck of her masculinity, looking as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to have a litter of pups—as, indeed, it was.

Honora broke the awful silence—Miss Angela was sobbing so softly you could scarcely hear her.

"Be thim Hector's?" Honora inquired.

"Honora!" said Miss Pellicoe, rising, "never utter that name in my presence again."

"An fwat shall I call the dog?"

"Call *it*"—and Miss Pellicoe made a pause of impressive severity, "call *it*—Andromache."

The Flying Dutchman

By HEINRICH HEINE

H. Heine.

YOU certainly know the fable of the *Flying Dutchman.* It is the story of an enchanted ship which can never arrive in port, and which since time immemorial has been sailing about at sea. When it meets a vessel, some of the unearthly sailors come in a boat and beg the others to take a packet of letters home for them. These letters must be nailed to the mast, else some misfortune will happen to the ship—above all if no Bible be on board, and no horseshoe nailed to the foremast. The letters are always addressed to people whom no one knows, and who have long been dead, so that some late descendant gets a letter addressed to a far-away great-great-grandmother, who has slept for centuries in her grave. That timber spectre, that grim grey ship, is so called from the captain, a Hollander, who once swore by all the devils that he would get around a certain mountain, whose name has escaped me, in spite of a fearful storm, though he should sail till the Day of Judgment. The devil took him at his word, therefore he must sail for ever, until set free by a woman's truth. The devil in his stupidity has no faith in female truth, and allowed the enchanted captain to land once in seven years and get married, and so find opportunities to save his soul. Poor Dutchman! He is often only too glad to be saved from his marriage and his wife-saviour, and get again on board.

The play which I saw in Amsterdam was based on this legend. Another seven years have passed; the poor Hollander is more weary than ever of his endless wandering; he lands, becomes intimate with a Scottish nobleman, to whom he sells diamonds for a mere song, and when he hears that his customer has a beautiful daughter, he asks that he may wed her. This bargain also is agreed to. Next we see the Scottish home; the maiden with anxious heart awaits the bridegroom. She often looks with strange sorrow at a great time-worn picture which hangs in the hall, and represents a handsome man in the Netherlandish-Spanish garb. It is an old heirloom, and according to a legend of her grandmother, is a true portrait of the Flying Dutchman as he was seen in Scotland a hundred years before, in the time of William of Orange. And with this has come down a warning that the women of the family must beware of the original. This has naturally enough had the result of deeply impressing the features of the picture on the heart of the romantic girl. Therefore, when the man himself makes his appearance, she is startled, but not with fear. He too is moved at beholding the portrait. But when he is informed whose likeness it is, he with tact and easy conversation turns aside all suspicion, jests at the legend, laughs at the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew of the Ocean, and yet, as if moved by the thought, passes into a pathetic mood, depicting how terrible the life must be of one condemned to endure unheard-of tortures on a wild waste of waters—how his body itself is his living coffin, wherein his soul is terribly imprisoned—how life and death alike reject him, like an empty cask scornfully thrown by the sea on the shore, and as contemptuously repulsed again into the sea—how his agony is as deep as the sea on which he sails—his ship without anchor, and his heart without hope.

I believe that these were nearly the words with which the bridegroom ends. The bride regards him with deep earnestness, casting glances meanwhile at his portrait. It seems as if she had penetrated his secret; and when he afterwards asks, "Katherine, wilt thou be true to me?" she answers, "True to death."

I remember that just then I heard a laugh, and that it came not from the pit but from the gallery of the gods above. As I glanced up I saw a wondrous lovely Eve in Paradise, who looked seductively at me, with great blue eyes. Her arm hung over the gallery, and in her hand she held an apple, or rather an orange. But instead of symbolically dividing it with me, she only metaphorically cast the peel on my head. Was it done intentionally or by accident? That I would know! But when I entered the Paradise to cultivate the acquaintance, I was not a little startled to find a white soft creature, a wonderfully womanly tender being, not languishing, yet delicately clear as crystal, a form of home-like propriety and fascinating amiability. Only that there was something on the left upper lip which curved or twined like the tail of a slippery gliding lizard. It was a mysterious trait, something such as is not found in pure angels, and just as little in mere devils. This expression comes not from evil, but from the *knowledge* of good and evil—it is a smile which has been poisoned or flavoured by tasting the Apple of Eden. When I see this expression on soft, full, rosy ladies' lips, then I feel in my own a cramp-like twitching—a convulsive yearning—to kiss those lips: it is our Affinity.

I whispered into the ear of the beauty:—

"*Yuffrou*, I will kiss thy mouth."

"*Bei Gott, Mynheer!* that is a good idea," was the hasty answer, which rang with bewitching sound from her heart.

But—no. I will here draw a veil over, and end the story or picture of which the Flying Dutchman was the frame. . . . *Now* I understand why an English poet has compared such women to frozen champagne. In the icy crust lies hidden the strongest extract. There is nothing more piquant than the contrast between external cold and the inner fire which, Bacchante-like, flames up and irresistibly intoxicates the happy carouser. Ay, far more than in brunettes does the fire of passion burn in many a sham-calm holy image with golden-glory hair, and blue angel's eyes, and pious lily hands. I knew a blonde of one of the best families in Holland who at times left her beautiful chateau on the Zuyder-Zee and went incognito to Amsterdam, and there in the theatre threw orange-peel on the head of any one who pleased her, and gave herself up to the wildest debauchery, like a Dutch Messalina! . . .

When I re-entered the theatre, I came in time to see the last scene of the play, where the wife of the Flying Dutchman on a high cliff wrings her hands in despair, while her unhappy husband is seen on the deck of his unearthly ship, tossing on the waves. He loves her, and will leave her lest she be lost with him, and he tells her all his dreadful destiny, and the cruel curse which hangs above his head. But she cries aloud, "I was ever true to thee, and I know how to be ever true unto death!"

Saying this she throws herself into the waves, and then the enchantment is ended. The Flying Dutchman is saved, and we see the ghostly ship slowly sink into the abyss of the sea.

The moral of the play is that women should never marry a Flying Dutchman, while we men may learn from it that one can through women go down and perish—under favourable circumstances!

◆

If you have not what you love,
You needs must love that which you have.

Old French Song.

Solange

Dr. Ledru's Story of the Reign of Terror

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

a toi Alex Dumas

LEAVING l'Abbaye, I walked straight across the Place Turenne to the Rue Tournon, where I had lodgings, when I heard a woman scream for help. It could not be an assault to commit robbery, for it was hardly ten o'clock in the evening. I ran to the corner of the place whence the sounds proceeded, and by the light of the moon, just then breaking through the clouds, I beheld a woman in the midst of a patrol of sans-culottes.

The lady observed me at the same instant, and seeing, by the character of my dress, that I did not belong to the common order of people, she ran toward me, exclaiming:

"There is M. Albert! He knows me! He will tell you that I am the daughter of Mme. Ledieu, the laundress."

With these words the poor creature, pale and trembling with excitement, seized my arm and clung to me as a ship-wrecked sailor to a spar.

"No matter whether you are the daughter of Mme. Ledieu or some one else, as you have no pass, you must go with us to the guard-house."

The young girl pressed my arm. I perceived in this pressure the expression of her great distress of mind. I understood it.

"So it is you, my poor Solange?" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"There, messieurs!" she exclaimed in tones of deep anxiety; "do you believe me now?"

"You might at least say 'citizens!'"

"Ah, sergeant, do not blame me for speaking that way," said the pretty young girl; "my mother has many customers among the great people, and taught me to be polite. That's how I acquired this bad habit—the habit of the aristocrats; and, you know, sergeant, it's so hard to shake off old habits!"

This answer, delivered in trembling accents, concealed a delicate irony that was lost on all save me. I asked myself, who is this young woman? The mystery seemed complete. This alone was clear, she was not the daughter of a laundress.

"How did I come here, Citizen Albert?" she asked. "Well, I will tell you. I went to deliver some washing. The lady was not at home, and so I waited; for in these hard times every one needs what little money is coming to him. In that way it grew dark, and so I fell among these gentlemen—beg pardon, I would say citizens. They asked for my pass. As I did not have it with me, they were going to take me to the guard-house. I cried out in terror, which brought you to the scene; and as luck would have it, you are a friend. I said to myself, as M. Albert knows my name to be Solange Ledieu, he will vouch for me; and that you will, will you not, M. Albert?"

"Certainly, I will vouch for you."

"Very well," said the leader of the patrol; "and who, pray, will vouch for you, my friend?"

"Danton! Do you know him? Is he a good patriot?"

"Oh, if Danton will vouch for you, I have nothing to say."

"Well, there is a session of the Cordeliers to-day. Let us go there."

"Good," said the leader. "Citizens, let us go to the Cordeliers."

The club of the Cordeliers met at the old Cordelier monastery in the Rue l'Observance. We arrived there after scarce a minute's walk. At the door I tore a page from my note-book, wrote a few words upon it with a lead pencil, gave it to the sergeant, and requested him to hand it to Danton, while I waited outside with the men.

The sergeant entered the clubhouse and returned with Danton.

"What!" said he to me; "they have arrested you, my friend? You, the friend of Camilles—you, one of the most loyal republicans? Citizens," he continued, addressing the sergeant, "I vouch for him. Is that sufficient?"

"You vouch for him. Do you also vouch for her?" asked the stubborn sergeant.

"For her? To whom do you refer?"

"This girl."

"For everything; for everybody who may be in his company. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes," said the man; "especially since I have had the privilege of seeing you."

With a cheer for Danton, the patrol marched away. I was about to thank Danton, when his name was called repeatedly within.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said; "you hear? There is my hand; I must leave you—the left. I gave my right to the sergeant. Who knows, the good patriot may have scrofula?"

"I'm coming!" he exclaimed, addressing those within in his mighty voice with which he could pacify or arouse the masses. He hastened into the house.

I remained standing at the door, alone with my unknown.

"And now, my lady," I said, "whither would you have me escort you? I am at your disposal."

"Why, to Mme. Ledieu," she said with a laugh. "I told you she was my mother."

"And where does Mme. Ledieu reside?"

"Rue Ferou, 24."

"Then, let us proceed to Rue Ferou, 24."

On the way neither of us spoke a word. But by the light of the moon, enthroned in serene glory in the sky, I was able to observe her at my leisure. She was a charming girl of twenty or twenty-two—brunette, with large blue eyes, more expressive of intelligence than melancholy—a finely chiseled nose mocking lips, teeth of pearl, hands like a queen's, and feet like a child's; and all these, in spite of her costume of a laundress, betokened an aristocratic air that had aroused the sergeant's suspicions not without justice.

Arrived at the door of the house, we looked at each other a moment in silence.

"Well, my dear M. Albert, what do you wish?" my fair unknown asked with a smile.

"I was about to say, my dear Mlle. Solange, that it was hardly worth while to meet if we are to part so soon."

"Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons! I find it was well worth the while; for if I had not met you, I should have been dragged to the guard-house, and there it would have been discovered that I am not the daughter of Mme. Ledieu—in fact, it would have developed that I am an aristocrat, and in all likelihood they would have cut off my head."

"You admit, then, that you are an aristocrat? At least you might tell me your name."

"Solange."

"I know very well that this name, which I gave you on the inspiration of the moment, is not your right name."

"No matter; I like it, and I am going to keep it—at least for you."

"Why should you keep it for me, if we are not to meet again?"

"I did not say that. I only said that if we should meet again it will not be necessary for you to know my name any more than that I should know yours. To me you will be known as Albert, and to you I shall always be Solange."

"So be it, then; but I say, Solange," I began.

"I am listening, Albert," she replied.

"You are an aristocrat—that you admit."

"If I did not admit it, you would surmise it, and so my admission would be divested of half its merit."

"And you were pursued because you were suspected of being an aristocrat?"

"I fear so."

"And you are hiding to escape persecution?"

"In the Rue Ferou, No. 24, with Mme. Ledieu, whose husband was my father's coachman. You see, I have no secret from you."

"And your father?"

"I shall make no concealment, my dear Albert, of anything that relates to me. But my father's secrets are not my own. My father is in hiding, hoping to make his escape. That is all I can tell you."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Go with my father, if that be possible. If not, allow him to depart without me until the opportunity offers itself to me to join him."

"Were you coming from your father when the guard arrested you to-night?"

"Yes."

"Listen, dearest Solange."

"I am all attention."

"You observed all that took place to-night?"

"Yes. I saw that you had powerful influence."

"I regret my power is not very great. However, I have friends."

"I made the acquaintance of one of them."

"And you know he is not one of the least powerful men of the times."

"Do you intend to enlist his influence to enable my father to escape?"

"No, I reserve him for you."

"But my father?"

"I have other ways of helping your father."

"Other ways?" exclaimed Solange, seizing my hands and studying me with an anxious expression.

"If I serve your father, will you then sometimes think kindly of me?"

"Oh, I shall all my life hold you in grateful remembrance!"

She uttered these words with an enchanting expression of devotion. Then she looked at me beseechingly and said:

"But will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Ah, I was not mistaken. You are kind, generous. I thank you for my father and myself. Even if you should fail, I shall be grateful for what you have already done!"

"When shall we meet again, Solange?"

"When do you think it necessary to see me again?"

"To-morrow, when I hope to have good news for you."

"Well, then, to-morrow."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Here in the street?"

"Well, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed. "You see, it is the safest place. For thirty minutes, while we have been talking here, not a soul has passed."

"Why may I not go to you, or you come to me?"

"Because it would compromise the good people if you should come to me, and you would incur serious risk if I should go to you."

"Oh, I would give you the pass of one of my relatives."

"And send your relative to the guillotine if I should be accidentally arrested!"

"True. I will bring you a pass made out in the name of Solange."

"Charming! You observe Solange is my real name."

"And the hour?"

"The same at which we met to-night—ten o'clock, if you please."

"All right; ten o'clock. And how shall we meet?"

"That is very simple. Be at the door at five minutes of ten, and at ten I will come down."

"Then, at ten to-morrow, dear Solange."

"To-morrow at ten, dear Albert."

I wanted to kiss her hand; she offered me her brow.

The next day I was in the street at half-past nine. At a quarter of ten Solange opened the door. We were both ahead of time.

With one leap I was by her side.

"I see you have good news," she said.

"Excellent! First, here is a pass for you."

"First my father!"

She repelled my hand.

"Your father is saved, if he wishes."

"Wishes, you say? What is required of him?"

"He must trust me."

"That is assured."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"You have discussed the situation with him?"

"It was unavoidable. Heaven will help us."

"Did you tell your father all?"

"I told him you had saved my life yesterday, and that you would perhaps save his to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Yes, quite right; to-morrow I shall save his life, if it is his will."

"How? What? Speak! Speak! If that were possible, how fortunately all things have come to pass!"

"However—" I began hesitatingly.

"Well?"

"It will be impossible for you to accompany him."

"I told you I was resolute."

"I am quite confident, however, that I

shall be able later to procure a passport for you."

"First tell me about my father; my own distress is less important."

"Well, I told you I had friends, did I not?"

"Yes."

"To-day I sought out one of them."

"Proceed."

"A man whose name is familiar to you: whose name is a guarantee of courage and honour."

"And this man is?"

"Marceau."

"General Marceau?"

"Yes."

"True, he will keep a promise."

"Well, he has promised."

"Mon Dieu! How happy you make me! What has he promised? Tell me all."

"He has promised to help us."

"In what manner?"

"In a very simple manner. Kléber has just had him promoted to the command of the western army. He departs to-morrow night.

"To-morrow night! We shall have no time to make the smallest preparation."

"There are no preparations to make."

"I do not understand."

"He will take your father with him."

"My father?"

"Yes, as his secretary. Arrived in the Vendée, your father will pledge his word to the general to undertake nothing against France. From there he will escape to Brittany, and from Brittany to England. When he arrives in London, he will inform you; I shall obtain a passport for you, and you will join him in London."

"To-morrow," exclaimed Solange; "my father departs to-morrow!"

"There is no time to waste."

"My father has not been informed."

"Inform him."

"To-night?"

"To-night."

"But how, at this hour?"

"You have a pass and my arm."

"True. My pass."

I gave it to her. She thrust it into her bosom.

"Now, your arm."

I gave her my arm, and we walked away. When we arrived at the Place Turenne—that is, the spot where we had met the night before—she said: "Await me here."

I bowed and waited.

She disappeared around the corner of what was formerly the Hôtel Malignon. After a lapse of fifteen minutes she returned.

"Come," she said, "my father wishes to receive and thank you."

She took my arm and led me up to the Rue St. Guillaume, opposite the Hôtel Mortemart. Arrived here, she took a bunch of keys from her pocket, opened a small, concealed door, took my by the hand, conducted me up two flights of steps, and knocked in a peculiar manner.

A man of forty-eight or fifty years opened the door. He was dressed as a working-man and appeared to be a bookbinder. But at the first utterance that burst from his lips, the evidence of the seigneur was unmistakable.

"Monsieur," he said, "Providence has sent you to us. I regard you an emissary of fate. Is it true that you can save me, or, what is more, that you wish to save me?"

I admitted him completely to my confidence. I informed him that Marceau would take him as his secretary, and would exact no promise other than that he would not take up arms against France.

"I cheerfully promise it now, and will repeat it to him."

"I thank you in his name as well as in my own."

"But when does Marceau depart?"

"To-morrow."

"Shall I go to him to-night?"

"Whenever you please; he expects you."

Father and daughter looked at each other.

"I think it would be wise to go this very night," said Solange.

"I am ready; but if I should be arrested, seeing that I have no permit?"

"Here is mine."

"But you?"

"Oh, I am known."

"Where does Marceau reside?"

"Rue de l'Université, 40, with his sister, Mlle. Dégraviers-Marceau."

"Will you accompany me?"

"I shall follow you at a distance, to accompany mademoiselle home when you are gone."

"How will Marceau know that I am the man of whom you spoke to him?"

"You will hand him this tri-coloured cockade; that is the sign of identification."

"And how shall I reward my liberator?"

"By allowing him to save your daughter also."

"Very well."

He put on his hat and extinguished the lights, and we descended by the gleam of the moon which penetrated the stair-windows.

At the foot of the steps he took his daughter's arm, and by way of the Rue des Saints Pères we reached Rue de l'Université. I followed them at a distance of ten paces. We arrived at No. 40 without having met any one. I rejoined them there.

"That is a good omen," I said; "do you wish me to go up with you?"

"No. Do not compromise yourself any further. Await my daughter here."

I bowed.

"And now, once more, thanks and farewell," he said, giving me his hand. "Language has no words to express my gratitude. I pray that heaven may some day grant me the opportunity of giving fuller expression to my feelings."

I answered him with a pressure of the hand.

He entered the house. Solange followed him; but she, too, pressed my hand before she entered.

In ten minutes the door was reopened.

"Well?" I asked.

"Your friend," she said, "is worthy of his name; he is as kind and considerate as yourself. He knows that it will contribute to my happiness to remain with my father until the moment of departure. His sister has ordered a bed placed in her room. To-morrow at three o'clock my father will be out of danger. To-morrow evening at ten I shall expect you in the Rue Ferou, if the gratitude of a daughter who owes her father's life to you is worth the trouble."

"Oh, be sure I shall come. Did your father charge you with any message for me?"

"He thanks you for your pass, which he returns to you, and begs you to join me to him as soon as possible."

"Whenever it may be your desire to go," I said, with a strange sensation at my heart.

"At least, I must know where I am to join him," she said. "Ah, you are not yet rid of me!"

I seized her hand and pressed it against my heart, but she offered me her brow, as on the previous evening, and said: "Until to-morrow."

I kissed her on the brow; but now I no longer strained her head against my breast, but her heaving bosom, her throbbing heart.

I went home in a state of delirious ecstasy such as I had never experienced. Was it the consciousness of a generous action, or was it love for this adorable creature? I know not whether I slept or woke. I only know that all the harmonies of nature were singing within me; that the night seemed endless, and the day eternal; I know that though I wished to speed the time, I did not wish to lose a moment of the days still to come.

The next day I was in the Rue Ferou at nine o'clock. At half-past nine Solange made her appearance.

She approached me and threw her arms around my neck.

"Saved!" she said; "my father is saved! And this I owe you. Oh, how I love you!"

Two weeks later Solange received a letter announcing her father's safe arrival in England.

The next day I brought her a passport.

When Solange received it she burst into tears.

"You do not love me!" she exclaimed.

"I love you better than my life," I replied; "but I pledged your father my word, and I must keep it."

"Then, I will break mine," she said. "Yes, Albert; if you have the heart to let me go, I have not the courage to leave you."

Alas, she remained!

Three months had passed since that night on which we talked of her escape, and in all that time not a word of parting had passed her lips.

Solange had taken lodgings in the Rue Turenne. I had rented them in her name. I knew no other, while she always addressed me as Albert. I had found her a place as teacher in a young ladies' seminary solely to withdraw her from the espionage of the revolutionary police, which had become more scrutinizing than ever.

Sundays we passed together in the small dwelling, from the bedroom of which we could see the spot where we had first met. We exchanged letters daily, she writing to me under the name of Solange, and I to her under that of Albert.

Those three months were the happiest of my life.

In the meantime I was making some interesting experiments suggested by one of the guillotiniers. I had obtained permission to make certain scientific tests with the bodies and heads of those who perished on the scaffold. Sad to say, available subjects were not wanting. Not a day passed but thirty or forty persons were guillotined, and blood flowed so copiously on the Place de la Révolution that it became necessary to dig a trench three feet deep around the scaffolding. This trench was covered with deals. One of them loosened under the feet of an eight-year-old lad, who fell into the abominable pit and was drowned.

For self-evident reasons I said nothing to Solange of the studies that occupied my attention during the day. In the beginning my occupation had inspired me with pity and loathing, but as time wore on I said: "These studies are for the good of humanity," for I hoped to convince the lawmakers of the wisdom of abolishing capital punishment.

The Cemetery of Clamart had been assigned to me, and all the heads and trunks of the victims of the executioner had been placed at my disposal. A small chapel in one corner of the cemetery had been converted into a kind of laboratory for my benefit. You know, when the queens were driven from the palaces, God was banished from the churches.

Every day at six the horrible procession filed in. The bodies were heaped together in a wagon, the heads in a sack. I chose some bodies and heads in a haphazard fashion, while the remainder were thrown into a common grave.

In the midst of this occupation with the dead, my love for Solange increased from day to day; while the poor child reciprocated my affection with the whole power of her pure soul.

Often I had thought of making her my wife; often we had mutually pictured to ourselves the happiness of such a union. But in order to become my wife, it would be necessary for Solange to reveal her name; and this name, which was that of an emigrant, an aristocrat, meant death.

Her father had repeatedly urged her by letter to hasten her departure, but she had informed him of our engagement. She had requested his consent, and he had given it, so that all had gone well to this extent.

The trial and execution of the queen, Marie Antoinette, had plunged me, too, into deepest sadness. Solange was all tears, and we could not rid ourselves of a strange feeling of despondency, a presentiment of approaching danger, that compressed our hearts. In vain I tried to whisper courage to Solange. Weeping, she reclined in my arms, and I could not comfort her, because my own words lacked the ring of confidence.

We passed the night together as usual, but the night was even more depressing than the day. I recall now that a dog, locked up in a room below us, howled till two o'clock in the morning. The next day we were told that the dog's master had gone away with the key in his pocket, had been arrested on the way, tried at three, and executed at four.

The time had come for us to part. Solange's duties at the school began at nine o'clock in the morning. Her school was in the vicinity of the Botanic Gardens. I hesitated long to let her go; she, too, was loath to part from me. But it must be. Solange was prone to be an object of unpleasant inquiries.

I called a conveyance and accompanied her as far as the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Bernard, where I got out and left her to pursue her way alone. All the way we lay mutely wrapped in each other's arms, mingling tears with our kisses.

After leaving the carriage, I stood as if rooted to the ground. I heard Solange call me, but I dared not go to her, because her face, moist with tears, and her hysterical manner were calculated to attract attention.

Utterly wretched, I returned home, passing the entire day in writing to Solange. In the evening I sent her an entire volume of love-pledges.

My letter had hardly gone to the post when I received one from her.

She had been sharply reprimanded for coming late; had been subjected to a severe cross-examination, and threatened with forfeiture of her next holiday. But she vowed to join me even at the cost of her place. I thought I should go mad at the prospect of being parted from her a whole week. I was more depressed because a letter which had arrived from her father appeared to have been tampered with.

I passed a wretched night and a still more miserable day.

The next day the weather was appalling. Nature seemed to be dissolving in a cold, ceaseless rain—a rain like that which announces the approach of winter. All the way to the laboratory my ears were tortured with the cries announcing the names of the condemned, a large number of men, women, and children. The bloody harvest was over-rich. I should not lack subjects for my investigations that day.

The day ended early. At four o'clock I arrived at Clamart; it was almost night.

The view of the cemetery, with its large, new-made graves; the sparse, leafless trees that swayed in the wind, was desolate, almost appalling.

A large, open pit yawned before me. It was to receive to-day's harvest from the Place de la Révolution. An exceedingly large number of victims was expected, for the pit was deeper than usual.

Mechanically I approached the grave. At the bottom the water had gathered in a pool; my feet slipped; I came within an inch of falling in. My hair stood on end. The rain had drenched me to the skin. I shuddered and hastened into the laboratory.

It was, as I have said, an abandoned chapel. My eyes searched—I know not why—to discover if some traces of the holy purpose to which the edifice had once been devoted did not still adhere to the walls or to the altar; but the walls were bare, the altar empty.

I struck a light and deposited the candle on the operating-table on which lay scattered a miscellaneous assortment of the strange instruments I employed. I sat down and fell into a reverie. I thought of the poor queen, whom I had seen in her beauty, glory, and happiness, yesterday carted to the scaffold, pursued by the execrations of a people, to-day lying headless on the common sinners' bier—she who had slept beneath the gilded canopy of the throne of the Tuileries and St. Cloud.

As I sat thus, absorbed in gloomy meditation, wind and rain without redoubled in fury. The rain-drops dashed against the window-panes, the storm swept with melancholy moaning through the branches of the trees. Anon there mingled with the violence of the elements the sound of wheels.

It was the executioner's red hearse with its ghastly freight from the Place de la Révolution.

The door of the little chapel was pushed ajar, and two men, drenched with rain, entered, carrying a sack between them.

"There, M. Ledru," said the guillotinier; "there is what your heart longs for! Be in no hurry this night! We'll leave you to enjoy their society alone. Orders are not to cover them up till to-morrow, and so they'll not take cold."

With a horrible laugh, the two executioners deposited the sack in a corner, near the former altar, right in front of me. Thereupon they sauntered out, leaving open the door, which swung furiously on its hinges till my candle flashed and flared in the fierce draft.

I heard them unharness the horse, lock the cemetery, and go away.

I was strangely impelled to go with them, but an indefinable power fettered me in my place. I could not repress a shudder. I had no fear; but the violence of the storm, the splashing of the rain, the whistling sounds of the lashing branches, the shrill vibration of the atmosphere, which made my candle tremble—all this filled me with a vague terror that began at the roots of my hair and communicated itself to every part of my body.

Suddenly I fancied I heard a voice! A voice at once soft and plaintive; a voice within the chapel, pronouncing the name of "Albert!"

I was startled.

"Albert!"

But one person in all the world addressed me by that name!

Slowly I directed my weeping eyes around the chapel, which, though small, was not completely lighted by the feeble rays of the candle, leaving the nooks and angles in darkness, and my look remained fixed on the blood-soaked sack near the altar with its hideous contents.

At this moment the same voice repeated the same name, only it sounded fainter and more plaintive.

"Albert!"

I bolted out of my chair, frozen with horror.

The voice seemed to proceed from the sack!

I touched myself to make sure that I was awake; then I walked toward the sack with my arms extended before me, but stark and staring with horror. I thrust my hand into it. Then it seemed to me as if two lips, still warm, pressed a kiss upon my fingers!

I had reached that stage of boundless terror where the excess of fear turns into the audacity of despair. I seized the head and, collapsing in my chair, placed it in front of me.

Then I gave vent to a fearful scream. This head, with its lips still warm, with eyes half closed, was the head of Solange!

I thought I should go mad.

Three times I called:

"Solange! Solange! Solange!"

At the third time she opened her eyes and looked at me. Tears trickled down her cheeks; then a moist blow darted from her eyes, as if the soul were passing, and the eyes closed, never to open again.

I sprang to my feet a raving maniac. I wanted to fly; I knocked against the table; it fell. The candle was extinguished; the head rolled upon the floor, and I fell prostrate, as if a terrible fever had stricken me down—an icy shudder convulsed me, and, with a deep sigh, I swooned.

The following morning at six the gravediggers found me, cold as the flagstones on which I lay.

Solange, betrayed by her father's letter, had been arrested the same day, condemned, and executed.

The head that had called me, the eyes that had looked at me, were the head, the eyes of Solange!

The Climax

At the House of Allah

By SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

R F. Burton الحاج عبدالله

The Moslem Holy Land about Mecca and Medina was still a land of mystery to the Western world in 1853. No living European had described this Holy of Holies where center four great faiths (Burton believed the Jews also connected the House of Allah with traditions of Abraham). This, too, though more than two hundred million Mohammedans turn toward it for daily prayer, and every devout believer if able must journey thither at least once.

In May of that year, Sir Richard Burton set out on his dangerous expedition to this jealously guarded sanctuary. So fiercely burns the religious fervor of the pilgrims that a sudden death has awaited more than one unbeliever who profaned the sacred spot. Disguised as a wandering Persian doctor, a darwaysh, and with personal baggage of a tooth-stick, a wooden comb and a change of robes; traveling as a born Mohammedan, he made his way undetected from Cairo to Suez; next by pilgrim ship in an unforgettable trip, amid a fanatical horde of wild, thieving, murdering pilgrims, down the Red Sea; then, by desert marches for nearly four hundred miles, through unknown Medina, where stands Mohammed's tomb, to the sacred city.

In mid-September he is nearing his goal:

WE AGAIN mounted, and night completed our disappointment. About one A. M. I was aroused by general excitement. "Meccah! Meccah!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others; and all burst into loud "Labbayk," not unfrequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the Southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by a cutting called the Saniyat Kuda'a, the winding-place of the cut. . . .

Scarcely had the first smile of morning beamed upon the rugged head of the eastern hill, Abu Kubays, when we arose, bathed, and proceeded in our pilgrim-garb to the Sanctuary. We entered by the Bab al-Ziyadah, or principal northern door, descended two long flights of steps, traversed the cloister, and stood in sight of the Bayt Allah.

There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary Pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of Fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbarous gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique—and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. Best, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

Few Moslems contemplate for the first time the Ka'abah without fear and awe: there is a popular jest against newcomers, that they generally inquire the direction of prayer. This being the Kiblah, or fronting place, Moslems pray all around it; a circumstance which of course cannot take place in any spot of Al-Islam but the Harim. The boy Mohammed, therefore, left me for a few minutes to myself; but presently he warned me that it was time to begin. Advancing, we entered through the Bab Benu Shaybah, the "Gate of the Sons of the Shaybah" (old woman). . . .

We then advanced towards the eastern angle of the Ka'abah, in which is inserted the Black Stone; and, standing about ten yards from it, repeated with upraised hands, "There is no god but Allah alone, Whose Covenant is Truth, and Whose Servant is Victorious. There is no god but Allah, without Sharer; His is the Kingdom, to Him be Praise, and He over all Things is Potent." After which we approached as close as we could to the stone. A crowd of pilgrims preventing our touching it that time, we raised our hands to our ears, in the first position of prayer. . . . After which, as we were still unable to reach the stone, we raised our hands to our ears, the palms facing the stone, as if touching it, recited the various religious formula, the Takbir, the Tahil, and the Hamdilah, blessed the Prophet, and kissed the finger-tips of the right hand. . . .

Then commenced the ceremony of Tawaf, or circumambulation, our route being the Mataf—the low oval of polished granite immediately surrounding the Ka'abah. I repeated, after my Mutawwif, or cicerone, "In the Name of Allah, and Allah is omnipotent! I purpose to circuit seven circuits unto Almighty Allah, glorified and exalted!" . . .

At the conclusion of the Tawaf it was deemed advisable to attempt to kiss the stone. For a time I stood looking in despair at the swarming crowd of Badawi and other pilgrims that besieged it. But the boy Mohammed was equal to the occasion. During our circuit he had displayed a fiery zeal against heresy and schism, by foully abusing every Persian in his path; and the inopportune introduction of hard words into his prayers made the latter a strange patchwork; as "Ave Maria purissima—arrah, don't ye be letting the pig at the pot,—sanctissima," and so forth. He might, for instance, be repeating "And I take Refuge with Thee from Ignominy in this World," when "O thou rejected one, son of the rejected!" would be the interpolation addressed to some long-bearded Khorasani,—"And in that to come"—"O hog and brother of a hoggess!" And so he continued till I wondered that none dared to turn and rend him. After vainly addressing the pilgrims, of whom nothing could be seen but a mosaic of occiputs and shoulder-blades, the boy Mohammed collected about half a dozen stalwart Meccans, with whose assistance, by sheer strength, we wedged our way into the thin and light-legged crowd. The Badawin turned round upon us like wild-cats, but they had no daggers. The season begins autumn, they had not swelled themselves with milk for six months; and they had become such living mummies that I could have managed single-handed half a dozen of them. After thus reaching the stone, despite popular indignation testified by impatient shouts, we monopolised the use of it for at least ten minutes. Whilst kissing it and rubbing hands and forehead upon it I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is an aerolite. It is curious that almost all travellers agree upon one point, namely, that the stone is volcanic.

Having kissed the stone we fought our way through the crowd to the place called Al-Multazem. Here we pressed our stomachs, chests, and right cheeks to the Ka'abah, raising our arms high above our heads. . . . thoroughly worn out with scorched feet and a burning head,—both extremities, it must be remembered, were bare, and various delays had detained us till ten A.M.,—I left the Mosque. . . .

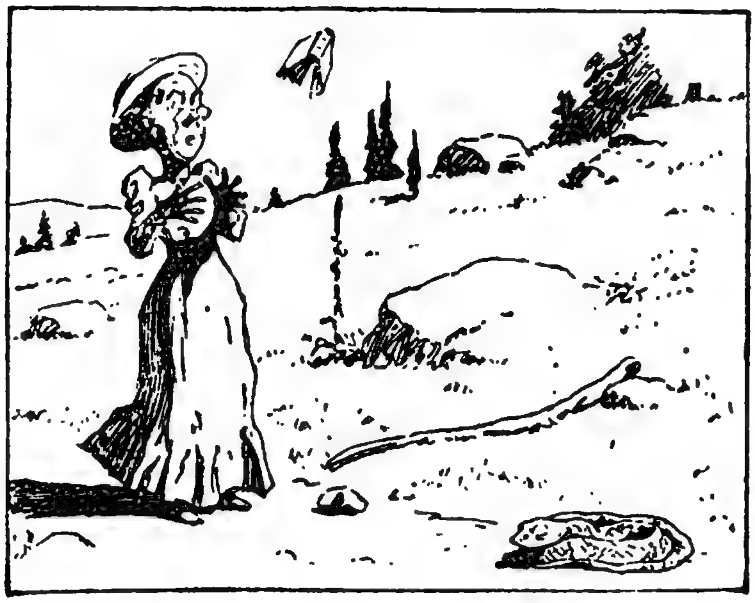
In the evening, accompanied by the boy Mohammed, and followed by Shaykh Nur, who carried a lantern and a praying-rug, I again repaired to the "Navel of the World," this time æsthetically, to enjoy the delights of the hour after the "gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day." The moon, now approaching the full, tipped the brow of Abu Kubays, and lit up the spectacle with a more solemn light. In the midst stood the huge bier-like erection,—

> "Black as the wing's
> which some spirit of ill o'er a sepulchre flings."

except where the moonbeams streaked it like jets of silver falling upon the darkest marble. It formed the point of rest for the eye; the little pagoda-like buildings and domes around it, with all their gilding and fretwork, vanished. One object, unique in appearance, stood in view—the temple of the one Allah, the God of Abraham, of Ishmael, and of their posterity. Sublime it was, and expressing by all the eloquence of fancy the grandeur of the One Idea which vitalised Al-Islam, and the strength and steadfastness of its votaries.

The Maiden Lady and the Serpent

By A. B. FROST



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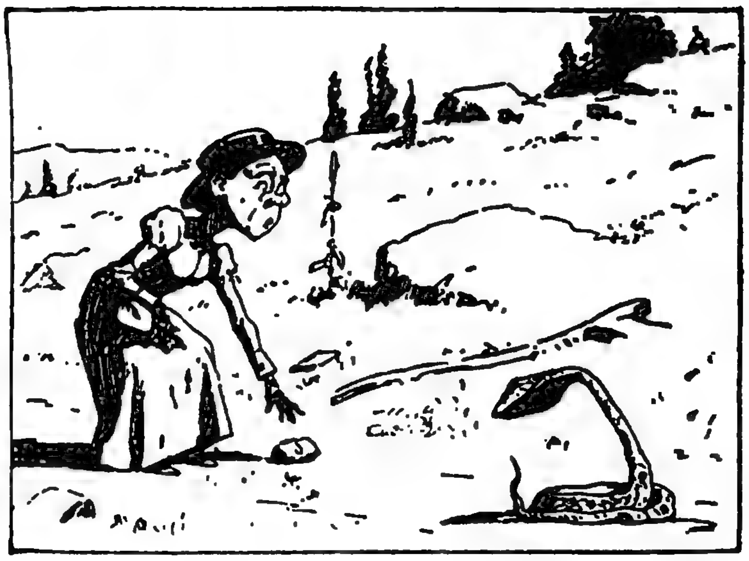

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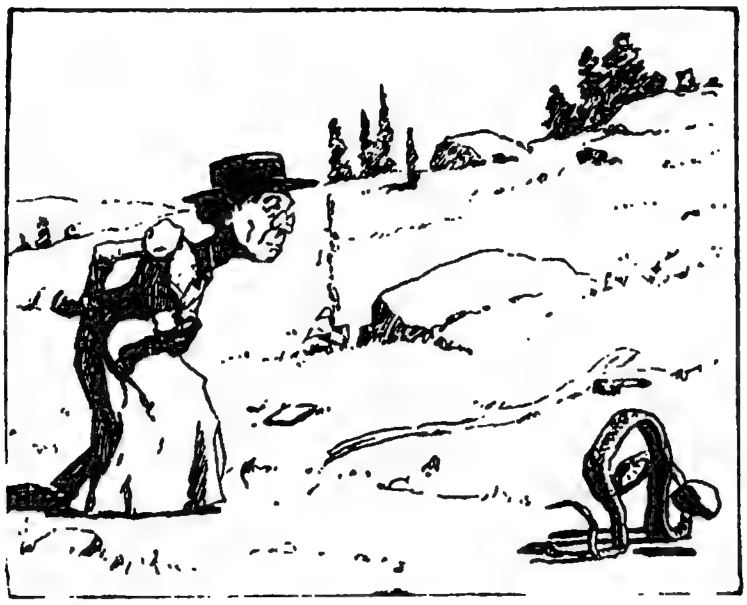

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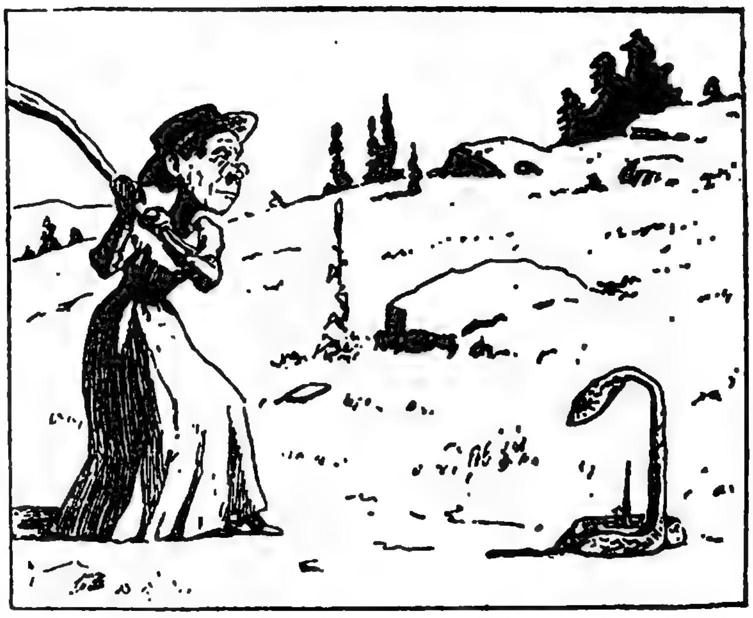

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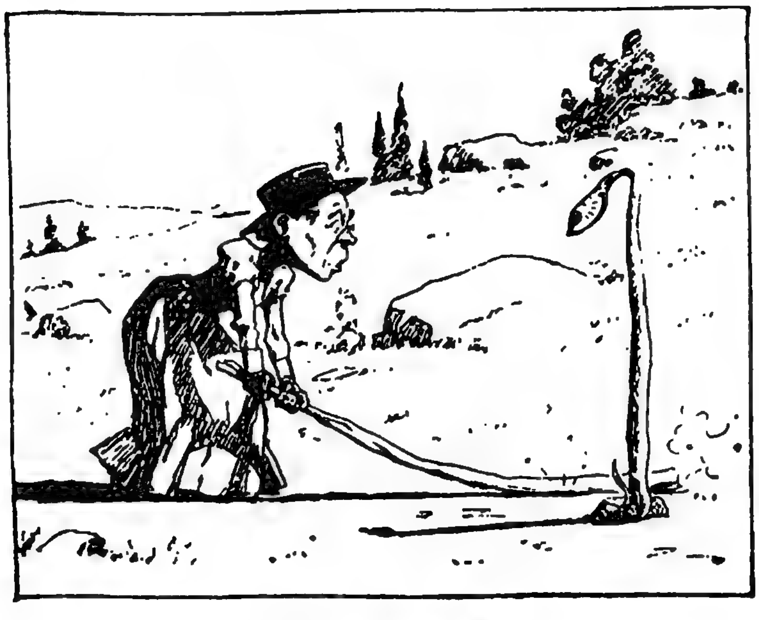

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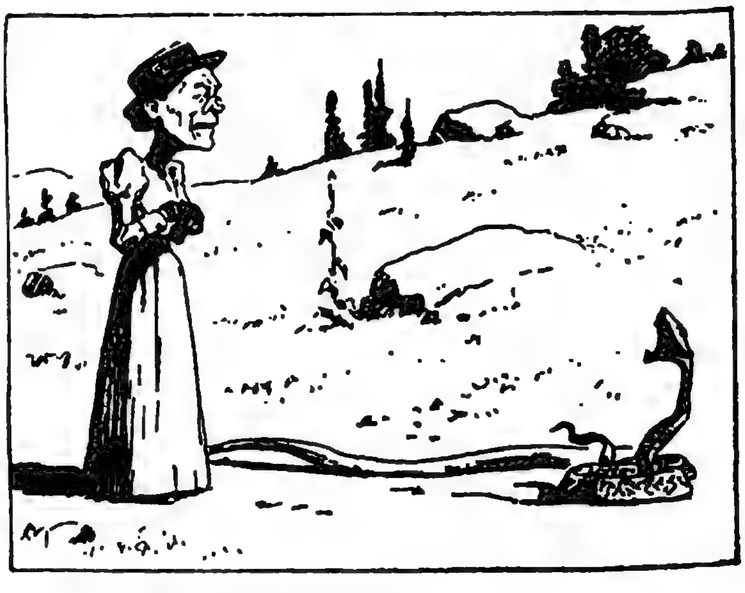

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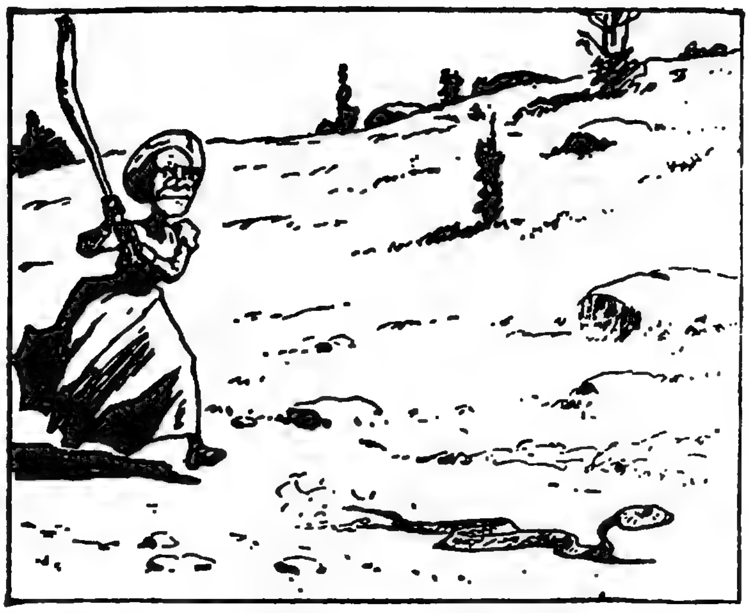

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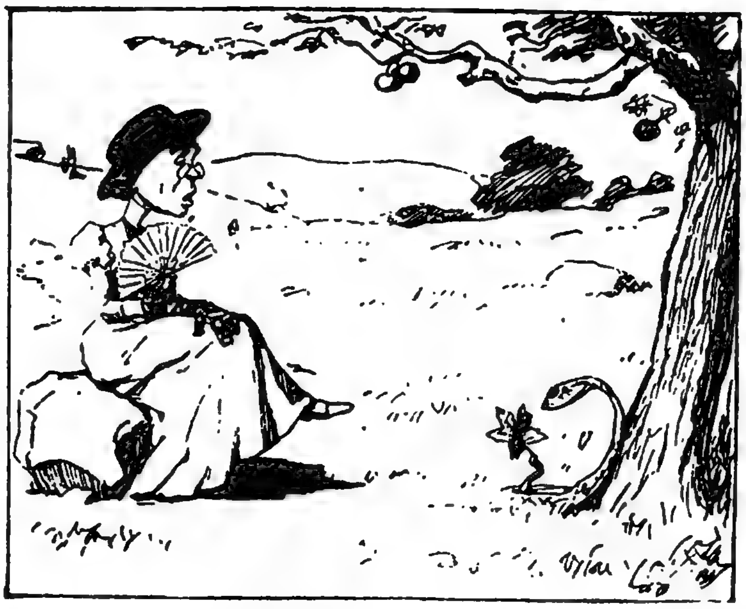

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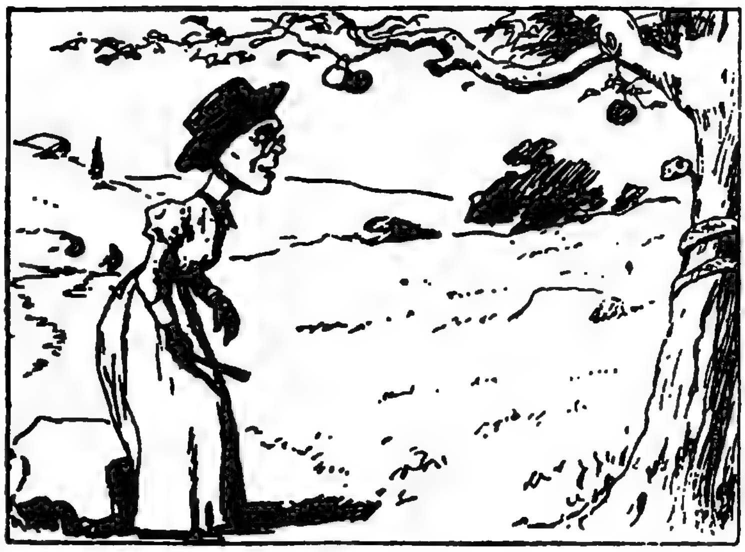

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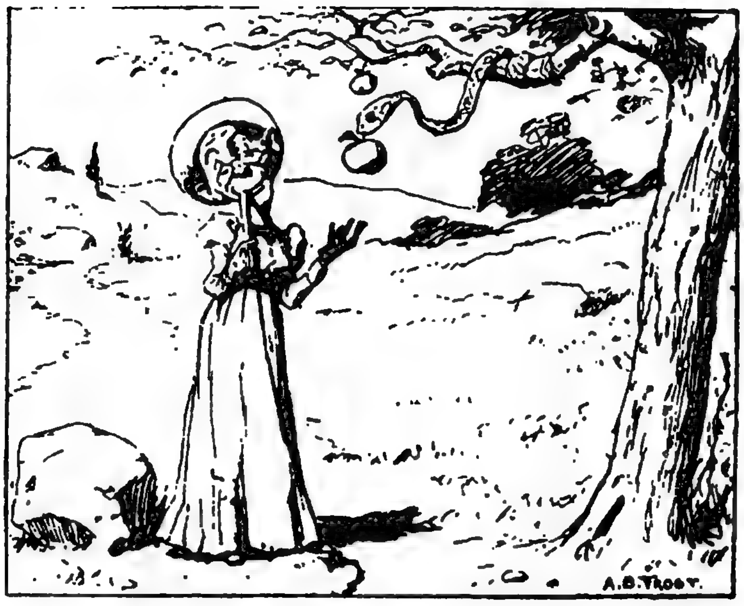

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An Epitaph

HERE lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Jorrocks

"Look out of the winder, James, and see wot 'un a night it is," said Mr. Jorrocks to Pigg.

James staggered up, and after a momentary grope about the room—for they were sitting without candles—exclaimed, "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese!"

"*Smells o' cheese!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, looking around in astonishment; "*smells o' cheese!*—vy, man, you've got your nob i' the cupboard. This be the winder!"

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES.

In the Lion's Mouth

By H. H. (SIR HARRY) JOHNSTON

HE is a young doctor and a surgeon on board one of the small gunboats placed on a great African lake. Fresh-coloured still, though slightly tanned by exposure to the lake winds, with merry Irish eyes of blue-grey, a square-cut jaw and obstinate chin, a long upper lip, a little whisker at the temples, and short wiry black-brown hair. Like many men of his class, he is a potential Darwin, and, having no other means to travel and study Natural history, has entered the Navy as a surgeon. He has landed on the shores of the lake for a day's shooting, hoping to get an elephant at least, but meantime content to study sun-birds. Let us in imagination enter his mind, see through his eyes what he saw, and lay bare his thoughts.

. . . Grass! a forest of grass with stout knotted stems six to eight feet high, and abundant leaves starting from every joint. Each stem ends in a drooping plume of ripened seeds. As the Doctor forces his way through the tangled herbage and cane-like stalks the seeds shower down on him, each one steadied in its descent by its long feathery stipule. The seeds are sharp-pointed and barbed at the ends, so they pierce their way through his *khaki* clothing easily and scratch the perspiring flesh beneath. This raises to exasperation the discomfort already felt to be well nigh unbearable; for the Doctor's face is now the colour of raw beef from the stifling heat and the frightful exertion of forcing his way through such a thicket of grass, and his hands are scratched and cut by contact with the razor-edged leaves. His Terai hat is constantly being dragged off his head, and it is all he can do to carry his gun and elbow his way through the obstructing herbage, protecting his face as well as possible with the left hand. So he is in an ill-temper, and cannot stop to notice the small weaver birds of flame-colour and black, the extraordinary stick insects (exactly simulating stalks of grass), and the green, leaf-like mantises which throng the dense brake on either side. He is after bigger game. The most experienced of his boys pioneers him through the stifling grass jungle, another boy with a second rifle follows behind. The idea is "elephants," elephants having been reported hereabout the previous day; when suddenly (they have reached a space where the grass is a little drier, a little less dense) the pioneer "boy" comes doubling back on his master with every gesture expressive of "Hush!" The Doctor stops, mops his boiling face (thankful for the momentary halt), and asks inquiringly, "Elephants?" "No," says the negro in a panting whisper, "Lion! . . . there, there! no, not *there*. You see that ant-hill? Well, climb on to its side and you will see the lion lying in a clear space just beyond. A male lion, truly; its body is nearly white and its mane is black."

With Express rifle at full cock the Doctor advances gingerly through the interlaced grass, bent nearly double, keeping the muzzle of the gun directed straight before him and shielding its sensitive trigger from the intrusive grass stems. The ant-hill is reached, he clambers on to its sloping side. . . . "Good God! the boy's right. . . . *What* a beauty! and asleep too!" But something in the Doctor's coming has aroused the lion, not ten yards away; aroused him partially, for there is no sudden movement. He raises the great head set in a collar of yellow, brown, black mane; slowly the dim nictitating membrane passes over the yellow eyes, but as they are focussing to meet his own gaze, the Doctor fires, fires precipitately (his position on the sloping ant-hill is insecure), wounds the lion somewhere, somehow, but does not kill him. The beast gives a sharp explosive roar, seems to jump into the air with all four feet, and then in three bounds has crashed into the grass jungle. Silence. "Well, I am a muff!" thinks the Doctor. "He wasn't ten yards away, and I didn't kill him dead! I don't quite know where I hit him; in the chest, I think. But he can't be far away, and I *must* finish him off." He descends from the ant-hill into the clear trampled space where the lion had been lying. At the spot where the beast had made its first bound into the dense grass hedge there is a great squirt of blood over the tangled greenery—the dark crimson liquid still drips from leaf-blade to leaf-blade. "Ah! thought so; he must be pretty badly hit."

Two black faces, with starting eyes and anxious grins, now cautiously peer round the ant-hill. The Doctor, raising his head, recognizes his boys and beckons them down. The three converse in whispers. The situation is explained—how the lion was wounded, the direction in which he bounded away. The boys urge caution. "Lion plenty fierce. Mkango mkali *nditu*. Master must take care; better climb tree and look all round—not go into grass." But there is no tree anywhere near. A boy hoists himself to the slender summit of the ant-hill and reports that he sees the grass moving in the direction whither the lion had withdrawn—moving as though a stationary animal were shaking it with convulsive throes (all of which is explained more by gestures than by words). The Doctor, clambering up beside the boy, thinks he can even descry (as the grass stems bow and droop before some writhing object) the lion's waving tail and a yellow-grey haunch. He fires, descends from the ant-hill to reload. . . . A rush comes through the grass, a deafening roar, some great yellow object in the air above him . . . momentarily . . . dark against the sky . . . yellow eyes . . . (insensibility).

"'Click clock, click clock, click clock' . . . I wonder what that funny sound is . . . am I in a train? No, it is the engines of the steamer—or is it the pulse beating in my temples? Then I have been asleep, and in broad daylight, with the blue sky above me and in the broiling sun! How foolish! But no—it must be something more. I know there was something happened—let me think . . . the lion, of course . . . a lion jumped at me. Then I must be wounded? Let's see" (raises himself painfully on his right arm). . . . "My God! a pool of my own blood . . . my left arm has no feeling . . . chawed by the lion, hand almost detached, rest of arm a mass of blood, muscle, bone and *khaki*. . . . O God! I'm going to die—can't live—he has torn open my stomach . . . that must be the *pancreas*. I'm like a butcher's shop." (Whimpers. A blubbering sound attracts his attention.) "Hullo! you here, Juma? Plucky chap; thought you'd have cut and run. Where's Saidi? Eh? Speak louder, I'm deaf. . . . Oh, gone to gunboat; quite right. . . . WHAT? the LION?" (turns his head slightly) "there, still living; looks pretty sick, too." (The lion is lying four yards away, partly on his side, one crippled forepaw turned back, the other outstretched and the great head resting on it, eyeing the men with solemn yellow eyes no longer fierce, the pupil shrunk to a pin-point. With each convulsive shudder of the lion's body the blood pool round him widens slightly.) "By Heaven, if I've got to die, I'll die like a man, and he shall go first. Who can tell? He might recover and hurt the boy. See here, Juma" (to Juma who is supporting his back), "be very gentle, take a cartridge out of my belt, put it in the rifle . . . so; now . . . Uh! ah! mind my arm . . . now, give me the rifle in my right hand and come between my legs . . . so; —stoop very low down, like that. Now I'm going to rest the rifle on your shoulder and take aim. Keep very still, I won't hurt you . . . keep still . . . I'll aim just between the brute's eyes." (A minute's pause. BANG! Doctor falls back fainting. Lion stretches out his head three times with spasmodic upward movement, the tail and the limbs—all but the crippled one—stiffen, the claws stand out from their sheaths, and the beast dies.)

. . . .

"Juma, is that you? Water, how delicious! *more*—and on my forehead . . . so . . . what a brick you are! Upon my word, I'd like to leave you something, Juma. You must tell them that I said so, you know, for sticking by me, God bless you! Is the lion dead?" (The sobbing boy nods "yes.") Well, then, I must die too. I'm enough of a doctor to know that. Don't cry. Tell them I bore it like a man. But it's beastly hard! Who'd have thought my day's shoot would have ended like this?" (Whimpers.) "Beastly hard. I'm so young and I've done so well up to now . . . and there's Mother. Who will break it to her? She'll never get over it . . . and Lily . . . and, damn it all, I can't even send 'em messages! How can one tell such things to a black boy? S'pose I'm dying primarily from the shock . . . know I'm dying somehow—can't raise my head to look. . . . Mother! Mother! . . . What *rot* to go on like that, as if it could do any good! . . . See here, Juma, more water. So. . . . Now listen. *Ine ndirini amai, ndi mlongo. Iwe*— O God! How can I tell him? It's all slipping away from me. . . . For the blood is the life. Where have I heard that? The blood is the life . . . slipping away—slipping away. . . . I must be in a boat, it is so soothing; up and down, up and down; so restful." (Sighs gently. Dies.)

Some Women I Have Met

THE LITERARY COUNTESS

"Women who write always have one eye on the page and the other on some man—except the Countess Haan-Haan, who has only one eye." **HEINE.**

EMILIA

"Emilia clasped her hands, and looked pensively at the horizon sky, with a face of calm gratefulness.

"The cornet was on his legs. 'So!' he said. 'And you never saw anything more of that fellow you kissed in the park?'

"'Kissed?—that gentleman?' returned Emilia. 'I have not kissed him. He did not want it. Men kiss us when we are happy, and we kiss them when they are unhappy.'"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

CATHERINE

"'If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable.'

"'Because you are not fit to go there,' I answered. 'All sinners would be miserable in heaven.'

"'But it is not that. I dreamed, once, that I was there.'

"'I tell you I won't hearken to your dreams, Miss Catherine! I'll go to bed,' I replied.

"She laughed, and held me down, for I made a motion to leave my chair.

"'This is nothing,' cried she. 'I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him; and that's not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire." **EMILY BRONTË.**

MME. JULIE BONMONT (*née* Gutenberg)

"Alas, her hope was vain, she was greeted with bitter words:

"'What do you come here for? You despise me like all the rest.'

"She protested at such cruelty.

"She did not despise him—on the contrary, her loving animal nature led her to admire him. She put her painted yet youthful lips to his, and kissed him sobbingly; but, pushing her away, he began to pace furiously up and down the two blue-tapestried rooms.

"Noiselessly she untied the little parcel of cakes she had brought with her, and said in a hopeless, toneless voice:

"'Will you have a *baba?* It is kirsch, just as you like them,' and she handed him the cake between two dainty, sugary fingers. But he refused to see or hear her, and continued his fierce, monotonous promenade.

"Then, with tear-dimmed eyes and bosom that heaved with sighs, she lifted the thick black veil which, mask-like, covered the upper part of her face, and silently commenced to eat a chocolate éclair." **ANATOLE FRANCE.**

FREYA NELSON

"Freya Nelson (or Nielsen) was the kind of girl one remembers. The oval of her face was perfect; and within that fascinating frame the most happy disposition of line and feature, with an admirable complexion, gave an impression of health, strength, and what I might call unconscious self-confidence—a most pleasant and, as it were, whimsical determination. I will not compare her eyes to violets because the real shade of their colour was peculiar, not so dark and more lustrous. They were of the wide-open kind, and looked at one frankly in every mood. I never did see the long, dark eyelashes lowered—I dare say Jasper Allen did, being a privileged person—but I have no doubt that the expression must have been charming in a complex way. She could—Jasper told me once with a touchingly imbecile exultation—sit on her hair. I dare say, I dare say. It was not for me to behold these wonders; I was content to admire the neat and becoming way she used to do it up so as not to conceal the good shape of her head. And this wealth of hair was so glossy that when the screens of the west verandah were down making a pleasant twilight there, or in the shade of the grove of fruit-trees near the house, it seemed to give out a golden light of its own." JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE COUNTESS DE MASCARET

"He looked her squarely in the face—such a lovely face with its gray eyes like cold bits of sky. In her dark head-dress, in that dense night of black hair, gleamed the diadem sprinkled with diamonds, like a Milky Way. At that moment he suddenly felt, by a sort of intuition, that that creature was not simply a woman destined to perpetuate his race, but the strange and mysterious product of all our complicated desires, heaped up within us by the lapse of centuries, turned aside from their original divine purpose, straying towards a mystic, dimly glimpsed, intangible beauty. There are some who bloom solely for our dreams, adorned with all the poesy, the ideal splendor, the coquetry, and the fascination with which civilization encompasses woman, that statue of living flesh which quickens immaterial appetites like the fever of sensuality." DE MAUPASSANT.

MRS. BERRY

"'Did her husband always love her?' Lucy prefer ed to know.

"'In his way, my dear, he did,' said Mrs. Berry, coming upon her matrimonial wisdom. 'He couldn't help himself. If he left off, he began again. She was so clever, and made him so comfortable. Cook! there wasn't such another cook out of an Alderman's kitchen; no, indeed! And she a born lady! That tells ye it's the duty of all women! She had her saying—"When the parlour fire gets low, put coals on the kitchen fire!" and a good saying it is to treasure. Such is man! no use in havin' their hearts if ye don't have their stomachs.'

"Perce ving that she grew abstruse," Mrs. Berry added briskly: 'You know nothing about that yet, my dear. Only mind me and mark me: don't neglect your cookery. Kissing don't last: cookery do!'" GEORGE MEREDITH.

JEANNE DE ST. LUC

"Bussy looked at the two friends with a smile. Diane held out her hand to him.

"'Is that all?' said he. 'Have you nothing to say?'

"'Till to-morrow,' replied she.

"'Only to-morrow?'

"'To-morrow, and always.'

"Bussy uttered a joyful exclamation, pressed his lips to her hand, and ran off. Diane watched him till he was out of sight.

"'Now,' said Jeanne, when he had disappeared, 'will you talk to me a little.'

"'Oh, yes,' said the young woman, with a start, as if the voice of her friend awoke her from a dream, 'I hear you.'

"'Well, to-morrow I shall go to the chase with Saint-Luc and your father.'

"'What! you will leave me alone at the château?'

"'Listen, dear friend; I also have my principles, and there are certain things I can not consent to do.'

"'Oh, Jeanne!' cried Diane, growing pale, 'can you say such things to me?'

"'Yes. I can not continue thus.'

"'I thought you loved me, Jeanne. What can not you continue?'

"'Continue to prevent two poor lovers from talking to each other at their ease.'

"Diane seized in her arms the laughing young woman, and covered her face with kisses." DUMAS.

Ballad of Things Known and Unknown

By FRANÇOIS VILLON

I

FLIES in the milk I know full well;
I know men by the clothes they wear;
I know the walnut by the shell;
I know the foul sky from the fair;
I know the pear tree by the pear;
I know the worker from the drone
And eke the good wheat from the tare:
I know all save myself alone.

II

I know the pourpoint by the fell
And by his gown I know the frère;
Master by varlet I can spell;
Nuns by the veils that hide their hair;
I know the sharper and his snare
And fools that fat on cates have grown;
Wines by the cask I can compare:
I know all save myself alone.

III

I know how horse from mule to tell;
I know the load that each can bear;
I know both Beatrice and Bell;
I know the hazards, odd and pair,
I know of visions in the air;
I know the power of Peter's throne
And how misled Bohemians were:
I know all save myself alone.

ENVOI

Prince, I know all things: fat and spare;
Ruddy and pale, to me are known
And Death that endeth all our care:
I know all save myself alone.

How Men Make Love in Novels

THE AMERICAN BROKER

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't—had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please—those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

O. HENRY.

THE YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN'S FIRST LOVE

"You wish—wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then farewell!" he said; and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE SCOTCH CREATOR OF "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"

"I hope I may not be disturbed, for to-night I must make my hero say 'Darling' and it needs both privacy and concentration. In a word, let me admit (though I should like to beat about the bush) that I have sat down to a love chapter.

Too long has it been avoided, Albert has called Marion "dear" only, as yet, but though the public will probably read the word without blinking, it went off in my hands with a bang.

They tell me—the Sassenach tell me—that in time I shall be able without a blush to make Albert say "darling" and even gather her up in his arms, but I begin to doubt it; the moment sees me as shy as ever; I still find it advisable to lock the door, and then—no witness save the dog—I "do" it dourly with my teeth clenched (my knee in the small of Albert's back) while the dog retreats into the far corner and moans.

The bolder Englishman (I am told) will write a love-chapter and then go out, quite coolly, to dinner, but such goings on are contrary to the Scotch nature; even the great novelists dared not. Conceive Mr. Stevenson left alone with a hero, a heroine, and a proposal impending (he does not know where to look).

Sir Walter in the same circumstances gets out of the room by making his love-scenes take place between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next, but he could afford to do anything, and the small fry must e'en to their task, moan the dog as he may.

J. M. BARRIE.

OLIVIER BERTIN, FRENCHMAN AND ARTIST

"Oh, my God! I wish I could make you understand how I love you! I am always seeking, but cannot find a means. When I think of you—and I am always thinking of you—I feel in the depths of my being an unspeakable intoxication of longing to be yours, an irresistible need of giving myself to you even more completely. I should like to sacrifice myself in some absolute way, for there is nothing better, when one loves, than to give, to give always, all, all, life, thought, body, all that one has, to feel that one is giving, and to be ready to risk anything to give still more. I love you so much that I love to suffer for you, I love even my anxieties, my torments, my jealousies, the pain I feel when I realize that you are no longer tender toward me. I love in you a something that only I have discovered, a you which is not the you of the world that is admired and known, a you which is mine, which cannot change nor grow old, which I cannot cease to love, for I have, to look at it, eyes that see it alone. But one cannot say these things. There are no words to express them." DE MAUPASSANT.

THE SPANIARD IN LOVE WITH A GIPSY

"I cast myself at her feet, I seized her hands, I watered them with my tears, I reminded her of all the happy moments we had spent together, I offered to continue my brigand's life, if that would please her. Everything, sir, everything—I offered her everything if she would only love me again.

"She said:

"'Love you again? That's not possible! Live with you? I will not do it!'

"I was wild with fury. I drew my knife, I would have had her look frightened, and sue for mercy—but that woman was a demon.

"I cried, 'For the last time I ask you, will you stay with me?'

"'No! no! no!' she said, and she stamped her foot.

"I struck her twice over—I had taken Garcia's knife, because I had broken my own. At the second thrust she fell without a sound. It seems to me that I can still see her great black eyes staring at me. Then they grew dim and the lids closed." PROSPER MERIMÉE.

Austrian Jew, Genius and Statesman

At the foot of the mountain a boy handed her a letter from Alvan—a burning flood rolled out of him like lava after they had separated on the second plateau, and confided to one who knew how to outstrip pathfarers. She entered her hotel across the lake, and met a telegram. At night the wires flashed 'Sleep well' to her; on her awakening 'Good-morning.' A lengthened history of the day was telegraphed for her amusement. Again at night there was a "God guard you!"

"Who can resist him?" sighed Clotilde, excited, nervous, flattered, happy, but yearning to repose and be curtained from the buzz of the excess of life that he put about her.

George Meredith.

The Italian Falls in Love with His Wife

Stooping over her, in an attitude of adoration, Gismondi felt the old time ardor reviving within him, and only by an effort refrained from crushing her in his arms. Science was right; the mimicry and the parody of passion had resurrected passion itself. The law of reversibility had received new confirmation! Through his acting, day after day, towards her as in the time of their early love, all unconsciously, and as if by virtue of some philter, love had sprung up anew.

"It is seven years," he continued, bending lower and lower above her bowed head, perfect in its lines, adorable in its thoughts; "it is seven years since we first met,—have you ceased to remember?—the twenty-fourth of April? You are right not to remember,—for two years now we have not kept the day,—and it was my fault we didn't! I have been so much at fault!"

She still kept her head bowed, as if feeling the oppression of the heavy perfume, and mechanically fingered a petal of one of the gardenias.

Suddenly he leaned in front of her, clasped her waist, and kissed her on the lips, fiercely.

"Giulia! Giulietta! I love you, do you hear me? I can't keep it to myself any longer! Listen, I feel as if I were waking from a dream, from a nightmare! What harm I have done you, and what harm I have done myself! But you are an angel, because you have forgiven me, haven't you?"

By this time she was returning his caresses, and the poor gardenias got the worst of it.

"Is it all real? Is it truly you? Really, truly you?"

"Yes, dear, it is I, the real, true I, when I am like this. It was another person altogether who was so bad to you,—no, not bad, but foolish, idiotic—"

And giving free vent to the tumultuous flood of his emotions, love and joy and remorse, he made himself out worse than he had really been. Federigo di Roberto.

A Prosperous Russian Peasant

And as though her gesture had decided him, Zakhar raised his fist and struck her on the head. She uttered a low moan and swayed where she stood. The white cloth fell from her shoulders and her comb slipped from her hair into the grass. With a savage joy Zakhar struck her once more and Glafira fell to her hands and knees and burst into tears.

A feeling of horror, pity and despair seized Zakhar. In one bewildered moment he stood gazing at her as she sobbed and then he walked quickly away and stood still with his throbbing brow pressed against the cold rough bark of an old willow. A dark void filled his soul. It seemed to him that everything must be ended between them.

"Now everything is ended . . . ended!" was the one thought turning in his brain.

But suddenly two soft warm arms came stealing round his neck from behind and Glafira's supple burning form was pressed to him tight—tight. Unable to trust his senses, Zakhar turned round: Glafira hung round his neck, looking up to him with her wide slanted black eyes wet with tears and on her lips a strange smile of exultation.

"Beat me. . . . He beat me. . . . What a man he is," she muttered deliriously.

Jealousy, fear, despair vanished suddenly. Mikhail Artzybasheff.

The Younger Set in the United States

His lips moved lazily over her face.

"You *taste* so good!" he sighed. F. Scott Fitzgerald.

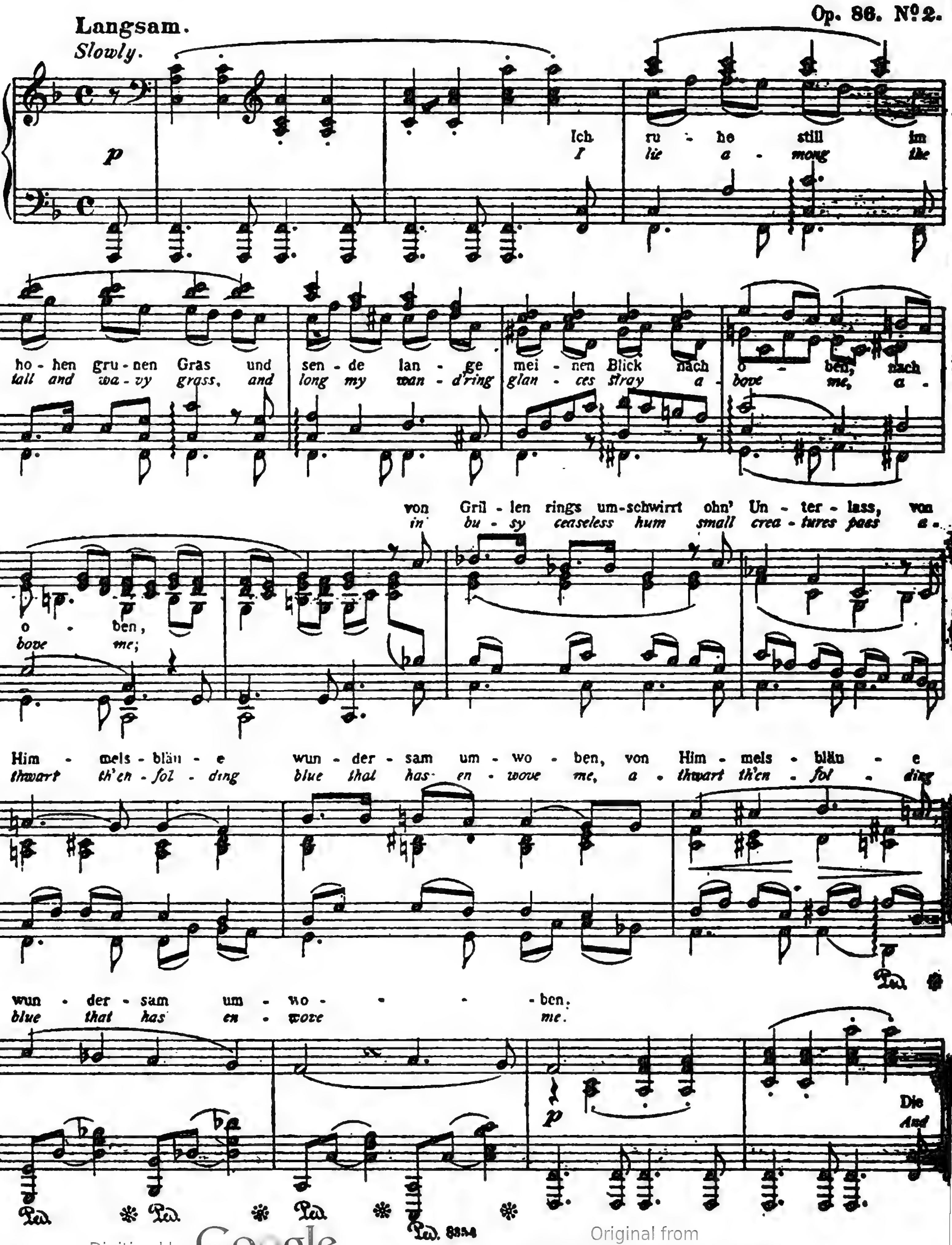
Feldeinsamkeit

In summer fields

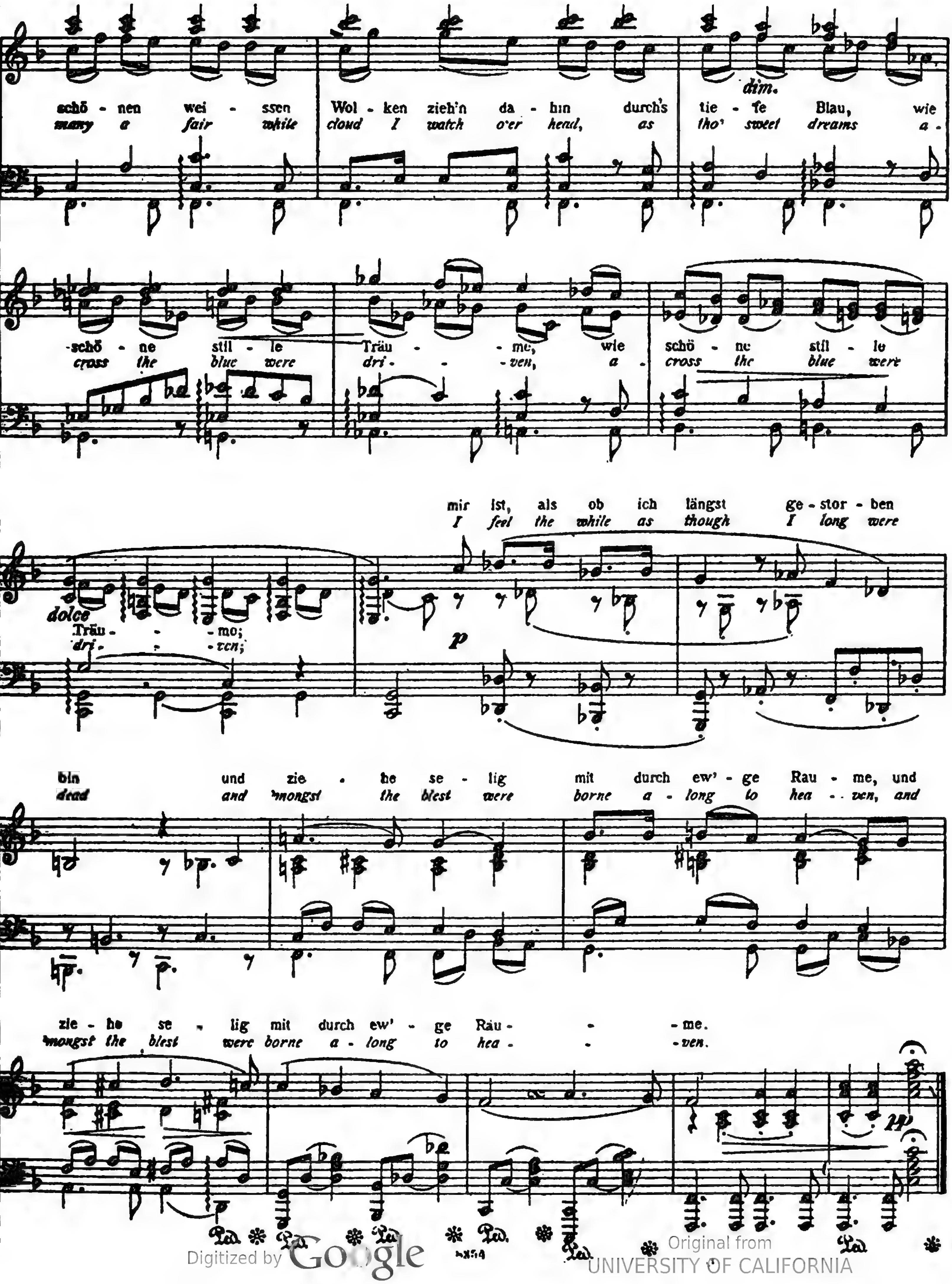
(Hermann Almers—Translation by Christina Rossetti)

MUSIC BY JOHANNES BRAHMS

Op. 86. Nº 2.


Langsam.
Slowly.
p
Ich ru - he still im
I lie a - mong the
ho - hen gru - nen Gras und sen - de lan - ge mei - nen Blick nach o - ben, nach
tall and wa - vy grass, and long my wan - d'ring glan - ces stray a - bove me, a -
o - ben,
bove me;
von Gril - len rings um - schwirrt ohn' Un - ter - lass, von
in bu - sy ceaseless hum small crea - tures pass a -
Him - mels - blä - e wun - der - sam um - wo - ben, von Him - mels - bläu - e
thwart th'en - fol - ding blue that has en - wove me, a - thwart th'en - fol - ding
wun - der - sam um - wo - - - - ben.
blue that has en - wove me.
p
Die
And
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

J. Brahms


schö - nen wei - ssen Wol - ken zieh'n da - hin durch's tie - fe Blau, wie
many a fair white cloud I watch o'er head, as tho' sweet dreams a -
dim.
schö - ne stil - le Träu - - me, wie schö - ne stil - le
cross the blue were dri - - ven, a - cross the blue were
dolce
Träu - - mo;
dri - - ven;
p
mir ist, als ob ich längst ge - stor - ben
I feel the while as though I long were
bin und zie - he se - lig mit durch ew' - ge Rau - me, und
dead and 'mongst the blest were borne a - long to hea - - ven, and
zie - he se - lig mit durch ew' - ge Räu - - - me.
'mongst the blest were borne a - long to hea - - - ven.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. *

The Indian Fighter and the Black-eyed Señorita

By JAMES OHIO PATTIE

[*Exactly a century ago, Pattie made his adventurous trip from St. Louis to Santa Fé on into unknown country, and out to the Pacific Coast. His "Personal Narrative" shows him a man to whom fighting Comanches, killing grizzlies and mountain lions, and exploring new country were as the breath of his nostrils; and the "softer emotions" clearly seemed to him unworthy of a pioneer adventurer. There is much to read between the lines in this episode of Jacova, daughter of the Spanish Governor. In this tale, he has reached Santa Fé.*]

ABOUT ten o'clock at night an express came from the river Pacus, on which the nobles have their country seats and large farming establishments, stating that a large body of Indians had come upon several families whom they had either robbed, or murdered. Among the number two Americans had been killed, and the wife of one taken prisoner, in company with four Spanish women, one of whom was daughter of the former governor, displaced because he was an European. The drum and fife and French horn began to sound in a manner that soon awakened and alarmed the whole town. The frightened women, and the still more fear-stricken men, joining in a full chorus of screams and cries ran, some to where the drum was beating in the public square, and others to our quarters. Upon the first sound of alarm we had prepared to repel the enemy, whatever it might be, provided it troubled us. When this group came rushing toward us, the light of the moon enabled us to discern them with sufficient clearness to prevent our doing them any injury.

We did not sleep any more that night, for the women, having got the wrong story, as most women do in a case of the kind, told us that the Comanches were in town, killing the people. We awaited an attack, without, however, hearing any sound of firearms. Our conclusion was that they were skulking around, dealing out death in darkness and silence with their arrows; and in the feelings which were its natural result, the remainder of the night passed.

The first light of morning showed us a body of four hundred men ready to mount their horses. At sunrise the governor came to us to ask if we would aid in the attempt to recapture the prisoners taken by the Comanches, relating to us the real cause of the alarm of the preceding night. We complied readily with his request, as we were desirous of gaining the good-will of the people. Our arrangements were soon made, and we set off in company with the troops I have mentioned.

The 12th was spent in travelling. We stopped for the night at St. John's, a small town. On the 13th we reached the spot where the murders and robbery were committed. Here we took the course the Indians had marked in their retreat, stopping only for refreshments. We pressed on all night, as we found their fires still smoking. At eight on the morning of the 15th, the trail being fresh, we increased our speed, and at twelve came in sight of them, as they advanced toward a low gap in the mountains. We now halted, and counselled together with regard to the next movements. The commander of the Spaniards proposed that my father should direct the whole proceedings, promising obedience on his own part and that of his troops.

The gap in the mountains, of which I spoke, was made by a stream. The Indians were now entering it. My father formed a plan immediately and submitted it to the Spanish commander, who promised to aid in carrying it into effect. In conformity to it, the Spaniards were directed to keep in rear of the Indians, without being seen by them. We took a circuitous route, screened from sight by the highland that lay between us and the Indians, in order to gain unobserved a hollow in advance of them, in which we might remain concealed, until they approached within gunshot of us. Our main object was to surprise them and not allow them time to kill their captives, should they be still alive. The party in the rear were to close in, upon hearing the report of our guns, and not allow them to return to the plain. Our plan seemed to assure us success. We succeeded in reaching the hollow, in which we placed ourselves in the form of a half circle, extending from one side of it to the other, our horses being tied behind us. Every man was then ordered to prime, and pick his gun afresh. The right flank was to fire first, the left reserving theirs to give a running fire, that should enable the right to reload. The Indians surrounding the prisoners were to be taken as the first aim to prevent the immediate murder of them by their captors. My post was in the centre of the line. We waited an hour and a half behind our screens of rocks and trees before our enemies made their appearance.

The first objects that came in sight were women without any clothing, driving a large drove of sheep and horses. These were immediately followed by Indians. When the latter were within thirty or forty yards of us, the order to fire was given. The women ran towards us the moment they heard the report of our guns. In doing this they encountered the Indians behind them, and three fell pierced by the spears of these savages.

The cry among us now was, "Save the women!" Another young man and myself sprang forward to rescue the remaining two. My companion fell in the attempt. An Indian had raised his spear to inflict death upon another of these unfortunate captives, when he received a shot from one of our men that rendered him incapable of another act of cruelty.

The captives, one of whom was a beautiful young lady, the daughter of the governor before spoken of, both reached me. The gratitude of such captives, so delivered, may be imagined. Fears, thanks and exclamations in Spanish were the natural expression of feeling in such a position. My companions aided me in wrapping blankets around them, for it was quite cold; and making the best arrangements in our power for their comfort and safety. This was all done in less time than is required to relate it, and we returned to our post.

The Indians stood the second fire, and then retreated. We pursued, keeping up a quick fire, expecting every moment to hear the Spaniards in the rear following our example to check them in their retreat; but we could discover the entrance upon the plain before we heard anything from our Spanish muskets. The Indians then began to yell; but the Spaniards, after one discharge from their firearms, fled. Being mounted on good horses the Indians did not pursue them, but satisfied as to our numbers, now that we were upon the plain, they rallied, and rushed upon us.

Our commander now ordered us to retreat into the woods, and to find shelter behind trees, and take aim that every shot might tell, as it was of the utmost importance not to waste ammunition, saying, "Stand resolute, my boys, and we will make them repent, if they follow us, although those Spaniards have deserted us, when we came to fight for them. We are enough for these — devils alone."

As they came near us, we gave them a scattering though destructive fire, which they returned bravely, still pressing towards us. It was a serious contest for about ten minutes, after they approached within pistol shot of us. From their yells, one would have thought that the infernal regions were open before them, and that they were about to be plunged in headlong. They finally began to retreat again, and we soon put them completely to flight. The Spaniards, though keeping a safe distance, while this was going forward, saw the state of affairs, and joined us in the pursuit, still taking especial care not to come near enough to the Indians to hurt them, or receive any injury themselves. After the Indians rallied, we lost ten men, and my father received a slight wound in the shoulder.

We removed our horses and the rescued captives into the plain, and encamped. The Spaniards had killed an Indian already wounded, and were riding over the dead bodies of those on the ground, spearing them and killing any who still breathed. My father commanded them to desist or he would fire upon them, and the Spanish officer added his order to the same effect. The latter then demanded of us the two women whom we had rescued, with as much assurance as though himself had been the cause of their deliverance.

My father replied by asking what authority or right he had to make such a request, when his cowardice withheld him from aiding in their release? The officer became enraged, and said that he was unable to rally his men, and that he did not consider the captives any safer in our hands than in those of the Indians, as we were not christians. This insult, coupled with such a lame apology, only made my father laugh and reply that if cowardice constituted a claim to Christianity, himself and his men were prime and undoubted christians. He added further that if the rescued women preferred to accompany him rather than remain until he should have buried his brave comrades, who fell in their defence, and accept his protection, he had nothing to say.

The subjects of our discussion being present while it took place, decided the point before they were appealed to. The youngest said that nothing would induce her to leave her deliverers, and that when they were ready to go, she would accompany them, adding that she should pray hourly for the salvation of those who had resigned their lives in the preservation of hers. The other expressed herself willing to remain with her, and manifested the same confidence and gratitude. The enraged officer and his men set off on their return to Santa Fé.

The sun was yet an hour from its setting. We availed ourselves of the remaining light to make a breastwork with the timber that had drifted down in the stream, that we might be prepared for the Indians, in case they should return. We finished it, and posted our sentinels by sunset.

The governor's daughter now inquired for the individual who first met her in her flight from the Indians and so humanely and bravely conducted her out of danger, and provided for her comfort. I cannot describe the gratitude and loveliness that appeared in her countenance, as she looked on me when I was pointed out to her. Not attaching any merit to the act I had performed, and considering it merely as a duty, I did not know how to meet her acknowledgments, and was embarrassed.

On the morning of the 16th we buried our dead. My father's shoulder was a little stiff, and somewhat swollen. We saddled our horses, and began our return journey. I gave up my horse to one of the ladies, and made my way on foot. We drove the sheep which escaped the balls before us. Our last look at the ground of our late contest gave a view sufficiently painful to any one who had a heart; horses and their riders lay side by side. The bodies of robbers surrounded by the objects of their plunder would probably remain, scattered as they were, unburied and exposed to the wild beasts.

We halted in the evening for the refreshment of ourselves and horses. This done, we again set off travelling all night. The sheep giving out, we were obliged to leave them. At twelve next day we reached Pacus.

Here we met the father of the youngest of the two ladies, accompanied by a great number of Spaniards. The old man was transported almost to frenzy when he saw his daughter. We remained here for the day. On the morning of the 18th we all set off together, the old governor insisting that my father and myself must ride in the carriage with him; but we excused ourselves, and rode by the side of it with the interpreter. The father caressed us exceedingly, and said a great many things about me in particular, which I did not think I deserved.

The next day at two in the afternoon, we arrived at Santa Fé. We were received with a salute, which we returned with our small arms. The governor came in the evening, and invited my father and the interpreter to sup with him. He ordered some fat beeves to be killed for the rest of us.

The father of Jacova, for that was the name of the young lady I had rescued, came and invited us all to go and drink coffee at his son-in-law's, who kept a coffee-house.

We went, and when we had finished our coffee, the father came and took me by the hand, and led me up a flight of steps, and into a room, where were his two daughters. As soon as I entered the room, Jacova and her sister both came and embraced me, this being the universal fashion of interchanging salutations between men and women among these people, even when there is nothing more than a simple introduction between strangers.

After I had been seated an hour, looking at them as they made signs and listening to their conversation, of which I did not understand a syllable, I arose with the intention of returning to my companions for the night. But Jacova, showing me a bed prepared for me, placed herself between me and the door. I showed her that my clothes were not clean. She immediately brought me others belonging to her brother-in-law. I wished to be excused from making use of them, but she seemed so much hurt that I finally took them, and reseated myself. She then brought me my leather hunting shirt, which I had taken off to aid in protecting her from the cold, and begged the interpreter, who was now present, to tell me that she intended to keep it, as long as she lived. She then put it on, to prove to me that she was not ashamed of it.

I went to bed early, and arose and returned to my companions before any of the family were visible. At eight the governor and my father came to our quarters, and invited us all to dine with him at two in the afternoon. Accordingly we all dressed our best, and went at the appointed time. A band of musicians played during dinner. After it was finished, and the table removed, a fandango was begun. The ladies flocked in in great numbers. The instruments, to which the dancers' moved, were a guitar and violin. Six men and six women also added their voices. Their mode of dancing was a curiosity to me. The women stood erect, moving their feet slowly, without any spring or motion of the body, and the men, half bent, moved their feet like drum sticks. This dance is called ahavave. I admired another so much that I attempted to go through it. It was a waltz, danced to a slow and charming air. It produces a fine effect when twenty or thirty perform it together. The dancing continued until near morning, when we retired to rest.

At eight the following morning we received a license allowing us to trap in different parts of the country. . . . We reached Picacheh, a small town in the evening. Jacova and her father overtook us here, on their way home, which was eighty miles distant from Santa Fé.

In the morning we began our journey together. During the day we passed several small villages and stopped for the night in one called St. Philip, situated on the banks of the del Norte, surrounded by large vineyards. Jacova's father insisted upon our drinking plentifully of the wine made at this place.

The morning of the 24th saw us again on our journey. Our companion, the old governor, was much amused at seeing us kill wild geese and prairie wolves with our rifles, the latter being abundant in this country. In the evening we reached another small town, called St. Louis. . . .

On the 27th we arrived at the residence of Jacova and her father. It was a large and even magnificent building. We remained here until the 30th, receiving the utmost attention and kindness. At our departure, the kind old governor pressed a great many presents upon us; but we refused all, except a horse for each one of us, some flour and dried meat.

Seven hunters coming up with us, who were going in our direction, we concluded to travel with them, as our united strength would better enable us to contend with the hostile Indians, through whose country our course lay. We made our way slowly, descending the river bank, until we reached the last town or settlement in this part of the province, called Socoro. The population of the part of the country through which we travelled was entirely confined to a chain of settlements along the bottoms of the del Norte, and those of some of the rivers which empty into it. I did not see, during the whole of this journey, an enclosed field, and not even a garden.

After remaining one day here, in order to recruit our horses, we resumed our course down the river, December 3d. The bottoms through which we now passed were thinly timbered, and the only growth was cottonwood and willow. We saw great numbers of bears, deer and turkeys. A bear having chased one of our men into the camp, we killed it.

We arrived at the house of the governor on the 12th. Jacova, his daughter, received us with the utmost affection; and shed tears on observing me so ill; as I was, in fact, reduced by starvation and fatigue to skin and bone. Beings in a more wretched plight she could not often have an opportunity to see. My hair hung matted and uncombed. My head was surmounted with an old straw hat. My legs were fitted with leather leggins, and my body arrayed in a leather hunting shirt, and no want of dirt about any part of the whole. My companions did not shame me, in comparison, by being better clad. But all these repulsive circumstances notwithstanding, we were welcomed by the governor and Jacova as kindly as if we had been clad in a manner worthy of their establishment.

We rested ourselves here three days. I had left my more decent apparel in the care of Jacova, when we started from the house into the wilderness on our trapping expedition. She had had my clothes prepared in perfect order. I once more dressed myself decently, and spared to my companions all my clothes that fitted them. We all had our hair trimmed. All this had much improved our appearance. When we started on the 15th, the old gentleman gave each of us a good horse, enabling us to travel at our ease.

On the 18th we arrived at Santa Fé, where we immediately met some of our former companions. It hardly need be added that the joy of this recognition was great and mutual. We found Mr. Pratte ill in bed. He expressed himself delighted to see me, and was still more desirous to see my father. He informed me that four of the company that he had detached to trap had been defeated by the Indians, and the majority of them killed. He had, also, despaired of ever seeing us again. I took a part of my goods and started back to the mines on the 21st. None of my companions were willing to accompany me on account of the great apprehended danger from the Indians between this place and the mines. In consequence, I hired a man to go with me, and having purchased what horses I wanted, we two travelled on in company. I would have preferred to have purchased my horses of the old governor. But I knew that his noble nature would impel him to give them to me, and felt reluctant to incur such an obligation When I left his house he insisted on my receiving a gold chain in token of the perpetual remembrance of his daughter. I saw no pretext for refusing it, and as I received it, she assured me that she should always make mention of my father and me in her prayers.

I left this hospitable place on the 24th, taking all my clothes with me, except the hunting shirt, which I had worn in the battle with the Comanches. This she desired to retain, insisting that she wished to preserve this memorial to the day of her death.

We arrived at the mines the first day of June, having experienced no molestation from the Indians. We continued here, making arrangements for our expedition to bring in the furs, until the 6th. The good-natured commander gave us provisions to last us to the point where our furs were buried, and back again. Still more, he armed ten of his laborers and detached them to accompany us. The company consisted of four Americans, the man hired at Santa Fé, and the commander's ten men, fifteen in all.

We left the mines on the 7th, and reached Battle-hill on Beaver River on the 22d. I need not attempt to describe my feelings, for no description could paint them, when I found the furs all gone, and perceived that the Indians had discovered them and taken them away. All that for which we had hazarded ourselves, and suffered every thing but death, was gone. The whole fruit of our long, toilsome and dangerous expedition was lost, and all my golden hopes of prosperity and comfort vanished like a dream. I tried to convince myself that repining was of no use, and we started for the river San Francisco on the 29th. Here we found the small quantity buried there, our whole compensation for a year's toil, misery and danger. We met no Indians, either going or returning.

On the 10th I commenced descending the Del Norte for the Copper Mines, in hopes once more to have the pleasure of embracing my father, and relate to him what I had suffered in body and mind for neglecting to follow his wise and fatherly counsel. I now travelled slowly and by myself, and on the 12th arrived at the house of my old friend, the governor, who met me at his door and gave me such an embrace as to start the blood from my scarcely healed wound.

I did not perceive at the moment that his embrace had produced this effect, and entered the house, where I met Jacova, who received me with a partial embrace, and a manner of constrained politeness. She then sat down by me on the sofa, and began asking me many questions about my adventure since we had parted, often observing that I looked indisposed. At length she discovered the blood oozing through my waistcoat. She exclaimed, putting her hand on the wound, "and good reason you have to look so, for you are wounded to death."

The look that accompanied this remark, I may not describe, for I would not be thought vain, and the stern character of my adventures forbids the intermixture of anything of an entirely different aspect. I was not long, however, in convincing her that my wound was not really dangerous, and that I owed its present bleeding to the friendship of her father, a cause too flattering to be a matter of regret. This drew from me a narrative of the occasion of my wound, which I related in the same simple terms and brief manner in which it is recorded in my journal. A long conversation of questions and replies ensued, of a nature and on subjects not necessary to relate.

On the 20th, imploring God that we might meet again, we parted, and I resumed my journey, travelling slowly for my father's residence at the Copper Mines.

A Day on the Apache Trail

By KENNETH STANLEY

A DAY spent touring the Apache Trail is a day to be remembered with delight. Never will the writer forget the Winter of 1923 when it was his good fortune to motor through the weirdly beautiful land that lies along this comfortable 120-mile highway between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona.

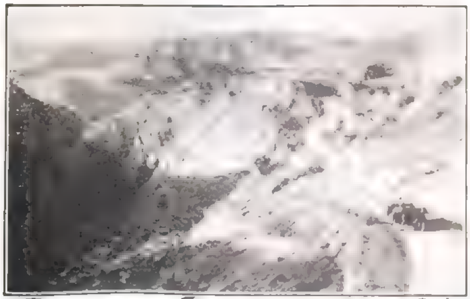
It was morning when our party changed from Pullman to 12-passenger motor car at Globe—morning with golden sunshine, deep blue sky and the crystal air of the desert. Leaning back comfortably against the cushioned leather, we were carried swiftly over Cemetery Hill into a land of strange canyons that the wild Apache Indian once called his own. For an hour our car played hide and seek among blue hills shot with shafts of crimson and gold. Never in all our travels had we seen such vivid coloring in Nature—salmon and saffron, cobalt blue, indigo and amethyst all quivering in the brilliant Arizona sunshine.

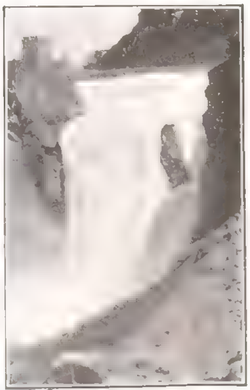
Through this constantly changing wonderland our car climbed smoothly upward until the summit, 3,988 feet above the sea, was reached. From this great, natural divide that separates the Gila from the Salt River Valley, we saw the bronze-tipped mountain spires standing rank on rank to the far horizon line. Between them the purple shadows had touched the canyons with their cool caress. In the distance, 30-mile long Roosevelt Lake sparkled like a sapphire set in a silver ring of streams. So marvelous was this scene that we could only gaze and gaze in utter speechlessness.

When we had drunk our fill of the beauties of Nature, our motor car began the rapid but comfortable descent to the lake level, dropping 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before Roosevelt Dam was reached the tiny and curiously built homes of the cliff-dwellers appeared on the rocky buttress above the Trail. In them are the queer relics of prehistoric days and it is well worth anyone's while to make the short detour to these strange cave houses that antedate the dawn of civilization.

Reaching Apache Lodge at Roosevelt Dam, we had a luncheon that thoroughly satisfied the keen edge which the cool, crisp air had put on our appetites. Roosevelt Dam is 280

Ancient cliff dwellings above the Trail.


A land like the "Mountains of the Moon."


Giant South Spillway of Roosevelt Dam.

The weird heights of Superstition Mountain.

Through Fish Creek Canyon on the Apache Trail.

feet high and 1,125 feet across, with graceful three-arch spillways at either end—a marvelous example of the power and beauty that can be combined in a work of engineering ingenuity.

With luncheon over, our car glided smoothly around the turn that led into the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon. On either side the "Walls of Bronze" rose 2,000 feet above the rushing stream. Then our car climbed gently up the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to the heights that crown the canyon. Below, the earth seemed to shelve away into a bottomless abyss.

A little later we were looking into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon. The rock formations and cactus growths that we passed were, if anything, more startling and fantastic than all those we had seen during the morning ride. Canyon Diablo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock and the Little Alps flashed by in rapid succession.

As the sun of early evening was casting orange and purple shadows over Apache Land, we passed weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range—and emerged into the green meadows of Salt River Valley which show the kindly touch of the waters of Roosevelt Dam. Fertile farms smiled on a land that was once a desert waste. It seemed but a moment later that we were rushing through the tree-lined streets of Phoenix where we would board the comfortable Pullman for Los Angeles.

Note how this giant cactus dwarfs horse and rider.

(Golden Book Advertiser)

If you are contemplating a trip to the Southwest or to the Coast this Winter, by all means take in the Apache Trail. It is easily and comfortably reached by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific. Through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $20.00. The Sunset Limited carries a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service, an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hair-dressing service; and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

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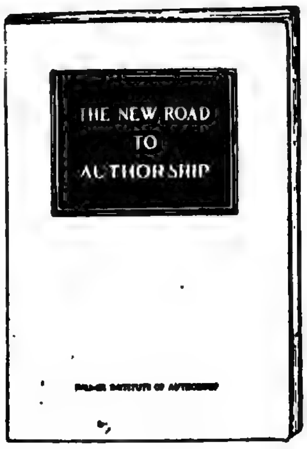
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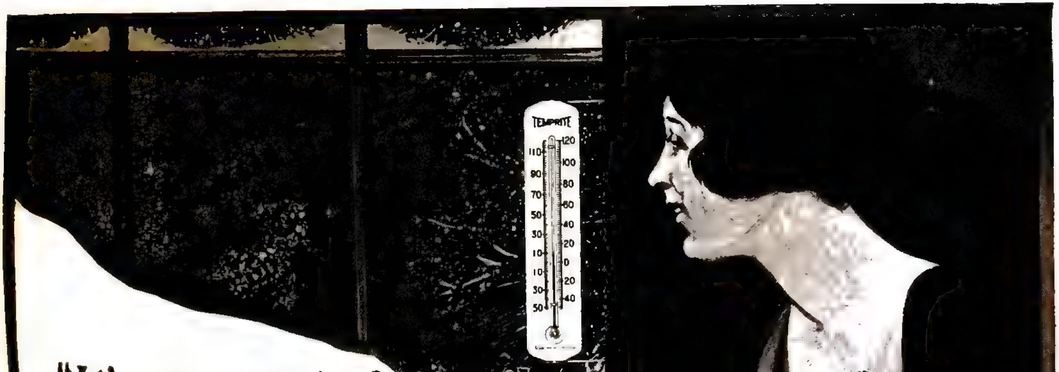

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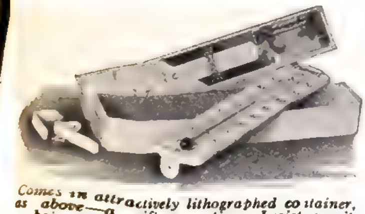

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You can now own this reliable Thermometer for a dollar—a small purchase that adds a touch of completeness to the home.

If not obtainable through your regular dealer, **we will ship one postpaid east of the Rockies, upon receipt of $1.00. West of the Rockies, $1.10; Canada, $1.35. Safe delivery guaranteed. (Can be ordered sent parcel post collect for ten cents extra.)**

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Please send me at once one *Taylor* Temprite Window Thermometer for which I enclose $..........
I understand you guarantee safe delivery.

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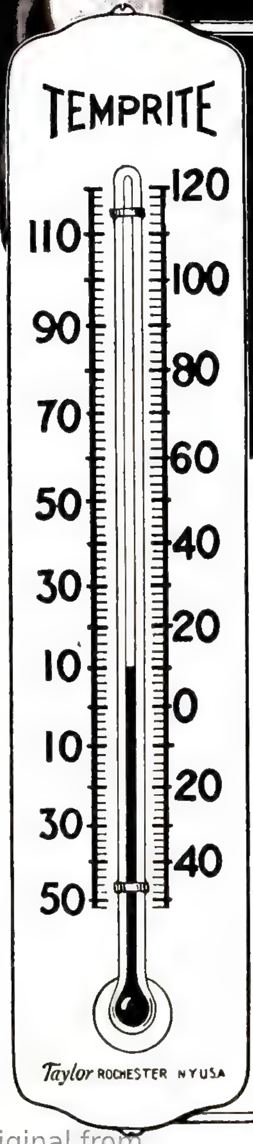

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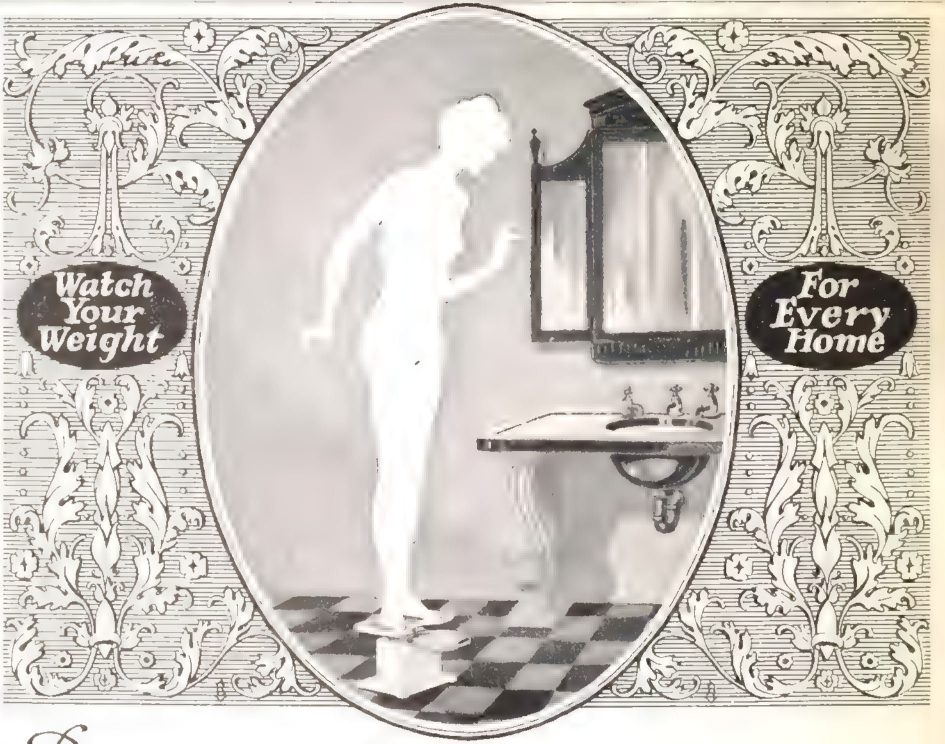

Beauty~here Today~gone Tomorrow

Unless it is under the guiding hand that never errs

A FEW pounds underweight and the delectable curves give way to ugly angles. A few pounds overweight and the graceful contour of youth becomes heavy and unpleasing. "Watch your weight" say leading health and life insurance authorities. First thing in the morning or last thing at night the

Health-o-Meter
Automatic Bathroom Scale

should answer your weight question. Its instant, accurate response will keep you on the path to perfect health. The Health-O-Meter in your home will save many times its small cost in the health treatments it is sure to forestall. It commands the consideration of thoughtful men to safeguard the health of their families. As a gift, there's nothing finer.

Our free Weight Charts will indicate your normal weight. This is your starting point. Weigh regularly. The Health-O-Meter is your perfect, unerring guide to the charm of health. It is the original scale of its kind, designed and guaranteed by health scale specialists. Beautifully finished. Matches finest bathrooms. Thousands are in use today. An essential acquisition to every home.

Write today for descriptive folder and the name of your nearest Health-O-Meter dealer.

Indispensable to homes with children

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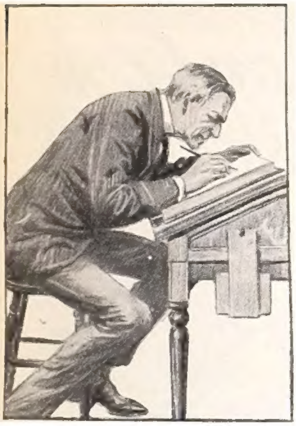

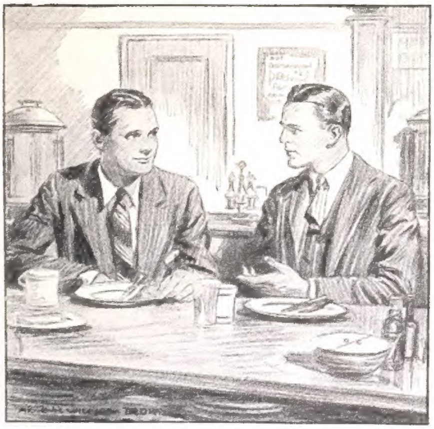

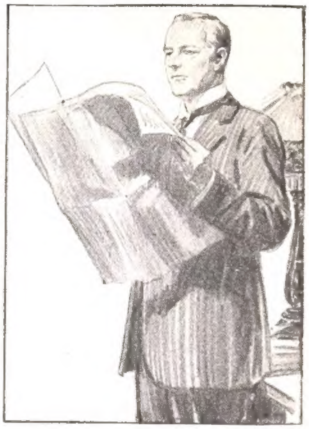

The story of two men
who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru school together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theatre Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

Then along in their fourth business year, there came a change. One said: "After all, this business game is pretty tough. It's a fight. I wonder what I can do about it."

He insured himself against failure

He found in the Alexander Hamilton Institute a definite plan of business reading which gave him a new impulse and new self-confidence. As an extra locomotive, hitched to a train, makes its power felt from the first moment, he was conscious *immediately* that a new, fresh force was at work for his business and financial progress.

He talked to his friend about it, and the friend was interested. "Probably a good thing," he said, in his easy-going way. But the matter never went further, and gradually the two found that their interests were diverging. Both were working harder than ever. But one was thinking; and in the office the executives watched them both and saw that one of them *did* think.

So one man began to forge ahead

Ten years passed, and somewhat to their surprise they found themselves at the threshold of middle age. One of them has arrived. He has experienced the big satisfaction of succeeding while he is still young. The other still works and wonders, and does not quite understand.

Ten years look long, but they pass with almost unbelievable rapidity. Will you, in justice to yourself, spend fifteen minutes with the question: "Where will I be in business ten years from now?" May we send you a little book called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—an interesting book of facts and letters?

This book is yours for the asking

When you have read it quietly, without pressure or haste, you may decide that the Institute has something of value to offer you. This may be true if you are president of a corporation (more than 32,000 presidents and business heads have followed the Course and are enthusiastic about it). It may be equally true if you are at the very beginning of your career, for among the 250,000 men enrolled are some whose business position and salary were precisely like yours.

But whether you decide to go further or not depends entirely on yourself. The facts will come without obligation or cost. Simply fill in the coupon—but do it *today!*

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Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name.......................................
Please write plainly

Business Address.......................................
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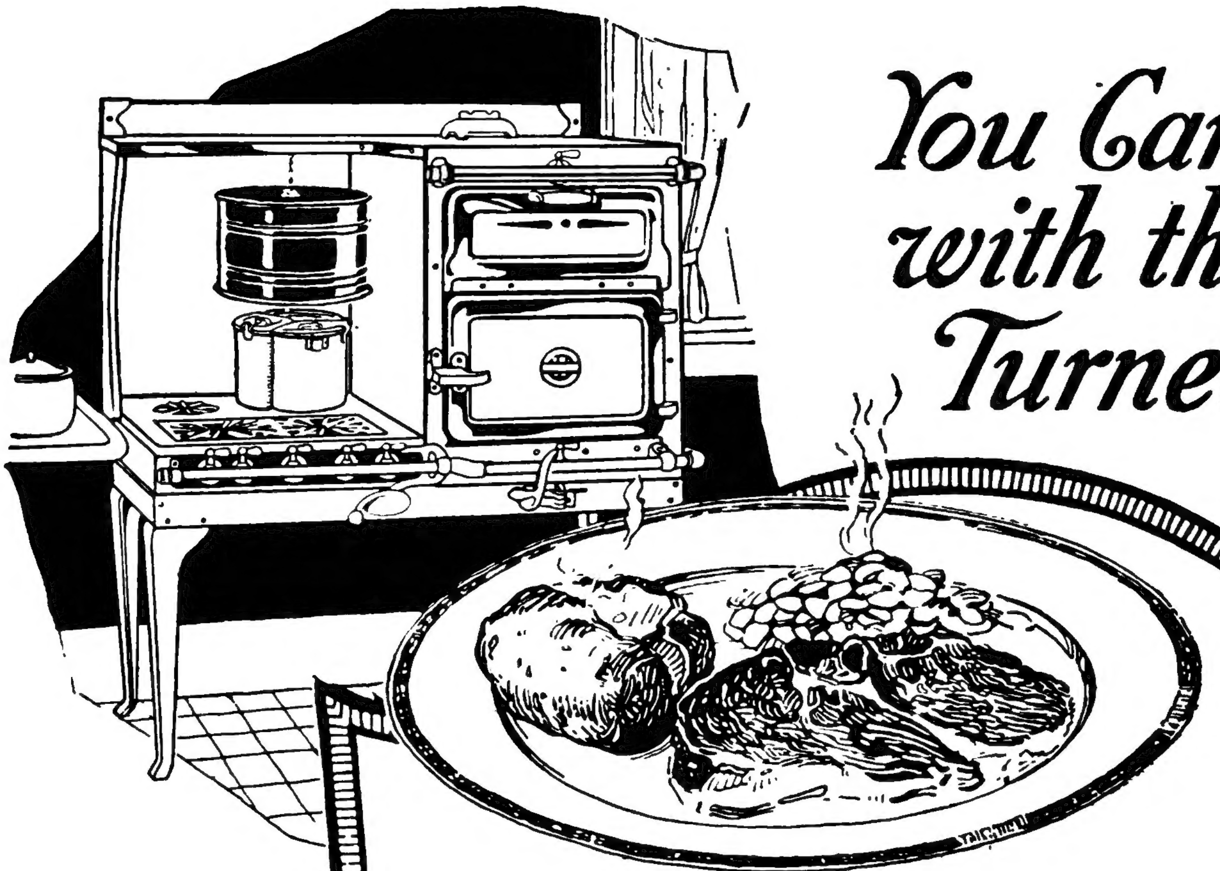

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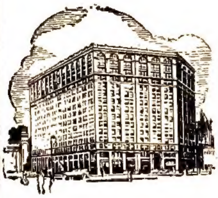

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New York is the great buying and selling center of America. It is the Mecca of buyers from every corner of the country. They come to New York every day by the thousands. They visit the salesrooms of manufacturers, whose plants are located elsewhere, and order a season's stocks from samples on display.

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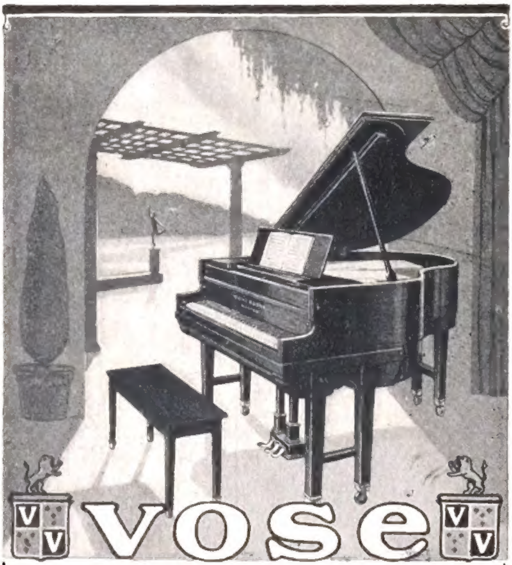

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